WEEK ENDING JUNE 4, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The Old, Old Dream

In this Issue

FATE FASHIONED HER

by EDWIN BALMER

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

This Pen Must Stay in Perfect Order

or Parker makes it good without charge

Free Service on Parker Duofold Pens is the third great contribution that Parker has made to the world in six years.

First came the Parker Duofold Point that no style of writing can distort.

Last year we announced Parker's Non-Breakable Permanite, replacing brittle rubber for barrels and caps.

This Parker Permanite Barrel, combined with the Duofold Point, constitutes a pen that will stay in perfect order and defy all accidental breakage.

In fact those troubles of old-time pens have, in the Parker Duofold, reached the vanishing point.

Hence we were able to announce on April 1st—"Parker makes no charge to service Duofold Pens."

It is useless to pay more than $7 for any Over-size Pen, or $5 for the Junior or Lady Size.

For no one can give you greater protection than this—and nothing can equal the Duofold's writing excellence. You can tell this unaided if you'll try it at a pen counter.

Take this beauty on your Summer Travels and keep the Home Touch on the way. Include its neat counterpart, the Parker Duofold Pencil—this has the Permanite barrel, too.

And choose your color—Black-tipped Lacquer-red, Black-tipped Jade, Black-tipped Lapis [Mottled Blue], Black-tipped Chinese Yellow, or Black and Gold.

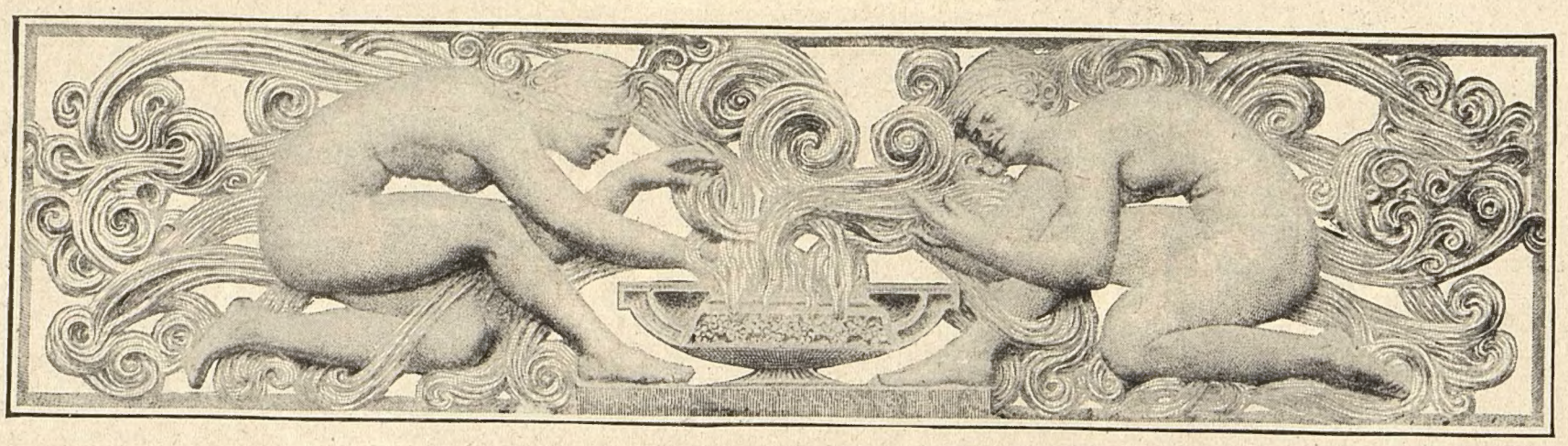
The only thing to worry about is whether the barrel bears this imprint "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Find that and you have the finest money can buy—with assurance of service without charge.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND
MILWAUKEE • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker Duofold Pen
$5 *and* $7
Parker Duofold Pencil
$3 · $3.50 · $4

Parker

Duofold Duette Sets

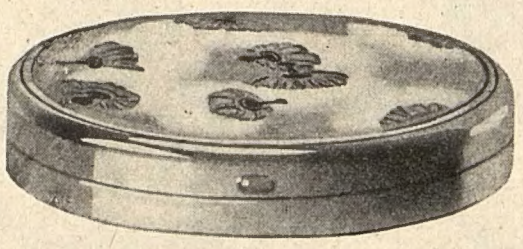


LES POUDRES COTY

FRAGRANCE — FRESHNESS — LOVELINESS

The subtle sophistications of summer charm: — Les Poudres COTY, *softly glorifying the complexion, each in its individual tone. Away from home,* COTY Poudre Compacte, *to refresh that beauty always in its own distinctive colouring.* Le Talc COTY, *for the body's cool and perfumed sweetness*

L'ORIGAN
PARIS - CHYPRE
EMERAUDE - L'OR
AMBRE ANTIQUE
L'EFFLEURT
STYX AND THE
INIMITABLE
COTY FLORAL
ODEURS



LES POUDRES COTY ARE CREATED IN NINE TRUE SHADES

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave, Montreal
Address Dept. "L. M. 6"

YOUR NEXT CAR

Make This Car *Prove* These Claims

Easier to steer and handle - - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

More comfortable to ride in - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

More responsive performance - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

Greater power and speed - - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

No fatigue or effort to manage - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

No vibration, smoother operation DRIVE IT AND SEE

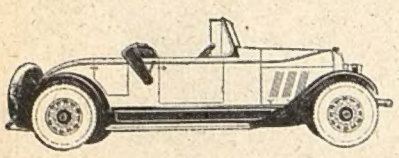
Quicker pick-up, safer to stop - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

Low center of gravity, absence of sway DRIVE IT AND SEE

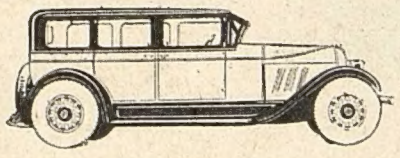
Everything for control, more convenient DRIVE IT AND SEE

Bigger value in every way - - - DRIVE IT AND SEE

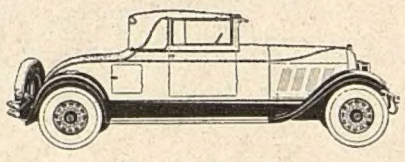
AUBURN



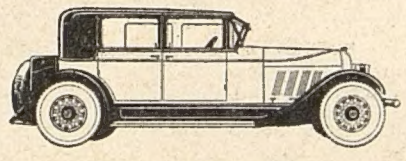
6-66 ROADSTER $1095
120-inch wheelbase



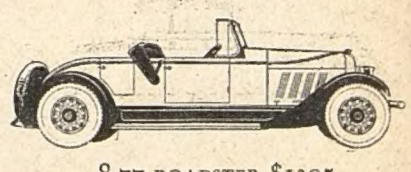
6-66 SEDAN $1295
120-inch wheelbase



6-66 CABRIOLET $1295
120-inch wheelbase



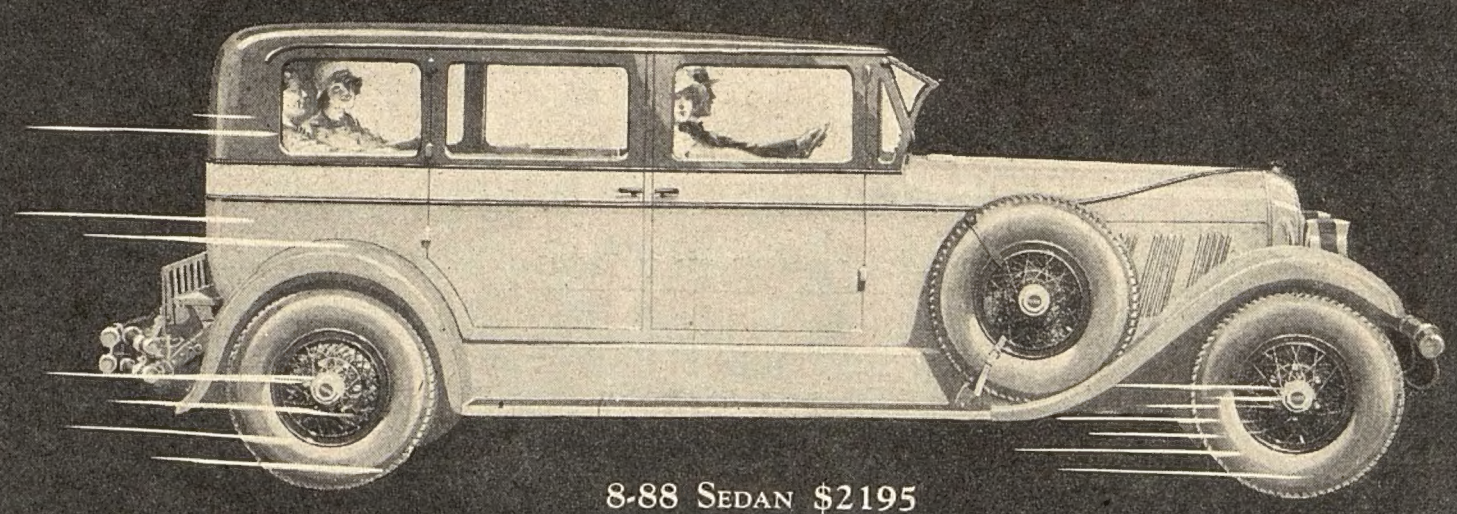
8-77 SPORT SEDAN $1495
125-inch wheelbase



8-77 ROADSTER $1395
125-inch wheelbase

YOUR NEXT CAR

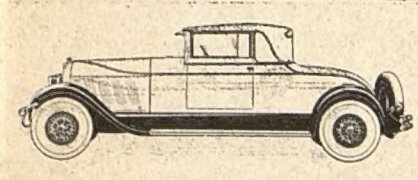
Auburn is the most prominent fine car of today. Its success is most pronounced. By building cars better than ever before and by removing the price barrier to the Straight Eight, Auburn is winning unparalleled public good will. Auburn owners see their good judgment vindicated by Auburn's rapidly increasing sales. Consumer demand for the first five months of this year alone will require an output equal to the entire production of last year. That is what VALUE does! The car itself is the proof. DRIVE it, then if Auburn does not do EVERYTHING you demand of a car, better than any other, you will not be asked to buy.



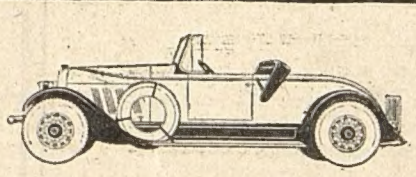
8-88 SEDAN $2195
130-inch wheelbase. 80 miles an hour

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana.
Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.

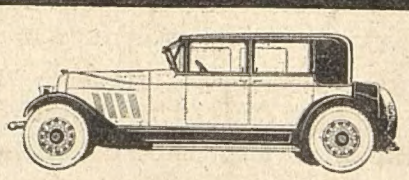
AUBURN



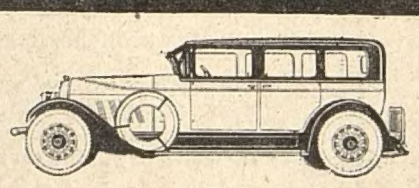
8-77 CABRIOLET $1595
125-inch wheelbase



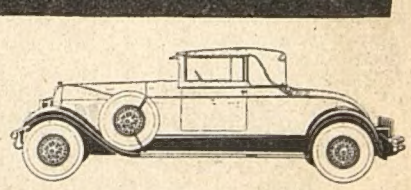
8-88 ROADSTER $1995
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 SPORT SEDAN $2095
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 SEDAN $2195
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 CABRIOLET $2095
130-inch wheelbase

Winners from the first!

New "Challenger" Models

SAFETY STUTZ

The New Challenger Models of the Safety Stutz made a sensational debut on April 21st-22nd by breaking one of the most important of American automobile records.

A fully-equipped Challenger sedan, standard in every respect, was started at 4 P. M. on April 21st, with the objective of winning the Stevens Trophy—offered for the first *strictly stock closed car* to average 60 miles, or over, for 24 hours on the *Indianapolis Speedway*.

The start was made under a threatening sky—but the Stutz has never been known as a fair-weather automobile and so the car was sent off on its long journey despite the forbidding conditions.

Although it was April, the weather soon resembled that of December. High winds, accompanied first by rain and then by sleet, snow and fog handicapped the drivers, blinding them, and making the track slippery and treacherous.

To these conditions, and to the unfailing stamina of the Challenger model, must be ascribed the striking fact that the speed of the car in the last 8 hours was greater than in the first 8 hours of the 24-hour run.

When the Challenger Stutz finished, at 4 P. M. on April 22nd, it was found that it had maintained an average speed far faster than needed to win the Stevens Trophy, and had to its credit the most miles in 24 hours ever achieved by a standard stock sedan with full regular equipment.

The car finished with a total of 1,642.58 miles covered in 24 hours, including all stops, and its average speed for the entire distance was 68.44 miles per hour.

The foregoing is, however, but half the story.

AMERICA'S FASTEST STOCK CAR

Debut

Record-Breaking Performance

of the new

"Challenger" SAFETY STUTZ

Winning the
STEVENS TROPHY
with

1642.58 miles in 24 hours

68.44 miles per hour

INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
April 21-22, 1927
A. A. A. Auspices

Not a spark-plug was changed, nor was a wrench put to engine, clutch or transmission throughout the entire 24-hour run.

The car was a strictly stock sedan, chassis and body, (so certified by the American Automobile Association) and fully equipped, just as it would be delivered to a buyer from a Stutz dealer. Valve-clearance, piston-clearance, and every other detail was strictly standard.

The entire run was made under A. A. A. official sanction and supervision, with A. A. A. observers in full charge and constantly in attendance.

It is especially significant to the motorist, in these days of speed tests on smooth, highly-banked board bowls, that the Stutz record was made on the four-cornered, rough, brick-surfaced Indianapolis Speedway. This track, built at a time when 60 miles per hour was race-winning speed, is acknowledged to be 8 to 10 miles slower than the newer board tracks.

This record conclusively proves Stutz speed and stamina—and it also proves a lot more. For the amazing performance recorded could not have been made with such weather and track conditions as existed were it not for the unequaled stability and balance given the Safety Stutz by its very low center of gravity.

Nor could this sedan have been driven at such speed under those weather and track conditions by a team of only two drivers were it not for the marvelous driving ease of the Safety Stutz.

In short, what this Stutz performance proves above all else is that the Safety Stutz possesses, in superlative degree, the very qualities that make a good road-driving car for the general motorist.

Your local Stutz dealer is ready to give you a real demonstration in an exact duplicate of the Stutz Challenger sedan that so gloriously won the Stevens Trophy.

The Car that is Safest

Has the Right to be Fastest

GUARANTEED SPEED CAPABILITIES OF CHALLENGER MODELS SAFETY STUTZ

Stop-watch timing, at the rate of:

78½ miles per hour for 5-passenger "Challenger" Sedan.
80½ miles per hour for 2-passenger "Challenger" Speedster.

(Even higher speeds for Black Hawk Speedster and Weymann Bodies.)

We, the undersigned, guarantee to reproduce the indicated speed on the Indianapolis Speedway with any Challenger Model Safety Stutz, at any time after the car has been driven 5000 miles or more, provided the owner will deliver the car to our factory at Indianapolis and pay the actual cost of having us put the car in first class condition, if, in our judgment, such reconditioning be necessary.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.

JUNE 4, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 5

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PARAMOUNT IN NORTH AMERICA

President Coolidge, in his speech before the United Press in New York, took a distinct forward step in advancing the United States in its relations with the rest of America. When he said:

> Toward the governments of countries which we have recognized this side of the Panama Canal we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations,

he explained lucidly the attitude of the United States.

Mr. Coolidge looks forward, and in his clear analysis of the situation takes a stand with which we are entirely in accord.

The United States must be paramount on this continent south of the Canadian border. All powerful nations fall into orbits, and this is our orbit.

Our field of moral responsibility extends now to the far side of the Panama Canal, and may in time extend more widely. This is because with our growth in importance our responsibilities increase, and we must accept them.

We should not go too far afield, nor stretch our sphere too widely. We have no direct interest in China, or in Cambodia, or in Albania, or in any other place in which our national interests are not directly involved. Should we essay to mix into the affairs of such places, we should not know what to do or how to do it.

In the affairs of North America, south of the Canadian border, we are directly and vitally concerned. In these places we know what to do, when and how to do it, not only for our own good, but for the good of all concerned. We are the traffic cop of North America; and we know that, unless we attend to the duties of directing affairs, all traffic will fall into a terrible snarl.

There is such a to-do about Mexico and Mexican affairs at the present time that we probably shall have to allow it to stew along in its own troubles for a few years. Eventually some Roosevelt will come into power in the United States who will look toward Mexico and say:

"See here. We have been patiently watching you wallowing in anarchy, rapine, butchery, and blood for the last fifteen years or so, and we are tired of it! Now is the time for you to settle down and behave yourselves, as good neighbors should, instead of murdering and robbing in the sacred name of liberty. If you won't behave, and if you keep disturbing the peace, we shall come over and make you behave yourselves."

It is never a pleasant or a profitable task to be compelled to complain about the conduct of neighbors or to call in the police to force them to respect the rights of others. Yet every time the United States has been called upon to do it—in Cuba, in Colombia, in Nicaragua, in Haiti, order has prevailed, and the decent and peace-loving majorities of the peoples have thanked us for it.

Our pacifists take the attitude that if the people of Mexico or Haiti or other places want to kill each other or kill those who have been persuaded to reside therein and invest capital, it is wrong for us to interfere with their pleasure. Through some distorted theory, they charge us with murder whenever we attempt to prevent wholesale slaughters and save lives. By such thinking they would forbid a policeman from preventing an anarchist from murdering a family and endangering the life and property of a neighbor.

President Coolidge, however, is looking ahead. His language is careful, but there is no mistaking him when he says:

> We are not making war on Nicaragua, any more than a policeman on the street is making war on passers-by. We are there to protect our citizens and their property from being destroyed by war, and to lend every encouragement we can to the restoration of peace. While the destruction of life and property has been serious enough, had it not been for the presence of our forces it would undoubtedly have been much worse.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

ELSIE JANIS, stage favorite and "Sweetheart of the A. E. F.," has gotten out her saws and cut some new cross-sections of post-war life for LIBERTY. Her first, FIND THE FATHER, draws an amusing and true comparison between the mother of a star, who gets the full glory of the spotlight, and the Old Man, who is left in the dark.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS taught his wife to drive an airplane in a few hours, and now she travels by air as safely as she used to travel by motor—and cheaper, too, he says. In an article entitled, BE YOUR OWN SKY PILOT, the famous War Bird predicts that practically everybody will be doing the same before long.

You can't help but fall in love with WILLING WILMA, written by FERDINAND REYHER. It tells of a man who wanted his girl made to order, and how he got her that way.

June 4, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 5

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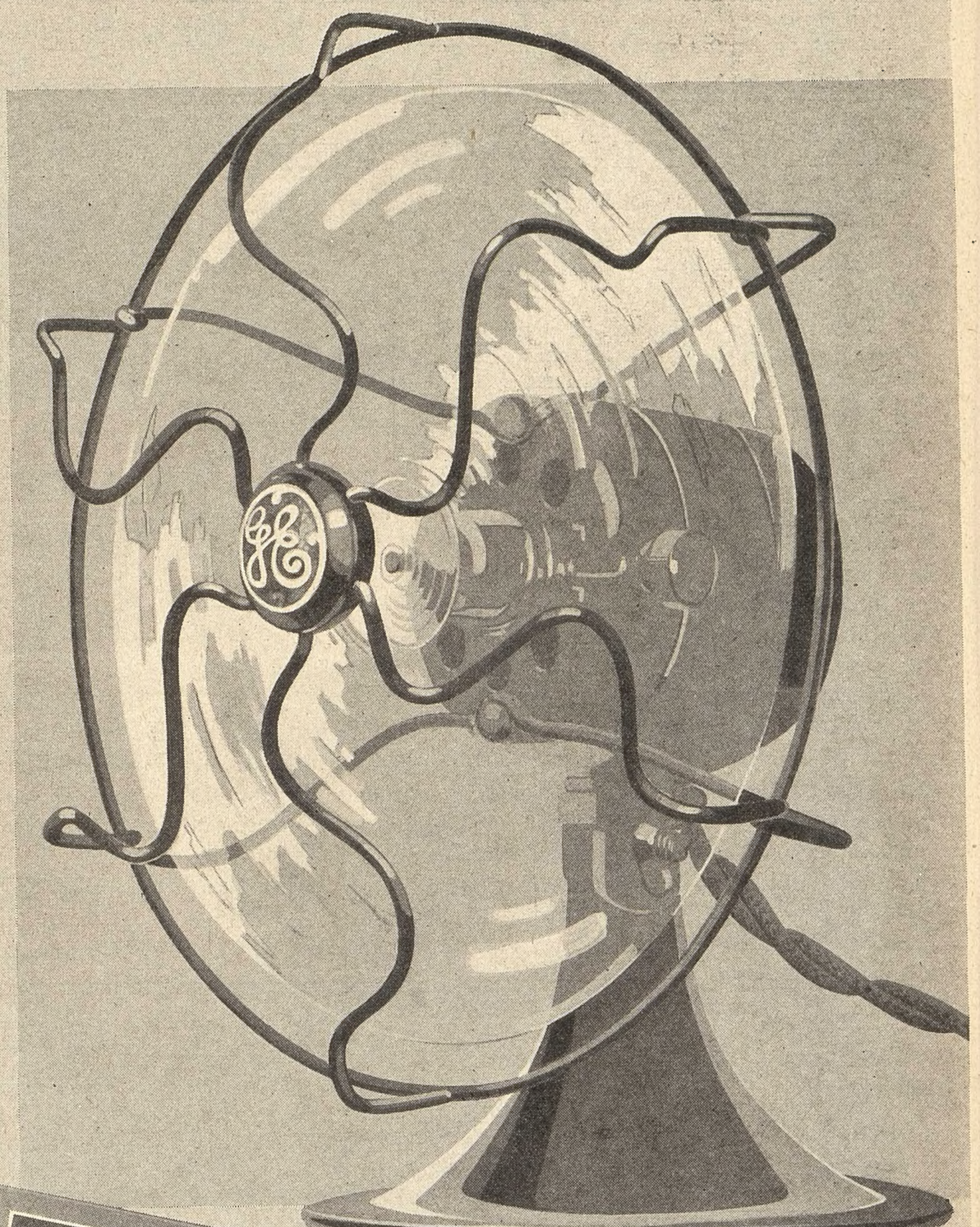
Don't swelter. Not these days when five dollars buys a genuine G-E Fan. G-E—which means General Electric. That's the only kind to buy. Have a couple of them. Let coolness blow through your home—bring in a breeze!

Buy your fan where you see this sign



6-Inch Fan—$5.00
(East of the Rockies)
In cream enamel, $6.
Universal—can be used on any 110 volt A. C. or D. C. circuit.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"YOU'RE marrying me," he commanded her. "Tell them you're marrying me."

Pictures by
DONALD TEAGUE

FATE Fashioned Her

A Short Story of a Gamble for a Girl and the Test of Two Men's Nerve

By EDWIN BALMER

ALAN CORDRAY, the director, said to me: "You see her twice, for a few seconds, on the edge of the crowd at the right."

"How's she dressed?" I asked.

"I can't tell you. Can you imagine it? I've seen her six times and never noticed her dress. You don't have to know how she's dressed. Keep your eyes on the edge, right, and you see her."

We went along a May night Broadway to the theater at which Alan had spent the afternoon and early evening. The feature film was finishing. Then came topics, news. They were showing the first "shots" of the crowd about the shaft of the Ravanal mine, wherein thirty-four men were trapped.

"Don't look at the center," Cordray reminded me.

It demanded definite effort to gaze away from the middle of the screen; for everyone in sight was pushing to the center where rose the hoists from the shaft. There was something of a panic in the picture; but I ignored it to look at the edge on the right; and I had my reward. I saw her.

It was not your eyes or your mind that told you she was the one. It was your feeling; your heart hurrying at sight of her. But she was gone; the camera had shifted.

Alan did not have to inquire if I had located her; he could tell. He said, "She'll be back now, a little more to the left."

There she was, gazing as before at the shaft. She was quieter than the women about her; she scarcely swayed at all; and she did not gesticulate. She merely stood, watching the shaft; and seeing her, you felt—felt the alternation of hope and fear, the pulse of fright and prayer, as not all the pushing and panic about the shaft made you feel.

She was seventeen or eighteen, I thought.

"Look now," whispered Cordray; and she turned. Her eyes looked at us—lovely, gentle eyes, wide and beautiful in their fear and hope.

"That's all of her," said Alan; and we went out and stood on Broadway. "Well, what do you think?"

"I want to see her again."

"Of course you do; but you'll think the same. I found her at two o'clock this afternoon. Since then I've spent my time in that show. A girl like her happens twice in a generation, maybe, and God knows where. But we've found out where this one happened. There's a train to that part of Pennsylvania at midnight."

We both went aboard it.

CORDRAY was thirty-eight—twelve years away from his big success with Zeus. He had put two great personalities upon the screen since—both women. They had been unknown girls before he discovered and directed them; but now they were rated in the first five favorites of the silver screen.

After they both, in the manner of greatness, had abandoned him, needing him no longer, he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FATE FASHIONED HER
Continued from Page Nine]

had failed. The public little guesses the plight of a director, however great his past success, with a string of recent failures—bad box-office pictures—chalked against him. Certainly Alan needed another star.

We stepped down at a side-track station next morning. Cordray was alert, eager, nervous.

"Suppose she's married," he said to me.

"She didn't look married," I said. But it was a dull, disappointing place at best and not helped by pouring rain. It was a platform and a painted shed, a string of coal cars on the siding, and a spur track curving away to the west up a narrow, desolate valley.

At the end of that spur, seventeen miles away, was Ravanal—a tiny town and a mine wherein, day before yesterday, thirty-four miners had been trapped in a working on the lowest level. Wherefore reporters and news-picture people had come; and Alan Cordray had seen, on Broadway, the girl at the edge of the crowd.

Alan bargained extravagantly with a sleepy freight clerk for flivver transportation up the rutted, muddy road that skirted and crossed and recrossed the spur.

We, having no cameras, passed as news writers; and Cordray, giving his name, became John Allen and learned the developments of the night. The sole chance to reach the trapped men was by cutting a tunnel from an abandoned mine on the other side of the town; and this effort, under the direction of engineers, had been begun by a young man, Jake Santry by name, doing the tunneling. He was both the most reckless man and the strongest, and also the most skillful cutter in the district. He was cutting a passage only the size of a man's body, of course; and in the first night shift, which he had led, he had dug once and a half the distance assigned to him.

"Has he a father or a brother in the mine?" Alan asked our driver.

"Not Jake; but Lorna's father is in there."

"Who's Lorna?"

"Lorna?" repeated the driver. "She's Lorna Llyth—a Welsh girl here. Jake Santry knows this is his big chance to win her."

We entered the town, which was alight with a queer, fearful, holiday-like prostration. Women and men slopped through the rain to gather in little groups that moved toward the mine mouth.

As we disembarked into mud a young man strode past us. He was tall and strong. You appreciated not simply his size, but his unusual strength.

"Santry," said Alan, unmistakably, and we followed.

He made for the edge of town and not directly toward the streak of road reaching to the old mine that was reopened for a rescue shaft. He turned at a cottage with a neat white fence in front. He opened the gate with a fling of expectancy; he knocked once on the door and opened it—or it was opened at his hand and gave a glimpse of a girl. The door closed.

ALAN and I delayed. The door opened again and disclosed the girl—little and slight beside him. He stooped suddenly and kissed her on the cheek, and with his big hands on her shoulders he slightly lifted her. He put her down and came out toward us and went on.

She was the girl we sought; but we splashed after Santry's impetuous stride.

He went on, head up. The mud had no force at his feet. He was twenty-five, I guessed. He had bushy blond hair and broad, big features. He was not handsome, but he had a smile showing his white, strong teeth; a boyish smile, it was, a confident, unbeaten smile.

Men and women and children crowded about him. Children cried out to him, women kissed him and prayed to him. He smiled as he stepped into the cage; the obstacle of earth and rock below was not to beat him; he would dig through it and save the trapped men—and win his love, the girl for whom we had come here.

We breakfasted in a steamy, mud-tracked lunchroom amid photographers and news writers. One sat beside Alan and introduced himself as Bowen.

"I've seen you," he said. "Who are you?"

"John Allen," said Cordray. "I do specials. Tell me about Santry and that girl."

"Certainly," obliged Bowen. "Everybody's reading it today; I filed the story last night. You've seen Santry? He's the local hero, of course. Lorna Llyth—seen her?"

"A glimpse."

"Oh, she's a girl! Santry's crazy in love with her. He had no chance with her, I hear. Not that she preferred anybody else. She's just a girl—wasn't out for marrying, until this came along and her father was caught in the mine. Then Santry started the rescue and naturally that changed things. You want to meet her?"

BOWEN took us to her. She had dark red hair, and dark brows and lashes, and skin clear and smooth and pink as petals of a mountain rose. Her hair grew beautifully, with the little, alluring line of a widow's peak above her white forehead; and her eyes were wide and gentle and lovely.

I looked at Alan and knew that he found her beyond even his hopes.

"These gentlemen are from New York," Bowen explained us; and she invited us to sit down.

"So many people have come from the outside," she said. "They take so much interest."

"Naturally," said Alan, and I saw him studying her and trying not to show it. "It is the race for life that you are running here—and will win, I think."

She bent forward a bit, poised as though listening to hear a sound from the ground below.

"The rescue tunnel," Alan went on, "is advancing faster than the engineers figured."

She started. "Yes," she said; "Jake — Jake Santry —" She stopped and looked from one to the other of us. She seemed to have forgotten what she began to say. Then she asked: "You've seen him?"

"We've seen him," said Alan.

"He is very strong and skillful," she said. "He is the strongest man in all the mines about here, and the best miner. It is wonderful, when only one man can work in the cutting." Her voice dropped away.

"You were born to the mines?" asked Alan.

"In Wales, sir; but I was brought here a child."

"You've never known, then, the outside?"

"No, sir."

"She has been keeping house for her father," Bowen reminded us. "There are four other children and no mother."

Soon we left and separated from Bowen.

"We'll look up lodgings," said Alan to me. "We've got to stay and stop this."

"What?" I asked, to hear him say it; I also realized it.

"The sacrifice of that girl! She'll give herself to him, don't you see? She doesn't love him. She's not ready for love yet; and she'll never, never be ready for Santry's love. Think of her a wife to Santry in a cabin here! She was meant for the love of everybody; to give dreams and delight to millions, millions!"

We took lodgings—wherein, later, Bowen called upon us. "Hello." He offered his hand. "I know you now. You're Alan Cordray. One of the boys recognized you."

"Has he talked much?" asked Alan. "I wish you'd stop him."

"Why, I'll try. You're after Lorna Llyth, of course. By heavens, isn't she a girl! How she'd go in pictures under your direction! But Santry, Santry gets her—that's sure—if he saves her father and those men."

"So I see," replied Alan. "Precisely."

They brought Santry above ground at six, having rested him, below, at other hours. Lorna Llyth had been taken to the shaft to greet him and to kiss him, before them all, as he stepped from the cage, his bushy blond hair streaked with sweat and coal dust and his face nearly black.

He had advanced, that day, once and a half more than the length laid to him.

He went home with her. Later we happened on him in a crowded room back of a store where cards and dice were played. He looked on for a while, then took a hand at poker for a double round of the table. Then he arose and went to his cabin to sleep, to continue his great gamble in the morning.

His situation and Lorna's was simply made to hand for a news sensation—the mountain giant with the strength and skill of two men, and the lovely maiden of the little white cottage.

Santry and Lorna Llyth, millions knew by name the next morning; the newspapers made their romance for them.

A crowd accompanied Santry to the white cottage the next morning. A crowd called for Lorna in the evening to bear her to the shaft to kiss her lover and her champion as he stepped from the cage with his task of two men done.

Alan and I watched them to her home. That evening again we saw Santry at cards. The strain was telling on him. He wanted—he required—excitement; he could not go home early to sleep. He played and plunged and won. At last he arose, patting his pockets.

LORNA we saw, when we visited her the next morning, was showing strain. It was not alone the suspense of dwelling on ground above the chamber, deep down under the earth, where her father was shut in; not alone the strain of alternate hope and terror, waiting. Upon her was a different strain; and we knew what it was, if she did not: it was the strain of Santry's caresses and kisses.

Someone—Bowen, likely—had brought her New York newspapers, with her name linked with Santry's in the headlines. They lay in a heap on the table, proofs of her place in the public expectations.

"He'll reach the men tomorrow, Mr. Allen," she said.

"Yes," said Alan. "After tomorrow you'll not have to send him down into the earth when he stops here."

I saw her start. Alan saw it, too. He had said it to test her. After tomorrow was her day of reckoning with Santry—and it sent a quiver through her.

She looked at us and at the New York newspapers and past us out the window to her hills. And I could guess her vision; it was of a cabin in the hills with Santry.

Suddenly she turned to Alan. "Who are you, please?" she asked him. "Why have you come again to me?"

"You know pictures?" asked Alan. "You've seen photoplays, surely."

She caught her breath quickly. "Whenever I can."

"Pictures are my business," Alan told her. "I make pictures and find the people for them."

Her breath left her. It was a moment before she could whisper, "Someone told me that; someone said you were the great director—you were Mr. Alan Cordray."

"I am Cordray," said Alan, and watched her. "What else did they tell you?"

"They told me the reason you were here was—"

"What?" asked Alan.

"They said it was—me."

"They told you the truth," said Alan.

She gazed at him and stepped back a bit to steady herself. Her little hands, her lovely, perfect hands, caught at a table behind her.

Santry flung down his hand—six, five, four, three of hearts. The jack of spades was his draw. A four flush—nothing.

"We stayed because of you," Alan continued; "because we are pleased, and much more than pleased, with you. I will make you an offer—after tomorrow."

"An offer?"

"I want you to know it now—and not forget it. If, tomorrow, they cut into Ravanal mine and your father is not alive, have no fear for the future of your sisters and brother—or yourself; have no fear of being obliged to do anything you do not want to do. If—as we all hope and expect and as is likely—your father and the rest are found alive, you will have the same offer, of course, and no need to do what you do not want."

SHE shook her head. I think it was involuntary. She was caught, she meant; caught! She stared at us—not able to grasp, at the moment, more of the offer than that it held for her escape—escape she could not accept.

She made no direct answer at all; and I think, of this she was not aware. Her mind was spinning with the dizziness of this chance of escape—and at being caught.

"They ring bells—the church bells—day or night," she said to us, "when they cut through into Ravanal. Tomorrow, any time, they may ring the bells."

Bells, they would be, of joy at rescue; and for her, betrothal bells before the wedding peal. So she would go about her work by day and lie at night, listening for them.

Santry called on us that evening in Alan's room. He was huge, excited, and strong.

"I hear your name," he threatened Alan. "I hear who you are—picture director! You're after my girl. I hear you go to my girl! Keep out! Keep out of her house when I'm underground."

Alan made no attempt to appease him. In his cabin, we knew, was a heap of city newspapers with his name spread across the pages, and confirming his claim to the girl for whom, until this, he had hopelessly longed. Now she was his; the whole world asserted it.

We had another glimpse of Santry that night, at cards; he sat in at poker and won. Luck lay with him.

BELLS beat and echoed in the hills; the bells aroused outcry in the night. Ravanal mine was reached. Santry had cut through to the lowest level of Ravanal and found the men alive!

The town tumbled toward the old shaft, where calcium flares glared over the ground. Newspaper photographers pointed their cameras and news-reel men cranked as the cage climbed and men stumbled out and women seized them.

The cage dropped and rose again; dropped and rose.

We saw her standing with her sisters beside her, a hand holding the smaller, twisting hands. The girl did not sway, like other women; she did not cry out nor gesticulate. There she stood, waiting for sight of her father.

Our eyes were on her at the instant she caught sight of her father and started to him. We saw her catch sight of Santry.

She clasped her father. Santry shook himself free of the women clinging to him and kissing his big hands. Santry stood over Lorna and her father. Santry put a hand on her—one of his huge, strong hands. He smiled.

Again and again Santry had to free himself from the women. One girl, black-haired and dark-eyed, would not let him go. Santry thrust her back from him.

Lights glowed in the Llyth cottage and the door was closed when Alan and I passed on our way into the town. It was not yet midnight; it was barely later, indeed, than eleven, and the telegraph keys clacked, bearing the story down the spur to catch in New York the night editions.

We looked into the rooms, back of stores, where was card-playing. Santry that night did not play; he did not appear at all.

Alan was silent on the way to our lodgings. "It's his night," was all he said.

THE day also was Santry's. The noon train brought in New York and Philadelphia papers overspread with his name, and the little town was drunk with his glory. But already by that hour of noon the news writers and the news-reel people had vanished. The sensation here was spent. Though today Santry held the headlines across the page, tomorrow no one would give a line for mention of his name. His great day in the world was done.

Santry would marry Lorna Llyth; that was understood; but the girl was young. To marry, she needed her father's consent; and Llyth would have her wait. "A year," he said to Santry. "The girl is young."

We heard this upon the day the New York papers arrived, innocent of any memory of Ravanal or Santry and the men in the mine. We saw people at the stores searching the news sheets, unable to comprehend it. They turned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FATE FASHIONED HER
Continued from Page Eleven]

their eyes upon us, alone remaining of all the strangers who had thronged the town. "Alan Cordray, the director," they told each other. "He came here for Llyth's girl, Lorna, who's marrying Santry—Santry," they said. And they followed us about. Santry had lost his escort; we had gained one. It accompanied us to the cottage next day, and gathered and grew at the gate after we went in.

Lorna was alone in the house with her father and she was lovelier than ever we had seen her.

Fled was one fear which had lain on her—the fear for her father; but the strain of Santry's claim on her had deepened in her eyes. "I'm caught, caught," they said. "Have you—has anyone a way out for me?"

"I've come with the offer I promised you the other day," Alan said at last.

"You remembered." Her whisper told she had remembered, considered it, built upon it, perhaps.

"I remembered," replied Alan. "I wrote it out. I've signed it and brought it to you."

He pulled a contract form from his pocket, opened it, and handed it to her, showing her name written in and at the bottom his signature and seal.

She gasped at sight of her name and read it aloud: "'Lorna Llyth.' That's me? That's me?"

Her father came beside her and held the paper with her. He read her name aloud and the signature and the figures written in.

"You mean that, sir?" he said.

"That's a contract," replied Alan, "when she agrees to it—and you sign it. You must sign any contract, you know—as well as you must sign a permission for her to be married."

I THINK she never heard the figures her father read. I'm sure they meant, then, little to her. The paper spread before her meant only a way of escape—escape, if she would take it, scorning Santry.

Outside rose voices, and she looked out to the gate and the group in the sun. It parted to pass Santry. He pushed open the gate and came in on us.

For the moment he dominated the room; partly from his hugeness and strength, partly from the power of his claim upon her.

"I got word you were here," he threatened Alan.

"I'm glad you've come," said Alan. "You're concerned in this." He pointed to the paper, in Llyth's hands. "I've made her an offer."

"For your pictures?"

"For pictures."

Santry seized the sheet from Llyth and stared at it; he stared at only one spot, which was her name; he tore it across and across in four pieces and crammed them into his pocket.

"Try to get it!" he taunted Alan.

It was battle between them. How Santry would have liked it physical combat! He seemed, indeed, to consider it. But he contented himself with seizing one of Lorna's slim little hands in his huge grasp and drawing her about before him.

"You're marrying me, tell them," he commanded her, his great arm about her. "Tell them you're marrying *me*."

"I'm marrying him," she whispered.

"Tell them louder!"

"I'm marrying him," she said, loud.

"You heard her?" asked Santry. "What you waiting for? What you want here?" and he swore at us in his fright.

For he knew he hadn't her. Her tongue had told it to him, first in a whisper and then loud. He hadn't her and he cursed us for it.

If we were not here, what matter that he hadn't her—her love? His possession of her body would have been secure. There might be a little waiting, but she could not get away. Love was no requisite for mating in these mine-burrowed mountains.

We had brought in from the outside an element strange and strong—stronger even than Santry's great strength; far, far stronger. It was the call to her from the world outside to youth and grace and beauty.

"You don't marry him now," her father said to her. "She don't marry him now," he repeated to Alan.

"I heard so," said Alan. "She waits a year."

"What's that to you?" Santry towered over him. "What's that to you?"

"The offer, which you tore, was for a year."

"Try to get it!"

Santry clapped a great hand on Alan's shoulder and shook him until Alan stepped back.

"I didn't see," said Llyth to him, "that you'd take her for a year."

She had freed herself from Santry and she had escape, or chance of escape. She must wait before marrying, her father had said before ever he had learned of Alan.

"I'll take you for a year," Alan told her.

"You'll not take her. You'll not!" Santry grasped her and faced her to him. "Do you marry me, marry me?" His grasp tightened.

"I marry you," she gasped; "but first—I want my year!"

"You marry me," said Santry. "You got no year."

"I said before," repeated Llyth to him and us, "she waits before she weds."

A noise at a window turned me. The group at the gate had poured into the yard and they looked in—Lorna's neighbors and Santry's and her father's, whom Santry had saved. What they saw was plain—Santry against the picture director for Lorna Llyth, and the picture director against him.

LORNA saw them and Santry saw them. Her father saw them, some of whom, like himself, Santry had saved; but he said again: "She's her right to wait, man, before she weds. They all know she's young."

"It's no wait, Llyth, that's in your head," said Santry. "It's taking her away from me. So I'll not wait." His great hands were on her.

She caught at him with her little hands. "I'll not wait!" she cried. "I can't wait—wait. What I'll do, I'll do now, father!"

"Now," said Santry, "now you'll marry me?"

"Now I'll marry you!" Her hands were twisting at his. "Or go away; I'll go off with him—free?"

"With him?" said Santry. "You marry me

The girl did not sway, like other women; she did not cry out nor

gesticulate. There she stood, waiting for sight of her father.

now—or go off with him?" Slowly it soaked into his brain. "Who settles that?" he asked. "Who says now you go off with him—or marry me?"

Her father looked at her, with her hands twisting in Santry's. He looked at Alan and at me. And he took her from Santry. He led her away down the little hall and he returned, looking at the windows.

He started to speak and stopped. Before Santry, and those windows, he could not say what he wanted.

"Who settles that?" demanded Santry; and Llyth suddenly said:

"You can settle it, Santry—you and him." Him was Alan. "You want me to sign for you her marriage permission. You," he spoke to Alan, "want me to sign her contract with you. I'll sign 'em both. You, Santry, I'll give her contract to work for him; him, I'll give her paper that lets her marry you."

We remained at Ravanal; and everyone knew that we hadn't what we wanted. Santry had it. But we had what Santry wanted—her marriage permission.

Santry, we heard, kept intact the new contract that Alan had made out and Llyth had signed; and Santry carried it with him. Alan kept in his possession the paper permitting her to marry Santry; and Santry knew it.

Lorna we seldom saw; but, seeing Santry, we knew something of her. Santry hadn't her; she could not tell him she was his. I heard that, leaving her house, he sought the solacing company of the black-haired girl who had clung to him after the rescue when he stepped from the mine cage.

SANTRY sat at a table in the room behind the store, at cards and chips. Luck ran with him; cards came to him. He won and, winning, looked up at Cordray. The men at the table looked up; all the room watched us. Everyone knew Cordray had what Santry wanted and Santry had what kept Cordray.

"Play?" challenged Santry. "Play?"

"You and I?" said Cordray; and neither had to name the stakes. The others rose from the table and everyone else crowded close.

They were to settle this thing between them, now and here, by fortune—fair chance and no favor. Could there be a better way?

Fate, the great determiner of destinies, would deal their cards—Fate, which had trapped Llyth in the mine and sent Santry to save him; Fate, which first had shown Alan Cordray the likeness of the girl in the film on Broadway.

Alan drew from his pocket a paper; and Santry placed a paper beside it. Someone looked at them, shoved them to another, and laid them both on the table.

It was to be one hand dealt—five cards and a draw.

A new pack was brought, opened, and shuffled. Cut! Alan dealt.

Slowly, deliberately, he dealt under the eyes of all. One card to Santry; one to himself. Santry turned up his card so he could see the pips and show no one else. He laid it down and looked across the table at Cordray. Alan left his card.

Another card to Santry; another to himself. The third; and Santry lifted, looked again, and his great breast heaved. Sweat stood on his big brow. Alan left his cards and dealt the fourth; the fifth.

Santry had his hand. He held the cards concealed within his great palm.

Alan picked up his cards and, likewise, showed them to no one. He was cooler, outwardly; but his fingers quivered. It was contest, man against man, for a girl—a girl to go with him and make him great again, or go with Santry to a cabin in the hills.

"CARDS?" asked Alan. "Cards?"

Santry stared at his hand; and his great breast heaved. He sweated so that drops ran down his nose and cheeks.

"No cards," he said. "No cards. I'll hold these." Luck, fate, and fortune ran with him; that was clear. He had a hand!

Alan ceased to quiver. "Cards?" Santry challenged him. "You're drawing cards?"

"No cards," said Alan. "I'm holding these." And Santry jerked.

"A draw, damn you!" Santry swore. "A draw; give me a draw! Give me a draw!"

He had no right to it, of course; he'd passed it. But part of the room was with him. "A draw!" they roared. "Give him a draw!"

"I'll give you a draw," said Alan coolly. "How many cards?"

"One."

Alan dealt it and held his own. Santry laid down one card, picked up the new one, saw it—and snatched for the card he'd discarded. But I had it.

"Lay down your hand," said Alan; and showed his own. Queen, ten, nine, five, and two of four suits it was; nothing at all. Not even a pair. Five cards, queen high only.

Santry saw it and beat upon the table. He flung down his hand—six, five, four, three of hearts, and jack of spades. The jack of spades was his draw. A four flush—nothing. Five cards, jack high. Alan's queen had beaten him.

The card he'd thrown away was the seven of diamonds. He'd held a winning straight and had broken it to draw to a four flush—and hadn't caught it.

We talked it over and over, Alan and I. We still talked of it when, two days later, we were on a train to New York, and Lorna Llyth, accompanied by a woman from Ravanal, sat in another compartment.

"He broke his straight, of course," I said, "because it was about the weakest pat hand a man could hold. When you stood pat, he was sure you had him beaten; and he played his hunch that with a draw he could beat you. He had a chance to draw a heart and make a flush and, with luck, he might get a straight flush. So he drew to beat you, whatever you were holding. Fate meant for him to beat you, Alan; for he had you beaten and he threw it away."

"Fate," rejoined Alan, "takes account of more than cards." Lorna, lovely and free from fear, came to look for us. "Fate never meant her for a hovel in the hills. Fate fashioned her from the first for the dreams of the millions."

THE END

The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

The Rising Tide of Color— Seven Years Later

A Striking Picture of the Diminishing World Power of the White Race

An Article by

LOTHROP STODDARD

"DEVIL-DOGS" in Shanghai! Husky American marines standing guard behind barricades and barbed-wire entanglements. Alongside them, British Tommies, French *poilus*, and other European troops. Beyond—the great Chinese city, full of swarming yellow men, buzzing like an angry hive. Beyond Shanghai, the vast bulk of China with its countless millions—an ominous human sea. And beyond China, all Asia and even Africa astir with strange dreams and half-voiced discontents. The Rising Tide of Color!

That is what we are up against today. The Chinese crisis, big as it is, is only part of a larger whole. The Kuomintang, or Nationalist party (the crowd that is getting on top in the big Chinese dog fight), wants to cancel our treaty rights and threatens to throw Americans and Europeans bodily out of China.

But, after all, the Chinese Nationalists are merely trying to do what the Turkish Nationalists at the other end of Asia actually did do yesterday. And if the Turks and Chinese can get away with it, why can't much the same thing happen tomorrow to the British in India, to the United States in the Philippines, and to the other Western powers that have colonies or treaty rights or investments in Asia and Africa?

Yes, it's a big problem that faces us. It's the problem of the white man against the yellow man, and the brown man, and the black man, and even the red man of the Americas. Furthermore, this problem is going to be with us for a long time; and if we don't think hard and act sensibly, it's liable to cause either a series of wars or a big explosion that will make the Great War look like child's play.

Seven years ago I wrote a book called The Rising Tide of Color against White World-Supremacy. That book stirred up a lot of critics, who called me an alarmist, a pessimist, a crape-hanger, and made other wise cracks of the same kind. Well, seven years have passed, and many startling things have happened in Asia and Africa. They would have looked much more startling if the Great War hadn't accustomed us to startling events. Throughout the war we were fed so full of big-headline news that the papers got the headline habit. This is unfortunate, because it makes it less easy for readers to distinguish the big news. Yet surely the things that have been taking place in Asia and Africa are the "big story" of our time.

Let us glance through that story. It won't be hard reading, because it's a story more thrilling in its plot and more exciting in its details than any novel of the day.

What was the situation when I sat down to write The Rising Tide of Color? The Great War had been fought and the Versailles Peace Conference had just adjourned. The Great War was the most terrible and destructive conflict in the world's history. It had wiped out something like 50,000,000 lives, and it had cost nearly $350,000,000,000. Nearly every European nation was bled white and was partly or wholly bankrupt. Furthermore, Russia had gone Bolshevik and had proclaimed a "world revolution." Last, but not least, the Versailles Conference had sown the seeds of future troubles that prevented Europe from getting back on a really sound, healthy basis.

AND even this wasn't the whole story. What made the situation still more serious was the fact that, intent as they were on their domestic quarrels, the European nations were not taking account of the alarming symptoms that had appeared in other parts of the globe. For several centuries Europe had been the mistress of the world. Europeans had gone exploring and conquering and empire-building to the remotest quarters of the earth. Against other peoples the white nations felt themselves invincible. And, for a long time, the non-white peoples reluctantly accepted the situation.

Then, just ten years before the Great War, something happened that changed the whole situation. That something was the Russo-Japanese War. Determined to maintain their independence, the Japanese had learned the secrets of the West, especially the Western art of war, and in 1904 they fought Russia—and won! The news of that Japanese victory shook white prestige to its foundations. Every-

THIS map shows the spread of white dominion over the world. Today, riots and rebellions from northern Africa to China have challenged Western supremacy.

where the spell of white invincibility was broken, and the peoples of Asia and Africa began to dream of some day doing what the Japanese had done.

Even if the Great War had been averted, a notable readjustment in the relations of the white and non-white worlds would have been inevitable. In the period just before the Great War, a number of writers on world affairs were warning the white world to watch its step. I happened to be one of those writers, for nearly fifteen years ago I began a book with these words: "The world-wide struggle between the primary races of mankind bids fair to be the fundamental problem of the twentieth century."

Such being my ideas, my feelings toward the Great War may easily be imagined. The Great War was to me the White Civil War, which must inevitably weaken the white world and result in a momentous crisis between the white and non-white peoples. Instead of gazing constantly at the battle front in northern France and Belgium, I watched the exultant gleam in Oriental eyes and heard the sibilant whisper run through the bazaars of Asia: "The East will see the West to bed!"

Therefore, after the war and the Versailles Conference had done their worst, and people began to be able to notice something else, I thought it was time to call attention to the next big problem that was at hand. So I wrote The Rising Tide of Color. In that book I sketched the situation as it then stood, predicted trouble from Turkey and North Africa to China and the Philippines, and suggested a few things that might be done to prevent a bad situation from becoming unnecessarily worse.

NOW let us see what has actually happened in the seven years that have gone by since that time.

The startling series of events that took place in the East after the war was an eye-opener on how the war had weakened the West. At the close of the war a glance at the map would have led the casual observer to believe that Europe's grip on the East was stronger than ever. Turkey, the one strong fighting power in western Asia, had taken Germany's side, and the Allies had smashed the Turkish Empire to bits.

Most of the Turkish Empire was occupied by British, French, and Italian armies; while British battalions were ranging far beyond Turkey through the Caucasus, Persia, and even into Central Asia, and British squadrons had turned the Black and Caspian seas into British lakes. The Allies had made up their minds to divide the Turkish Empire among themselves, and many Englishmen dreamed of building a new Asiatic dominion stretching from Egypt to India.

Within three years these ambitious dreams had vanished like a mirage of the desert. All western Asia was in revolt, and the Western powers were in full retreat. The reasons for this astounding change were only too plain.

As soon as the Great War was over, the armies had to be demobilized. The soldiers were sick of fighting and wanted to go home. And, even if the soldiers had been willing to stay under arms, the taxpayers at home could not stand the expense. So Europe's armies in Asia were reduced to small proportions.

AS soon as this occurred, the conquered peoples rose in revolt. The Turks, under their famous leader, Mustapha Kemal, raised a new army, drove the Europeans from Asia Minor, and threatened to start a big new war unless the Allies got out of Constantinople, the former Turkish capital.

What happened then looks curiously like what is happening now in Shanghai. The Allies rushed a strong army and fleet to Constantinople. The British government, in particular, talked of fighting it out. But the British taxpayers and the British dominions shouted "No!" They were all fed up on fighting and taxes. And France and Italy felt about the same way.

So the British government backed down, Constantinople was evacuated, and the victorious Turks canceled all the special treaty rights of foreigners and virtually drove them from their country—exactly as the Chinese Nationalists are trying to do today. The news of that Turkish triumph went all over Asia and Africa, and has not been forgotten.

Furthermore, in their victory the Turks had the backing of a powerful ally—Bolshevik Russia. In the war that it had declared against western Europe and the United States, Soviet Russia saw valuable allies in all the disaffected peoples of Asia and Africa.

So Bolshevik money and Bolshevik propaganda got busy—and got results. The hidden hand of Moscow could be felt in the agitations and riots and rebellions that broke out from northern Africa to China and have been going on ever since. In Turkey, in Syria, in Egypt, in Morocco, in India, in the Dutch Indies, in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR—SEVEN YEARS LATER
Continued from Page Fifteen]

China, and in still other Eastern lands, it is basically the same story. The whole East is astir against a weakened and impoverished West, and Bolshevik Russia stands grimly behind the scenes.

Thus what is happening today in China is not exceptional: it is part of the general trend of the times. The reason we should pay special attention is that events in China have such great importance for ourselves and the world at large. China is a huge country with vast natural resources and trade possibilities. It is inhabited by 400,000,000 people—one-fourth of the whole human race. When such a huge mass as China starts moving, something very big is bound to take place!

It was about thirty years ago that the Chinese dragon began to stir from a slumber that had lasted some 2,000 years. All that time the Chinese people had lived in quiet self-complacency, satisfied with their ancient civilization and neither knowing nor caring to know anything about the rest of the world. To be sure, some upstart Westerners, whom the Chinese termed "outer barbarians" or "foreign devils," had arrived off their coasts, and after some bickering the Chinese had half-contemptuously opened certain treaty ports to foreign settlement and trade, the most important being Shanghai.

Gradually, however, certain things began to occur. The foreign devils traded, prospered, grew more numerous, and gradually penetrated into the country. Also, many young Chinamen went into the outer world to work and study, and came home full of new ideas. Lastly, China's neighbors, the Japanese, Westernized themselves; and when a quarrel arose, they used their Western secrets to beat huge China in war.

THIS was a terrible blow to China's pride. That the Japanese, those despised "island dwarfs," as the Chinese had dubbed them, should beat them hands down was too much. It all came from those cursed Western ideas! China's first thought was thus to throw out everything foreign, and a reactionary party calling themselves Boxers started to kill foreigners and drive them from the country.

All the Western powers, together with Japan, thereupon invaded China, beat the Boxers, imposed a huge war indemnity, and left China defeated and humiliated. The Chinese saw that there was only one thing for them to do—learn the secrets of the West, and thereby become strong enough to maintain their independence. A reform party arose and began to change everything. After a few years the reformers managed to overthrow the old Chinese Empire and set up a republic.

But it isn't easy to scrap a civilization thousands of years old, and change always spells confusion. The newfangled republic didn't work, and China fell into civil war. All sorts of groups and cliques and local war lords fought among themselves, and plunged China into something like anarchy. Bloodshed, brigandage, and destruction were everywhere.

Out of this confused welter there emerged one able leader, a man named Sun Yat-sen. He represented the young Chinese who had gone abroad and learned Western ideas. Sun Yat-sen gathered around him those Chinese who were most eager to make China a strong, modern nation. This group called itself the Kuomintang.

China's rising national spirit presently showed itself in dramatic fashion. The outbreak of the Great War in Europe left Japan mistress of the Far East; and Japan took advantage of the situation by trying to dominate China. But China's new nationalism flamed so hotly that Japan did not dare to press China too hard, and she presently abandoned her ambitious schemes. Indeed, Japan began to walk warily, realizing that if she were not careful she might lose the treaty rights and privileges that she had already acquired.

For the Chinese Nationalists were getting more ambitious every day. They now began to talk of canceling the treaty rights of all foreigners, and even of driving them from China. And right here Bolshevik Russia took a hand in the game. Voluntarily renouncing all its treaty rights, Bolshevik Russia posed as China's best friend and offered to aid the Chinese Nationalists against the Japanese and the Western powers. The offer was accepted, and Bolshevik money, political advisers, and army officers aided the Nationalists in many ways.

About a year ago the reorganized, well equipped Kuomintang armies began their great drive from their southern stronghold of Canton. Smashing the forces of the other Chinese factions, the Nationalists marched from victory to victory. Today they are unquestionably the dominant power in China, and unless the unexpected happens the Kuomintang soon will be the master of the whole country.

The Kuomintang's aim is thus twofold: (1) To destroy the other Chinese factions and unite all China under a strong nationalist government. (2) To do away with all foreign treaty rights and privileges. It is this second aim that has brought the Nationalists into collision with the Western powers and Japan. And it is the brutal, fanatical spirit shown by the radical wing of the Nationalists in their killing of foreigners and wanton destruction of foreign property that has caused the acute crisis confronting us today.

For much of this anti-foreign fury Bolshevik Russia is undoubtedly responsible. Russia's game is obviously a war between China and the Western powers that would arouse the Chinese to fierce hatred of all foreigners except Red Russia, which would stand forth as China's friend and ally. Therefore the Bolshevik propagandists in China have deliberately stirred up the most radical elements in the Kuomintang, so as to bring about an intolerable situation and render war inevitable.

The United States and the other powers are thus in a ticklish situation. We must protect our citizens in China, we must guard certain ports of refuge like Shanghai, and we must hold the Chinese responsible for outrages like that at Nanking, and for the destruction of foreign property. Americans and other foreigners are in China by virtue of established treaty rights, and while treaties may be modified by diplomatic negotiation, or terminated after due legal procedure, we do not propose to be thrown out arbitrarily by brute force, or to let our citizens be plundered and murdered with impunity.

On the other hand, any resistance that our military and naval forces may make to the radical Nationalists or to infuriated mobs will probably cause armed conflicts such as that at Nanking. It might not take more than one real clash between foreign and Nationalist soldiers, or one rifle volley of foreign troops upon a Chinese mob, to set all China into a blaze of anti-foreign fury, beside which the Boxer uprising of a generation ago would pale into insignificance.

And surely nothing more strikingly illustrates the change that has come over the world than the contrast between the foreign attitude toward Boxerism twenty-seven years ago and the foreign attitude toward the excesses of Chinese Nationalism today. When the Boxers undertook their campaign of murder and destruction in 1900, all the European powers, the United States, and Japan instantly united and sent a joint expeditionary army to crush them. Furthermore, the largest contingents in that international army were those of Russia, Germany, and Japan.

Look at the difference today! Russia is the ally and arch-instigator of the Chinese radicals. Germany, deprived of her treaty rights by the Versailles Conference, will not lift a finger to aid those who stripped her of her Chinese privileges. As for Japan, perplexed and apprehensive at the course of events, she keeps as far as possible in the background.

ONLY Britain and the United States are left to take a firm stand in the protection of their interests in China, with France as a minor partner in the defense of foreigners and their property. And neither the British nor the American government is supported in its Chinese policy by so united a public opinion at home as those governments enjoyed in the Boxer crisis a generation ago.

China, too, has changed, and, despite the excesses of its radical extremists, Chinese Nationalism is something wholly unlike the Boxerism of the past generation.

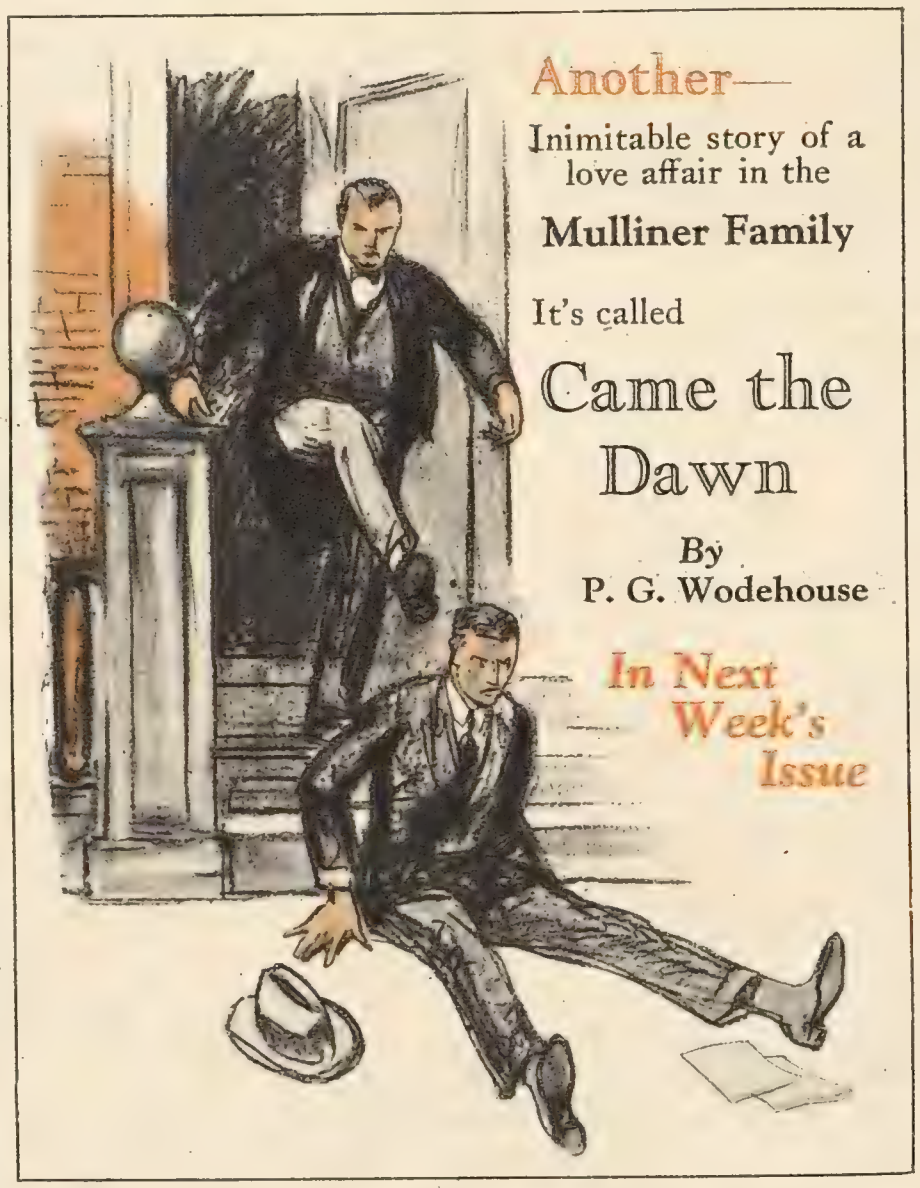
Out of all the welter and turmoil that has been going on in China, something very big is coming. Just what it is, we do not yet know. Chinese politics has for years been a dizzy whirligig, full of queer names that have made Chinese news dispatches sound to us like the reports of a laundrymen's convention. Yet, beneath the wild confusion of strange factions and unknown personalities, New China is being born.

We shall have to reckon seriously with that New China. The old treaties have got to be revised in a spirit of justice and fairness to both sides. And what is true of China is equally true of other Oriental peoples.

The great readjustment between East and West is the big problem of today and of tomorrow.

In this readjustment the United States is destined to play a leading rôle. With our West Coast, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines, we are one of the chief powers in the Pacific Ocean. And the Pacific is the center of a great drama in world affairs. The curtain has gone up on the first act. We are not merely spectators: we are also actors in the big show. It is up to us to watch closely and to act our part well. For if the play turns out to be a tragedy, it's going to hit us—hard.

THE END



Another—

Inimitable story of a love affair in the

Mulliner Family

It's called

Came the Dawn

By
P. G. Wodehouse

In Next Week's Issue

When you read this story, you can understand how one man can kill eighty others and be proud of it. It begins in the June 18 issue of LIBERTY.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

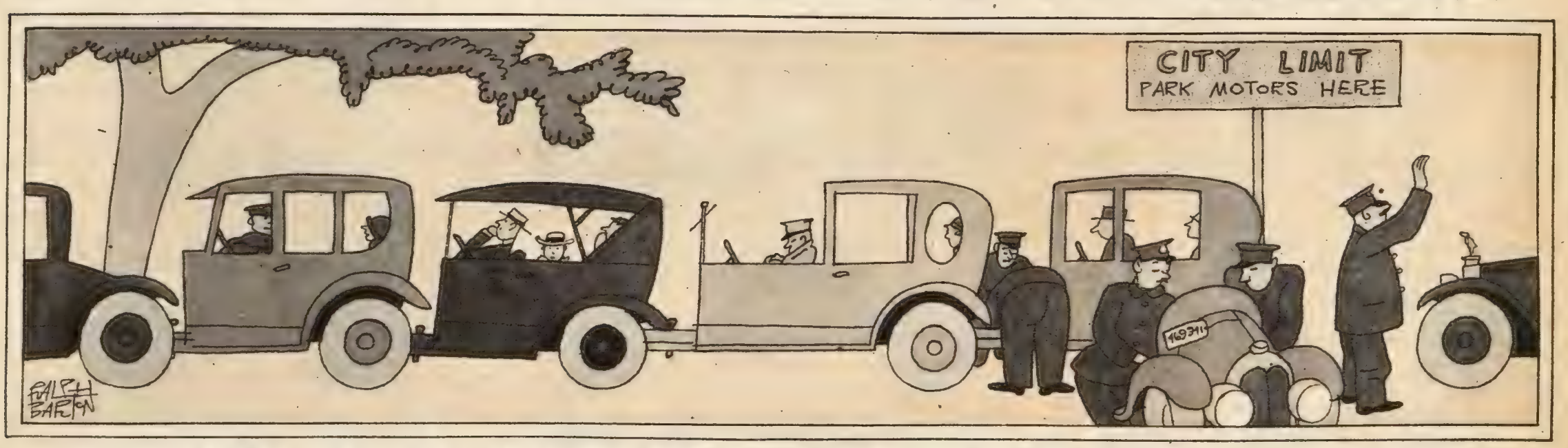
By RALPH BARTON

WHAT TAKES THE PLACE OF THE ROMAN ARENA AND THE SPANISH BULL RING IN OUR CIVILIZATION: Eccentric dancer in vaudeville does his stuff as blood-crazed audience howls for more and more acrobatic steps.

FOILED! King George V photographed in the plotting-room of Buckingham Palace, and showing the chagrin he feels on learning of Thompson's election as Mayor of Chicago and realizing that he must wait until next term to take Chicago away from us.

THE STANCH BULWARK THAT PROTECTS OUR MORALS: United States customs inspectors, whose duty it is to confiscate and destroy every book, magazine, or picture from abroad that, in their estimation, wouldn't be good for American citizens.

EMINENT MURDERERS AND GUNMEN, at liberty or on parole, gather at station to see Earl Carroll, theatrical producer and publicity addict, leave to serve his term for giving a naughty bathtub party.



ANOTHER EFFORT TO SOLVE THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM: Sunday motoring in the environs of New York having become impossible, officials try detaching motors and forming cars in personally conducted and truck-hauled lines, to save space.

The American Girl in Europe

Pictures by HELEN MCKIE

A MOTHER and daughter are approached by a slim, dapper, almost effeminate count, requesting the beautiful signorina's gracious permission for one tango.

Describing the Snares Set for Our Heiresses by Scheming Noblemen Trained in the Arts of Love

An Article by

LARRY RUE

O subtle Love, a thousand wiles thou hast—
By humble suit, by service, or by hire—
To win a maiden's hold:
A thing soon done—
For nature framed a woman to be won.
—*Old Verse.*

THE season is on—the open season on the American heiress in Europe. Encouraged by the example of Count Salm and of numerous other European love-makers who pick off at will the American flapper between the tingle of a perfumed cocktail and the end of a sensuous tango, the youth of Europe are flocking to hotel resorts, bowing themselves to strange tables, hunting fortunes.

From the emotional practices of Rome to the æsthetic lures of Vienna and Budapest, on to the care-free, merry, intoxicating, confetti-throwing delights of Paris, along the luxurious Riviera, across the sunny Mediterranean to the seductive Oriental setting of Algiers, Tunis, and Egypt, the tea-hound is on the scent.

His friends and agents are checking up fortunes at travel bureaus. His dapper, well groomed figure, his hair combed straight back, sleek and shiny with pomade, his hand-kissing and hand-fondling manners, distinguish him in every setting where is the American girl, whose buoyancy and chic slenderness set her apart from her languorous European rival.

His eyes are caught and held by bejeweled hands, however maltreated by age, or by a rope of pearls; and if he deems the value sufficient, he becomes a *Don Juan, Sir Galahad,* and *Romeo* all in one, and the maid or matron so adorned becomes the soul mate for whom he has been waiting since time began.

On the Continent marrying for money has been looked upon since the early days of the Roman Empire as one of the most legitimate, fashionable, and enterprising means of livelihood. The now extinct American title-hunters, the former *nouveaux riches,* who estimated their fortunes in live stock, slaves, horses, and women, got rid of that inferiority complex by marrying blue blood in rags.

It used to be easy for the impoverished nobleman, but there has been a change. Blue blood today is a drug on the market. It is a poor American girl indeed who cannot attain the rank of countess or baroness. A second-rate fortune combined with the pulchritude of a wild-grown English sunflower can purchase the title of a duchess. And becoming a princess, if one may include the twilight royalty of Russia and Greece, is nothing more than a $5,000 income following the line of least resistance.

Furthermore, modern plumbing has hit a deathblow at the old castle. But, even if these ancient halls of cheer and romance could compete with six rooms and a bath, most of the present fortune-hunters can't even produce a mortgage on a corner stone to an ancestral home.

Titles of nobility have dropped with the European *valuta.* That old longing for the harp that once reverberated through Tara's halls has passed with the minuet. The modern girl in her comfortable steam-heated apartment shudders at the thought of Castle Craneycrow.

What is it, then, that gets the American girl abroad? The answer is, scientific love-making.

THE European fortune-hunter, having decided to attain wealth or happiness through marriage, has devoted the same painstaking efforts to improving his style of winning a woman as an American, concentrating his life on his business, does in developing salesmanship to a science. As the American-trained salesman exercises the scientific appeal, wears clothes calculated to impress his specially developed personality on a client, gives the Pelman greeting to imply a master mind, and combines psychology and argument to put over a sale, so the European love-maker exercises all the arts of his profession—flattery, cajolery, physiological instincts, scientific sentiment, making himself attentive and agreeable—in selling himself to the poor little rich American girl.

And the victory of the Salms of Europe over the Jones boys back home is nothing but a repetition of the old story of studied science and plan pitted against instinctive brute force and emotion.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Fine tomatoes, yes-but only Campbell's chefs can make them taste so good!

Broad, sunbathed fields of luxuriant vines, laden with choice tomatoes. Thousands and thousands of acres under strict cultivation, yielding their harvests to make the most famous tomato soup in the world.

Never before has the tomato been nursed and developed to such perfection. Yet with all this care to obtain the tempting quality from the fields, your favorite tomato soup would not have the flavor you like so much, unless it was blended with all the skill and deftness of Campbell's French chefs.

What tonic, appetizing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup!

12 cents a can

Every artist will advise
Healthy people take the prize.
First eat Campbell's for your dinner
Then I'll paint you as the winner!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DIET

Cudahy's Puritan Ham

Finer Flavor because – *ripened naturally*

Distinguished for its finer flavor and greater tenderness, Cudahy's Puritan is further appreciated because it is so easily and quickly prepared. No parboiling is required before frying or broiling.

The finer qualities in Puritan are the result of the special Cudahy method of curing by "ripening naturally." By this process the rich juices of the young meats are diffused in a natural way without forcing or hurrying. It may be likened to tree-ripened fruit as compared to that artificially ripened.

You'll enjoy the delightful flavor and delicious tenderness of Puritan. Nutritious, healthful, strength giving. At your dealer's.

"The Taste Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Lord Chesterfield, one of the fathers of European bowing and hand-kissing, wrote letters to his son on the "arts of seduction," which in those days was deemed as essential to the proper equipment of a young man as business or professional training is today. And since Lord Chesterfield the art has been refined into a science.

This attitude of Europe on love and marriage is manifested in the customs and proprieties of today.

Love-making in Europe has developed into such a science that a chaperon is considered an absolute necessity to guard the affections of her charge. They take her for granted, as we do a vault to protect money from thieves.

The surveillance of the youth of Europe has led to the *carte-blanche* idea when members of the two sexes find themselves unrestrained by those watchdogs of propriety. It is a European byword that any girl without an escort may be won.

So certain are the Europeans themselves of the devastating effects of the blandishments of their young bloods that the débutante who takes an automobile ride with one alone at night produces the same scandal in social circles as a compromising hotel register does in America. The very fact that they were alone in a *possible* environment is regarded as *prima-facie* evidence that she is a lost creature.

THERE is no halo of hypocrisy obscuring the realities of sex relations in Europe. There are no petting or necking parties that don't go the limit. A kiss, other things being equal, means in Europe what complete surrender does in America.

So confident is the European that, if given the sofa and the girl, he can convince her of the absolute futility of a life without paying him a monthly allowance, that one observes cases in which he selects the future object of his attentions from *Dun's* or *Bradstreet,* and then, without having previously heard of her, arranges an introduction, or even introduces himself. This as the prelude to an elopement, marriage, or both.

It is a matter of whimsical record that Count Salm, before he decided to spend the Rogers millions, had obtained permission from the Viennese authorities to marry a totally other, but enormously wealthy, American.

Another Austrian count three years ago, who had proved his love-making propensities with the sister of one of Europe's fading queens, asked Americans, including the writer, if it were possible to live on $10,000 in New York for half a year or so in a manner that would make him acceptable in circles where there were dollars and marriageable daughters. That was all the money he could raise. He admitted his unfitness for any business. Marriage, he said, was his only economic salvation.

On being assured that he might make a small showing on $10,000 he sold his property, forsook his impoverished lady in waiting, and established himself in New York.

Six months later he found, in one of our richest if socially obscure families, a meal ticket for life.

An Italian prince married a rich American girl, who is now divorced and living at Abbazia, between Trieste and Fiume. He married with the avowed promise to his Italian sweetheart that he would return to her as soon as he could manage a divorce—which he did, at the same time getting a money settlement.

The marriage customs of Europe are based on the cynical theory that the heart of a marriageable maiden is "a love letter unaddressed." A man who cannot interest and hold the attention of a wife obtained through the customary family arrangements and dowry settlement is chided as a mental, social, or physical defective. While Americans scorn the woman who betrays her husband, Europeans confine their laughter to the husband. They have even invented the epithet *cocu* to concentrate better their contempt where they think it belongs.

In Rome there has been formed an organization that pays the way of its best Lotharios to tea-dances with the object of profiting through rich marriages. So poor are some of these ambitious youths that the Excelsior Hotel almost started a panic when, without warning, it decided to charge fifteen *lire* (about seventy-five cents) admission. Heretofore they could hunt over these preserves abounding with American girls for nothing, and they wouldn't even buy a cup of coffee, the head waiter complained.

But the fortune-hunter is not confined to any one nationality. The Anglo-Saxon race is equally, if not better, represented than the Latin. One American girl who traveled with her mother through Europe in a Rolls-Royce was pursued by eight Englishmen from Paris to Milan, to the Riviera, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice—even to Belgrade and Vienna. The pace was fast, the competition keen, and two of the men had to borrow money from the girl to get back to their all-but-lost jobs.

The American escorts take the proverbial back seat, damaging their own standing by frowns and bad manners.

One of the suitors who was losing out spilled the beans. Three of her most ardent suitors, who talked about their estates in Ireland, had borrowed money to finance the chase, with the promise of high rewards when they married the millions she was known to possess.

The outward aspect of this mass wooing of the American girl by the European Lotharios is so prosaic a spectacle that the announcement of an elopement or marriage catches the unsophisticated observer by surprise. It is because of this seeming dullness that mothers and fathers are totally disarmed and are not brought to a true knowledge of events until daughter leads her lover or husband before them, with the request that the maid be wired to have the spare room ready.

At hotels throughout the stamping-grounds, the dollar-wooers collect outside doors shortly after dinner, and in one fell swoop descend on the American tables, whether they know the ladies or not. The Americans are deluded into thinking it is the "custom of the country," and the men take the proverbial back seat, incidentally damaging their own standing by frowns and bad manners, which contrast disadvantageously with the overpolite, bowing, hand-kissing love-makers.

To observers in a European lobby, the following is an old tale: A mother and daughter sit alone, having coffee after dinner. They are approached by a slim, dapper, almost effeminate count, requesting the beautiful signorina's gracious permission for one waltz, or a tango, if her very charming sister—oh, is it her *mother?*—could spare her company that long. As often as not he is refused; but he never considers himself rebuffed.

If he is refused the dance, the Count offers his services to see the town, the ruins. No? Perhaps tomorrow? He can wait until then for a dance, but every hour will torture him. If not tomorrow, perhaps the next day! They know how to wait, these European trained lovers, and to pay pretty compliments to those for whom they wait by filling the air with heavy sighs of loneliness and desolation.

A week after the first waltz daughter still may seem normal. She kids: "How do you like my Count? Cunning, isn't he?" To the suggestion that perhaps the affair is more serious she replies: "No—but isn't he nice and quaint and attentive?"

And it's all up! A week later something is announced. Even mothers saving daughters for somebody back home submit to the *fait accompli* and yield to propriety and the wedding ring.

JAZZ has made the whole world kin. In so doing it has greatly facilitated the work of the fortune-hunter. There is no longer any difficulty about introductions. Everybody is accessible at some time. For the first time in the history of modern social activity, the finest families and the lowest libertines often sup at the same place, and, at the peak of confetti-throwing delights and the care-free exchange of streamers and toasts, dance together. In fact, a man whose looks are up to par, and who dances well, carries his own introduction in the European pleasure resorts today. He is even more sought after by women who grow lonely at tea-time than a good provider is by the practical-minded American chorus girl. It is the age of the tea-hound. A dancer like Maurice has as many opportunities to marry women of wealth, family, and beauty as the Prince of Wales.

But what renders the American girl especially susceptible to the wiles of the European is her training and early environment. Accustomed to the restraint of the American, who feels indebted to her for nothing but her company at a dance, theater, or dinner party, she suddenly finds herself in a brilliant circle of lights, music, and gayety where *cocottes* compete for men with respectable women.

The *cocotte,* to get even with the nose-lifting tendencies of virtue, often flaunts to excess her physical charms. Respectability finds itself lonely, neglected, sometimes insulted—certainly not too valued. The popular American girl who used to create her little furor at the country club, and who left half the eligible young men mourning because they weren't in time to get their names on her dance program, may find herself now paying a professional to dance with her.

She is especially grateful for attentions from men whose manners, looks, and dancing ability inspire every woman in the place with green envy. She loses a sense of proportion and values. Chic and ravishingly formed women, whose popularity and affections are at-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"A grocer's simple advice made my son a healthy boy"

"FOR FIVE MONTHS *last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn't know what to do.*

"Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale.

"And worst of all, nothing seemed to help.

"One day my grocer said to me, 'Why don't you give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial?' It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries.

"That was on August 15th. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks' time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today, thanks to my grocer's simple advice, he is a healthy, robust boy."

MRS. JOHN GUINEY, San José, Calif.

JAMES GUINEY *and his sisters at their home in San José, Calif.*

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann's Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant—a fresh, corrective food.

To keep well the digestive tract must be kept *clean* and *active*. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

LEFT

"SOME SIX YEARS AGO I became an air mail pilot, covering the route between New Orleans and Pilot Town. Sitting long hours in my plane, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—told on me. After the first year I began to be bothered with constipation. My system seemed to become more and more poisoned. This lasted for five years—in fact, until I began eating Yeast. In three weeks after I started with Yeast my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I experienced no more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast a part of my daily food."

R. F. KNOX, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BELOW

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, *prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company*

"THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one's complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it daily and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann's Yeast."

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City

This Easy, Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

tested to in the scandal columns of the press, give themselves so cheaply that, in the intoxicating influences of this champagne environment, the American girl, not wanting to be out of it, insensibly begins to emulate the courtesan. She sometimes catches herself wondering whether she hasn't been setting too high a price on her own person.

Confronted with this strange and merciless competition, she feels that there is something ephemeral, evanescent, about the man at her table who is wooing her so ardently. He could be so easily lost. Not for a second has she thought that about the man she left at home. His affection seemed as eternal as the Rock of Gibraltar and didn't have to be nursed or humored.

HER instincts have probably been partly awakened before. There are few American girls who, in their teens, haven't played post office. She has probably kissed her escort good night on the sorority porch, and fussed and embraced extensively after university proms. She has had her necking, had her petting. But in all this she was with men who could be trusted to go only so far—with men who, no matter how ardent, could be regulated by her slightest whim, egged on by a taunt, or checked bodily by a I-thought-you-were-a-gentleman rebuke.

She has been made love to before, proposed to, perhaps. But the spirit of the American proposal is practical, not romantic. The American says, in word and act: "Now that my business career seems assured, I can ask you to marry me"; or, "Dear, I love you; I cannot do without you. Excuse me while I hurry to the office to put in a little overtime, so I can ask the boss for a fifteen-dollar raise."

There are as many Americans proposing to a girl in the business seat of an automobile as there are behind the palms in the ballroom. A prominent movie star, who has been proposed to by men of importance of every nationality, declared that if you put the average American against an intensely romantic background—moonlight caught and reflected in the still waters of a lake—he'll either ask for a little kiss, or get eloquent over his last shot out of the bunker; tell how he gets his liquor, or sometimes, if he is a successful business man, expatiate on the romance of business, factories, railroads, production, supply, demand, co-operation, efficiency, workmen, and full dinner pails.

Love should be as sensitive to environment as a pearl necklace; yet, amid the loveliest scenes, when a girl is stirred to poetry, the average American throws cold water all over her enthusiasm.

If The Merchant of Venice were modernized and staged in the States, the dialogue in the elopement scene would run somewhat like this:

JESSICA: In such a night as this
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night. . . . In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

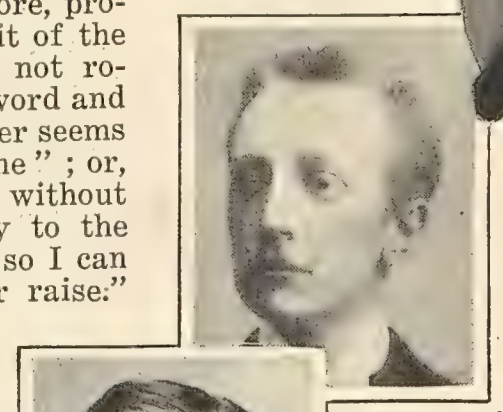
LORENZO: That's the cat's whiskers, darling! Where did you learn to spout stuff like that? I like that about enchanted herbs substituting for monkey glands.

The dialogue would end there. She might look at him questioningly; but there is no use trying to inspire sentiment and love for beauty in a soul of that kind.

Womanlike, the American girl feels an æsthetic objection to the Babbittry of certain American men: their propensity to snore on anniversary nights; their lack of any sense of the finer things in life that mean so much to her. Her revolt against this callous attitude increases her susceptibility to the scientific love-making of the European.

The *modus operandi* of the Italian, Austrian, or even the supposedly cold, but relatively fast-working Englishman, is very different. For one thing, not only is his sense of romantic values fully developed, but he actually chooses the scene. The European love-maker never proposes until he has carefully prepared the physical and emotional background.

Often he disposes of competition by insensibly disgusting the American girl with her own men, insidiously pointing out their crudities. And, as a rule, the American competing against the European unwittingly assists in his own downfall by purposely exaggerating the roughness of his make-up to show his contempt for the "effeminate slobber" of his rival.

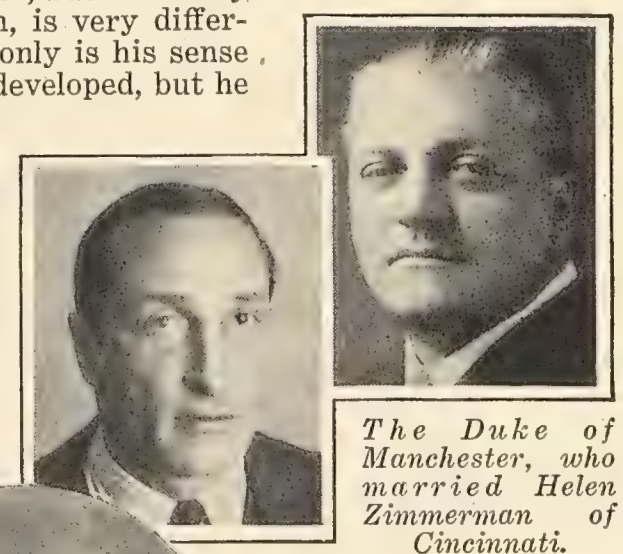


Brown Bros. photo

Count Boni de Castellane, who caught Anna Gould of the New York Goulds and lost her to the Duc de Talleyrand.

P. & A. photos

The Duke of Marlborough, whose recent ecclesiastical divorce from Consuelo Vanderbilt created a church furore.



The Duke of Manchester, who married Helen Zimmerman of Cincinnati.

Count Salm von Hoogstraeten, who married Millicent Rogers.

The European makes himself pleasing to the eye by immaculate dressing.

The European awakens a girl's physical instincts by kissing, hand-fondling, and scientific caressing. He breaks down moral restraints by taking her to romantic scenes famous in history, quickening her emotions to a melancholic realization of the ephemeral nature of human existence and the folly of not yielding to love while one still can. He makes himself agreeable by his constant attentions: picking up gloves, holding coats and scarfs—attentions made to seem second nature by an inbred politeness. He renders himself pleasing to the eye by immaculate dressing. His conversation is always directed toward inspiring her to thoughts of incense and myrrh, Venetian gondolas, Oriental nights, strumming guitars, Bedouin lovers eloping on fleet Arabian steeds, starlight on the desert, waves splashing against mysterious rocky shores. This is nonsense, but it has its effect. His finesse prepares the girl emotionally, and his knowledge of Havelock Ellis teaches him when to strike.

He is not restrained by the presence of an American chaperon. He gets off to a flying start there, too; since she, being used to innocent necking and petting parties—which no European indulges in unless he follows instincts thus aroused to their logical conclusion—allows him liberties that permit him to exercise an irresistible physical appeal from the beginning. When it reaches the stage where physical persuasion is used, his sense of honor doesn't put a check on his passions at a couple of "don't, don'ts."

When he proposes, he doesn't think of the need of a rise in salary. If he has a job—and some of them have—he tells her: "Oh, darling, I care not if I ever eat again. It is only you for whom I care. My work, bah! what is that? Your eyes are like desert stars, only more beautiful. Your mouth puts to shame the passion of rubies. Your skin is made of white flowers and ice. You are perfect. What if I lose my work for you? How wonderful, how beautiful to starve for love! Only *now* and *us* matter. Gladly would I work my fingers to the bone for you. But it is love I give. The night, the world, the stars, were made for this, our love."

This is scientific emotionalism, scientific gallantry. And an heiress, as like as not, interprets it as proof that at last she has found a man who doesn't care for money and who loves her for her own sweet self. By the same specious reasoning, she, in all likelihood, translated the diffidence of the boy back home, who hesitated to propose because she was so wealthy, as due to a material, not a sentimental, interest.

The American, when he wants to interest a girl, thinks in terms of a party and a gift; and when he wants to marry one he thinks in terms of kitchen sinks and millinery bills. But the European, when he wants to interest a girl, does it by caresses and pretty compliments. When he wants to marry one of them, he thinks of a free honeymoon.

It is the sudden and confusing contrast of *modus operandi* that makes the American girl, on first contact with a European suitor who regards matrimony only as a matter of convenience, feel how lacking in sensibility, finesse, and manners is the boy she left behind, who regards matrimony as life's *grande passion*.

Only through experience does she learn that, although the American probably would snore on anniversary nights, the European husband wouldn't come home at all.

IN the show window the blundering emotion of the American seems tawdry beside the polished, perfectly aimed, scientific sentiment of the European. It is not easy for youth to tell that the tawdry-looking affection, consisting of all heart and feeling, wears better and improves with age.

The sensitive feelings of an American wife may suffer before they become calloused to the painful reality that her great provider can never rise out of his phlegmatic stupor to the romantic heights of realizing the importance of a kiss on the doorstep, an enthusiastic appreciation of her new gown, or sympathy over the trouble she had to teach the maid how to water the flowers properly. But those same feelings, in Europe, are more often outraged by the knowledge that a love that looks so perfect is nothing but a fraud, because it comes from the brain, not the heart.

But these are things Youth must find out for itself. And until it learns them the lovemakers of Europe will find it profitable to flock to hotels in amusement centers, bow themselves to strange tables, and hunt fortunes.

THE END

He was Death's own ambassador. Watch for the thrilling story of his life in LIBERTY, beginning June 18.

LO, *the Rich* INDIAN

How Monte Blue, Cherokee, Found the Happy Hunting Grounds of Hollywood

An Article by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

FILM fans who protest against the many foreign players on the Hollywood screen can have no objections to Monte Blue. There is no doubt about his Americanism. Blue is an Indian—a Cherokee.

Blue was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890. He spent nine years in an Indiana orphanage. At sixteen he ventured out into the world. He dug coal in a Pennsylvania mine. He lived as a cow-puncher in Montana and drifted about the globe. As a soap-box agitator he was ordered out of Spokane. By turns he was an Oregon lumberjack, a sailor, a railroader, and a shipping clerk in Chicago.

In 1913 Blue was a carpenter and odd-job man on the old Griffith lot in Hollywood. Griffith happened to pass an absorbed crowd of workers and overheard Blue at his old stunt of haranguing his fellow laborers. The director's eye fastened upon Blue. "Man," he exclaimed, "you're an actor!" And forthwith Blue joined the Griffith pay roll, with a guaranty of ten dollars a week.

That taste of histrionic salaries shaped his career. He continued on the Griffith pay roll, principally as stunt man. When "D. W." made Intolerance, Blue says he played hundreds of Huguenots, Judeans, Babylonians, and Persians, with varying make-ups.

Then Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was brought out to the Griffith-Triangle studio to do a film version of Macbeth. The screen adapter inserted a lot of action into Mr. Shakespeare's tragedy. In fact, Sir Herbert was surprised to find that he was supposed to do several reels of hard riding.

When Sir Herbert declined to try his luck at horsemanship, Blue was called in to double for him. Indeed, he did a great deal of the now forgotten Macbeth.

As a reward Blue began to get real roles. He was the bad man in some of those early Doug Fairbanks film efforts at Triangle. He played *Indian Joe* to Mary Pickford's *M'liss'*.

Surprising resemblances crop up in pictures. Film fans noted that Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque look surprisingly alike. There are many other instances of resemblances, as Gloria Swanson and Pauline Starke, and Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill. The similarity in the Blue-La Rocque case is marked. The two are the tallest actors on the screen, both being exactly six feet three.

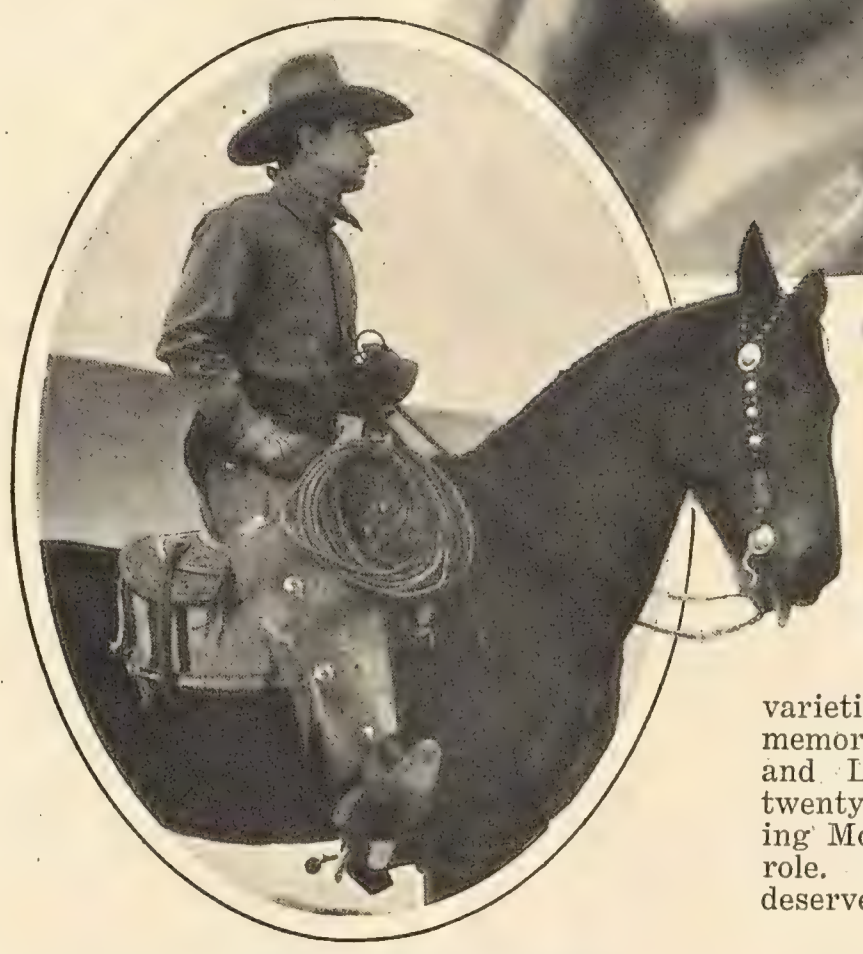
Blue was the hero of an unusual episode at Griffith's old Mamaroneck studio. A huge Paris street set had been built for Orphans of the Storm and hundreds of extras were playing the blood-maddened populace.

The scene called for *Danton* and a squadron of cavalry to gallop head on toward the camera. Just as *Danton* and his revolutionists were in full gallop, a dazed extra girl ran into the street, turned in fright, and fell. She was exactly in the path of the horses. Blue, who was playing *Danton*, galloped directly at the girl, leaned from his saddle, and lifted her to safety beside him. He got a big hand from the extras—but the scene had to be retaken.

This *Danton* is one of Blue's best-remembered roles. Ernst Lubitsch, detecting qualities of comedy unobserved by anyone else, used him to excellent effect in his two high comedies, The Marriage Circle and Kiss Me Again.

Blue played *Doctor Kennicott* in the film version of Main Street, and came a terrific cropper with *Deburau*, the Belasco story of the French clown who loved *Camille* hopelessly and tragically.

MONTE BLUE receiving the snuggles of Leila Hyams in The Brute.



A real cowboy ridin' 'em—Monte Blue in The Brute.

Blue skated along the edge of fame back in 1921 when he was cast to play the lead in The Sheik opposite Mae Murray. At the last moment, the plum went by sheer luck to Rudolph Valentino.

Blue has been married twice. The second time was to Tova Janson of Seattle, and there is a Barbara Ann Blue, age one.

Blue has been playing in Warner Brothers efforts for several years. Outside of the Lubitsch comedies, he has had few opportunities. His newest effort is The Brute, which is the ancient yarn of the honest cowboy who falls in love with the pretty dance-hall girl. I have been reviewing films for fifteen years and one out of every ten has been a variation of this idea.

The old Razzle Dazzle Saloon again is running full blast in The Brute, and the usual lecherous gambler-owner has his eye on the virtuous heroine. Old, old stuff, passably done by Mr. Blue and a newcomer named Leila Hyams.

If you are an old follower of the varieties the name of Leila Hyams will have memories. Remember the team of John Hyams and Leila McIntyre? Leila Hyams, just twenty-two, is their daughter. A bit in Dancing Mothers with Clara Bow gained her this role. She has possibilities. Blue, however, deserves better things than The Brute.

Brief Comment

White Gold—A well done study of the monotony of an Arizona sheep-herder's life, with a Spanish bride as the bird caged in the ranch-house prison. This picture has power—and a corking performance by Jetta Goudal.

Frisco Sally Levy—Another Jewish-Irish comedy with Patricks, Isaacs, Bridgets, and Rebeccas mixed with a slapstick hand. All the old hokum, including the family reunion on Christmas Eve. Don't say you haven't been warned.

Do you know that—

Karl Brown, the man who made Stark Love, has been signed by Producers' Distributing? . . . Pola Negri has been visiting her mother in Poland? . . . Fred Thompson's first for Famous Players will be a story of Jesse James? . . . Bebe Daniels is to do Swim, Girl, Swim?

He fought with an eagle's heart until a lone bullet stopped his flight. His story begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

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Brunswick

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO . . . IN CANADA, TORONTO

Lieutenant Moran saw one of his regiment, wounded, tumble back into the trench bearing the body of another. Saw Crimp save Regan.

The Story of a Coward

By RICHARD CARROLL

Pictures by CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

"IS it far more?"

Private Bob Crimp's dry tongue fumbled the question he had asked so often and so hopelessly. Pale eyes furtively peering at strange objects, discards of war, littering the route. The dandified Crimp that Walter Regan knew in saner days shuffling beside him with hangdog air. Trousers stealing over loose puttees. Tunic too small and dirty. Sandy hair matted with mud. Weakly handsome face crying falsehood to tall, powerful body. Large eyes protruding, lusterless.

Private Regan didn't know.

"Can't be very far."

Other voices raised. The same question, most often asked in France:

"Is it far more?"

Laughs and jeers for the passing rookies from grimy veterans.

"Time your number was called."

"Who cut the apron strings, Johnny?"

Friendly greeting returned. Strange dogs in new kennels.

The Newfoundlanders marched through increasing traffic. Clattering gun carriages drawing interest, and dread. Speeding ambulances chilling speculation. Heavier traffic. Marching men in rambling order—unkempt, tired, lousy, cheerful—returning for a rest. Heads popped from holes in the ground when the new arrivals filed into camp. Veterans came eagerly seeking friends. Nearly all friends here, friends from that thinly populated island off the coast of Canada—Newfoundland—straining so hard to keep its one little regiment in the field. Clerks and laborers, teachers and students, lawyers and fishermen—mostly fishermen, strong and hard and bewildered.

Regan found himself in one of the dugouts, squeezed in where there was scarcely room for more than himself. A young non-com stowed them in tidily and with spicy comment.

"Sergeant Cullen will be along in a minute to look you birds over," he confided, and went.

Amid the heart-sinking blackness of his surroundings Regan forgot his troubles enough to thrill at the name Cullen. Dan Cullen was his sergeant. He could have laughed at the absurdity of it, if the thing wasn't so damned terrifying. He thought of Bob Crimp and wondered what that unwilling soldier would do about it. Cullen his sergeant! Cullen, who couldn't know his wife and daughter were dead—that Bob Crimp had killed them. Regan remembered with relief that news from home trickled slowly into France.

Regan pulled the flesh-biting straps of his equipment from his narrow shoulders, smiling ruefully, thinking of the trial that had ended two days before Crimp had enlisted with him. Then he was the Hon. Walter A. Regan, barrister. Crimp, drunken idler spending a father's wealth—Crimp, whose car had killed a mother and child—had been grateful when Regan had pulled him from jail after feeding a fatherly jury full of verbal hash dripping with sentiment, patriotism, and promise of heavenly justice.

Regan threw his pack into a corner. Nervous fingers combed thinning brown hair, rubbed the dust from keen blue eyes set deep in a grave, intellectual face, and sought vainly to adjust an overlarge tunic to a slight frame never intended to carry arms of war.

"FALL in outside."

The dismal group looked at each other in dismay. The least they had hoped for was a few hours' rest.

"Get a move on. Where the hell do you think you are—in the nursery?"

Sergeant Cullen's voice descended on the rookies with the weight of the army in it. The sergeant appeared behind it. Six feet of blunt authority. Massive head on massive shoulders. Gray eyes, square face, typical of his breed. Not yet had the training camp taken the sea roll from his stride. Under his uniform he was now, as he always would be, a deep-sea fishing skipper, boss of his boat.

The platoon fell in and, under command of young Lieutenant Frank Moran, marched away. Each man shouldered a burden—a shovel, a Lewis gun, a duckboard—any implement of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

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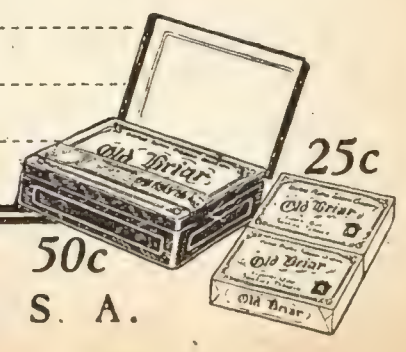

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
work or death needed in the firing line.

One rookie, remembering all he had read, all the movies he had seen picturing the undaunted soldier singing as he marched away to battle, started up Tipperary.

"Can that howl. Shut your trap and keep in file."

In single file they lurched along, weary mile on weary mile.

"Is it far more?"

Hoarse whispers; hopeless. Breaking the monotony of each plodding step. Sickly eyes peering. Dry tongues squawking:

"Is it far more?"

At last, and without knowing it, they were there. The firing line. Just ahead was No Man's Land. Beyond that the Germans.

BOB CRIMP next morning found himself holding the line just around a bay from Regan. His first venture away from the safety of his post was to visit his friend. He had never met Sergeant Cullen, didn't know who he was, and was too much taken up listening to the strange sounds around him to find out. Regan did not tell him.

In the days that followed nothing occurred to break the monotony of peaceful trench life, save that now and then an enemy sniper picked off a too daring souvenir hunter who was wandering afield.

Then, with the suddenness of all army decisions, came orders for a raid on the German lines. The new men heard it with wondering dread. Raid! Actual contact with an enemy who could kill them.

Twelve men were selected to be led by Cullen, three from each company. Regan, without thinking, had held up his hand at the call for volunteers and had been chosen. When the dozen grouped for instructions he found himself looking into the vague eyes of Crimp, called by a perverse sergeant.

Crimp crawled over the parapet with the rest. Awkwardly he groped along, striving to keep up with the band, fearful of being left alone on that God-forsaken strip of soil. His rifle, bayonet fixed, was held in front of him in his right hand, his nervous finger on the trigger.

All was silence as the advancing line of shadows bore down upon the line of murmuring men. They moved slowly.

While the rest of the men shifted their rifles to their left hands to hurl the bombs they carried, Crimp fell behind. In terror he rose on his knees to catch up. He threw himself toward a shell hole, his hands reaching out. Head first he went into a pool of liquid mud that covered the bottom of the hole a foot deep. As his hands flung wildly out his finger pressed the trigger. The shot cut the silence. The stricken man, his last vestige of reason slipping from him, yowled for help in a voice that ended in a gurgle.

From the German line a dozen flares shot up, lighting the scene as day.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Machine guns swung into action. Thin streams of bullets swept the line, a foot from the ground. Men crawling on hands and knees slumped heavily and lay motionless. Here and there an arm flung up, a form writhed for a second or two, then settled quietly.

"WON'T you try to remember what happened to Frank?"

Cullen, unhurt, lay flat behind a mound until the first fusillade was over. Then he crawled slowly along the line where his men had been. Leaden slugs of death bridged the air in flying mass inches over his head.

In the shell hole the sergeant found Crimp. Fright had saved him, for he had been unable to gather wit enough to get up. Cullen examined Crimp, as he did the rest; found him unharmed, and ordered him to follow. As they made their way toward their own lines, another form showed in the darkness ahead. Cullen moved toward it. The light of a flare fell on the almost motionless figure. It was Regan, bloody and weak, half a dozen bullets in him.

CULLEN motioned Crimp to get on the other side of Regan. Inserting one arm under the stricken man, needlessly cautioning Crimp to keep low, Cullen, doing the work of two, tried to lift Regan. Another blanket of bullets passed over them. This time Cullen grunted. His weight fell on the men beneath. For a second he lay there. Then, with mighty effort, he rolled clear.

Still the sergeant, still giving orders, still methodical, Cullen pointed to Regan.

"Take—him—in."

Just so long as the cool, commanding Cullen was there to give him courage, Crimp kept back his terror enough to obey orders.

But now the gray eyes of his sergeant stared glassily upward through trickling bars of red. Dead.

Crimp was alone; the helpless man on his back did not matter. Fear-maddened, he tossed his friend aside and looked wildly about him. Scattered in the mud under him, so close his face almost touched them, were several objects—contents of Cullen's haversack spilled when he fell.

Crimp's glazing eyes peered down at a pocketbook. It was open and from its inside cover the smiling face of a woman looked up at him from the darkness. Crimp stared.

A bullet sent his steel helmet flying, the force snapping the leather strap around his chin. Another nicked his leg. Blood. He began to weep. His head sank forward in the mud. The night and its horror was blotted out.

HE was home again. He was driving his car. The rush of air stung his face as he sped along. The countryside flew behind him in a blur. He tried to stop. His foot could not reach the brake. A face, a woman's face, the face in the pocketbook, rose wraith-like in the road ahead, swirling toward him. It grew larger, larger, bearing down on him. Again he tried to stop. He let go the wheel to push the smiling face aside with his hands. He tried to shout a warning.

The sound of his own voice rushed back at him, whipping his eardrums, exploding. The shock cleared his senses. He looked up. Relief came as he saw the silhouettes of the barbed-wire posts of his own trench ahead, the murky comfort of shell holes stretching between.

Again he started to go. Another sting, this time cold steel, and painful.

"We go from here together or we don't go at all."

Regan, whom he had forgotten, was prodding him with his bayonet. Crimp sought to move away. This time the steel sank deeper into the flesh of his side, drawing blood.

"The next time I'll pull the trigger."

Crimp crawled back. Regan threw his right arm over the other man's shoulder. Together they began their journey. Only 100 yards, but to the pair crawling across No Man's Land, swept by the machine guns of a nervous enemy, it was 100 miles of horror, each leaden step an eternity of pain.

Lieutenant Moran saw one of his regiment, wounded, tumble back into the trench bearing the body of another. Saw Crimp save Regan.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This lather's moisture *soaks the beard soft*

IF SHAVING is uncomfortable—don't be too quick to blame your razor. Often the shaving lather is to blame. A free sample of Williams Shaving Cream—will convince you that the right shaving lather will end razor pull—will actually leave your face feeling better than it did before shaving.

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Lib. 6-4-27

[MEDALS
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

Ordering both men placed on stretchers to be taken behind the lines, the lieutenant hurried to his dugout to write an enthusiastic report. A hero's medal for one of his men! The coveted Victoria Cross! The young officer's blue eyes sparkled. Not every day does a junior officer actually see the heroic deeds his pen so often pictures.

The Arras-Cambrai road billowed under the weight of an army on the march. The soft air of April, mellowing the harshness of a late winter, fanned the haggard faces of 10,000 marching men, caressed the heaving bellies of froth-flecked, work-worn horses and mules, mingled its sweetness with the smell of the newly dead.

Horses, mules, guns, ammunition, ambulances, supply trains, and men crowded onward. Here and there a blockade, when the rolling line moved aside to make room for bloodstained vagrants wandering back from the front line.

Above the rumble of iron-shod wheels, above the cursing and blasphemy of drivers, the whinnying of frightened horses, rose the strains of a rollicking song. Captain Robert Crimp, leading his men, took the note from Corporal Regan, who marched beside him:

"O! God Al—mighty,
There's a crew in town today;
The Newfound—landers
Are marching out our way.
When they left their mammies,
Sure they were poorly clad,
But now they're dressed like gentlemen,
With a —— —— ——."

The obscenity was limited to the words. The spirit that rolled them out from hoarse throats was clean enough, as clean as the fire of a dozen battles could make it. Other detachments took up the song. There was but one verse. It went as far as needed.

The King's Own Scottish Borders, a regiment of Imperials, swung out from the rear of the Newfoundlanders who had started the singing. They had a song of their own:

"I love my wife, wifey wife, wifey wife,
And I love her dearly. I love ——"

They roared the unprintable rest of it. Other regiments left off their song to bellow it with as much godliness as ever went into Throw Out the Life Line. These men were marching to almost certain death. Yet no head was held high in idealistic purpose, nor could anyone detect a glimmer of holy light under the mud that caked their eyes. If their hearts were filled with patriotic purpose it did not choke the flood of kindly blasphemy that rumbled from their gullets. Whatever else they were—patriots, martyrs, heroes, or fools—at least they were men—men naked in the savagery of bloody conflict. Onward they moved, swearing, grouching, singing with their throats, their faces freezing the issuing jollity.

AS the distance from Arras lengthened the horde thinned. Gunners pulled their straining teams from the pack and plodded off across country to take up ordered positions. The ambulances halted at their casualty clearing stations. Ammunition trains threw off their load at the points where dumps had been established. Soon the horses and wagons and motor lorries were gone. The infantry remained. No songs now.

Close by the lonely limestone wall of what had once been a hamlet church, Captain Crimp's company halted. The men piled into the ditch along the roadside, seeking shelter from a growing volume of shells. Corporal Regan glided along the ditch warning his platoon against lighting cigarettes when smoke might give their position away. He moved with the careless caution of the seasoned soldier, who ducks with speed and dignity when a shell whines too close for comfort. His bearing told the tale of his wounds far better than the gold stripe he wore on the left sleeve of his tunic above the blue stripes of service. Wounds so quickly season soldiers.

Regan rejoined the group surrounding Captain Crimp at the head of the column.

"Bell's raving mad down in No. 4 platoon, sir," he reported. "Lost his nerve, I guess. What'll we do with him?"

Captain Crimp blustered, like a man who would have a voluble tongue cover an absence of heart. But this was a time when the captain had to keep all his thoughts on the medals he wore on his chest and, as Private Bell was only exhibiting in plain view the emotions that peeped from the captain's own haunted eyes, no stern orders were forthcoming.

"See what you can do with him, will you?"

Corporal Regan slid away in the direction of the hapless private. He was too late. The terrified youngster—he was not yet eighteen years old—had run away. They let him go, knowing he would turn up again. Somewhere amid the millions of numbered men the stray lamb would be tagged. What would happen to the youngster then only an early-morning firing squad could tell.

At 3:30 o'clock the following morning the regiment feverishly dug in 100 yards from the village of Monchy. Captain Crimp's company was in a position directly in front of the village. It was dawn when the men finished their labor. They sat in rows, awaiting the hour of attack.

Here and there the chirp of a bird, the croak of a frog, sounded a note of peace. Monchy had survived a dozen assaults by men and guns. From the center of the village, where the regiment had established headquarters in a cellar, runners wended their way down the quiet streets. Everywhere the dead were piled, horses and men, along the streets, in the houses, in the cellars where the wounded had crawled to die and rot in peace. Stinking mound of death.

The line of living men outside cowered behind the freshly turned earthwork. Heads slowly rose, listened, and lowered again. From far in the rear echoed a muffled roar. A sudden shrieking overhead. The ground in front rocked under an ear-splitting blast. It was five minutes to four. At one minute to four the entire area in front of the regiment had turned into a mass of exploding death. At 4 o'clock the word came, speeding along the line, whispered from mouth to mouth:

"Over!"

The men, as if pulled by the same string, slid over the protecting mound of earth and moved slowly forward.

When the first heads rose above the parapet the yap of machine guns cut through the deep bass of the artillery. As the regiment cleared the trench the isolated yaps swelled to an encircling tattoo. Men began to fall.

Captain Crimp moved forward with his men. Orders had been to reach the top of the hill in front and dig in on the other side. He saw his men stumble, lurch like 10-o'clock drunks, sag. He did not look at them. He dared not.

He passed one of his corporals lying on his back, a small red hole in his temple. He passed a private who bleated for help from the shelter

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

DARKNESS and a lull in the firing. Crimp twisted around on his knees, facing his colonel.

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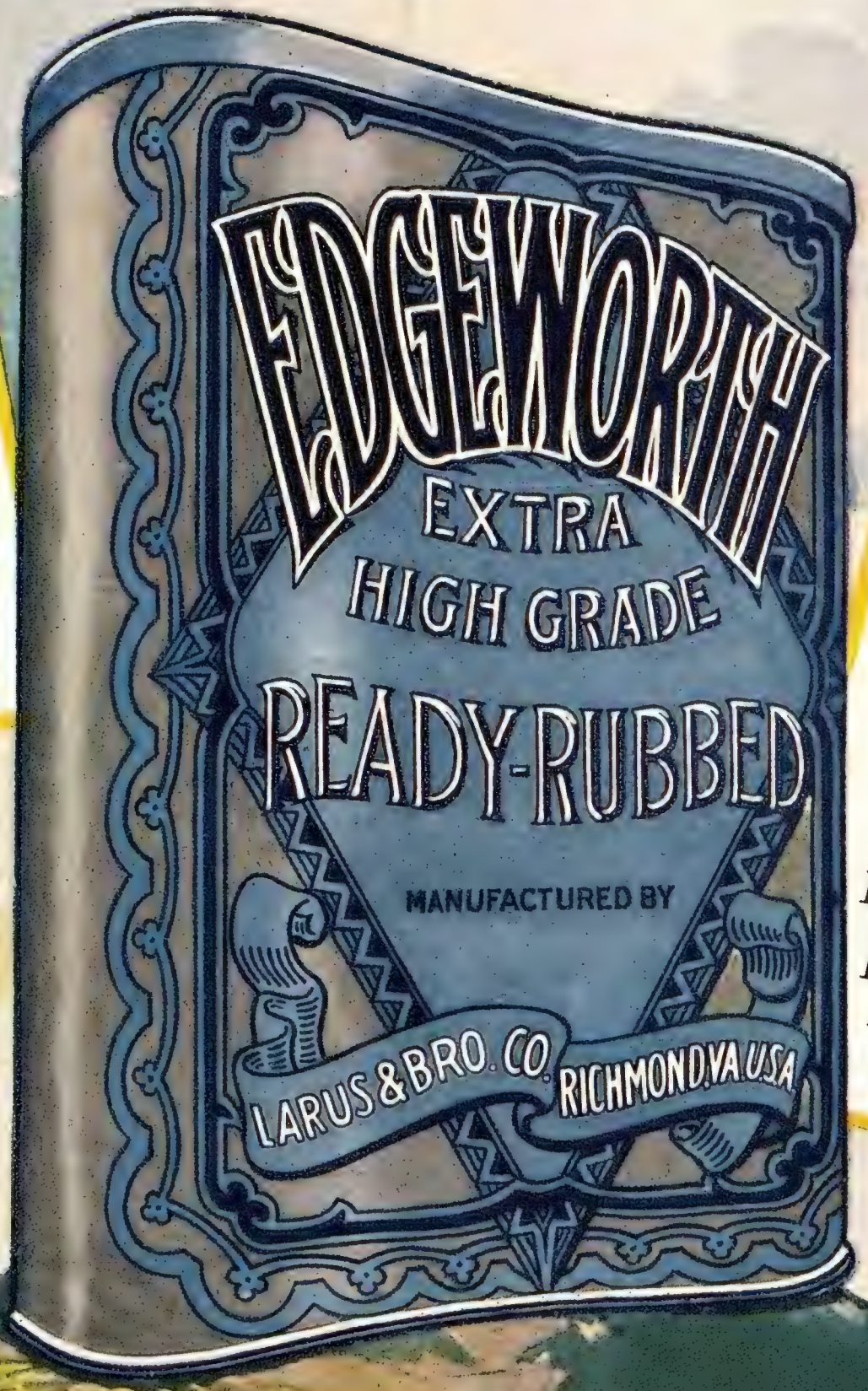

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

of a freshly made shell hole, and would not see the ribboned stump of a leg. He came to the top of the hill, their objective. He reached it unknowing. The 300 men had dwindled to three dozen. He did not know. Unseeing, he marched on. Death itself could come to him unrecognized.

A heavy blow on his leg spun him helplessly around. He flattened on the ground. Bullet above his right knee. He looked at the wound mechanically. The sight of blood partially cleared his senses. Instinctively he rolled toward a protecting shell hole. He lurched past it, gathering speed. Faster than many a man on two feet, he paddled on hands and knees for the jumping-off trench.

Yells and groans of the wounded and dying men in his path did not reach him. He clawed over them.

In one final spasm of terror he lunged head first into the yawning trench. Minutes he lay there, without thought, without emotion.

He groped along, striving to keep up with the band, fearful of being left alone on that God-forsaken strip of soil.

On his back, he looked stupidly upward, now trying vaguely to feel safe. An arm dangled from the parapet above him. Above it, the owner shivered at intervals as if with a fever. It did not occur to him to pull the poor devil into the shelter of the trench. A helpless swing of the arm, another quiver. Crimp froze. The man was dead, every jerk marking the impact of a bullet burying itself in his body.

All through the hot, sunlit day, Crimp lay there. All day the firing never ceased. Some of his own men joined him—wounded, all of them. They did not speak.

TOWARD evening the enemy's heavy barrage lightened. For a while it died away. The men seized the brief respite and, leaving their sheltering trench, made a dash for the village. Crimp remained where he had found safety.

"Need help, Captain?"

Corporal Regan, dragging a shattered ankle behind him, was offering iodine and bandages to his captain.

Crimp shook his head. No. He could use a cigarette.

The corporal took one from his case, lighted it on his own, and gave it to Crimp. Rotted flesh, new-dead men, tainted the inhalation.

"I'm going after the men and see if I can't join them in the village. Guess I can make it."

Regan moved to go.

Crimp watched him crawl away. Without warning a heavy barrage descended. Crimp crouched lower in his hole.

Regan dragged himself clear of the trench and down into the sunken road leading to the village. Other men, wounded like himself, were there, hugging the steep sides of the road. He caught up with one moving more slowly than the rest. The man, an officer, clutched the road under him, pulling himself along.

REGAN'S spine chilled. The officer's hands were cut off at the wrists. The mud was red where the ragged stumps poked for a hold. The man's leg dragged after him, awry.

Regan drew near him, lifting the officer's arm, throwing it over his shoulder. He saw the gray, staring, helpless face. Lieutenant Moran.

A shell burst in the roadway. Another, another. It rained shells. Regan rolled the stricken man into a shell hole, his slight body sheltering him. The other men in the road were caught in the shower of steel. Flying bodies. Arms and legs with no trunks attached. The ground blanketed as though raining severed men.

As suddenly as it began the barrage ceased.

From under the form of Regan, Moran emerged. Slowly he continued his interrupted journey. He mumbled as he groped. Couldn't keep the date with Jean. Had to take cadet exam. Jean would understand.

The corporal's shattered body had taken the jagged iron of exploded shells. They were all dead, every man who entered that road, every man but him. Moran did not know that. He groveled his way along.

In the trench Captain Crimp lay on his back, lighting cigarette after cigarette; smoke and the passing hours building his courage.

The day passed into evening. Darkness and a lull in the firing. Crimp shifted his position, using a rifle for support. His pale dead eyes peeped over the parapet. Only the dead were visible in shapeless forms, disturbing the symmetry of night.

"Captain Crimp!"

Crimp twisted around on his knees facing his colonel. Men, living men, eight of them, were behind the commander. Crimp could have wept. Dear comfort of unfrightened men.

"Who's with you, Captain?"

"No one, sir."

"Holding the line alone?"

Colonel Robertson's voice expressed wonder.

"Corporal Regan went back to the village to get his men, sir."

"We passed him on the way out. Fritz got him."

Crimp shuddered. Regan dead. Walter Regan—

"Didn't think you could hold the line alone, did you, Captain? There're two German divisions over that hill. Big job, what?"

The colonel turned to the men.

"Gather up some machine guns, boys, and spread out. We've got to give Fritz an impression of strength. Blaze away, all of you, if he tries anything. Make all the noise you can."

Crimp's rising hope waned. No relief. He started to move. The pain of the wound he had forgotten shot through him. He winced, audibly.

"What's the matter? Hit?"

"In the leg."

Darkness hid the gleam of admiration in the colonel's eyes:

"You stuck it out here, alone! Jesus! You were the only first-line man between Fritz and the English Channel. You wounded, and only a rifle to hold 'em back!"

Crimp was silent. Again not interested, wanting to get away from it.

"We need the men we have, or I'd send one of them back with you. Better go now while it's quiet. They're not shelling back of the village. Get through there and you'll be safe. We're all right if they don't come over."

Captain Crimp, hero of Bapaume, hero of Monchy, crawled away.

DIRTY white tents sprawling over the sand dunes of Etaples. Red Cross flags fluttering protectively, impotent. Drawn-faced soldiers, clad in blue invalid suits. White uniforms of nurses flashing in and out among the brown suits of their sisters, the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps. Clean bandages flaring against drab canvas. City of wounded men, Etaples.

Major Robert Crimp limped from the shelter of an awning and set off across the sand in the direction of the sea. He wore his uniform, stiff with newness. Colors of half a dozen medals shone against the bright khaki background. The Major's head was high, his limp light. His right hand lifted to the peak of his cap in seemingly bored answer to the salutes of passing privates. An excited soldier ran past him, shouting wildly, waving his cap.

The Major moved away from the rows of bellied tents. His pace quickened. For more than a mile

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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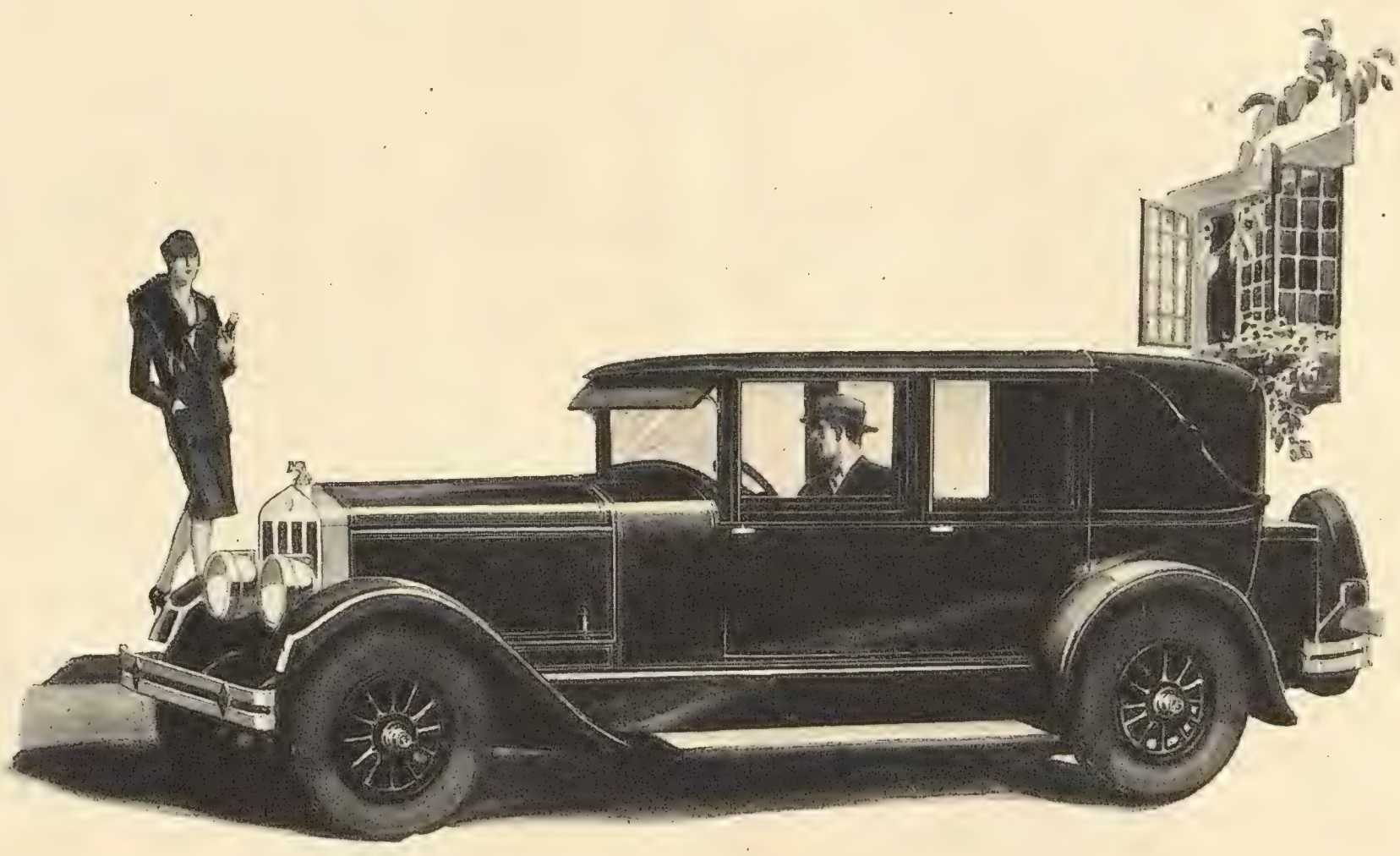

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All prices are the most favorable in Franklin history. Ask about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.

FRANKLIN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

he went, down to the seashore.

Jean McCullough came to meet him, her soft mouth curved in a wistful smile, her eyes asking eager questions. The Major's limp grew heavier. He smiled with the face of a man holding back a grimace of pain. The girl put out her arm. He leaned gratefully on the slender support. The slim figure in the brown uniform of the Waacs led him to a seat on a jutting rock. Trickle of wavelets at their feet.

"You promised you would tell me about Frank."

Musical voice with notes slurring over suppressed tears.

The Major seated himself, cleared his throat, started to speak, and stopped. He looked helplessly at the quietly intent girl beside him. The intensity of her pain pierced the wall of his ego, leaving him dumb. Grateful blue eyes looking into his, appealingly. He stuttered. His martial bearing shriveled like a balloon pricked with a pin. The girl respected his emotion, mistaking it, when, for an agonized minute, Major Crimp lived again the panicky hours of his flight from Monchy.

AGAIN the miserable man stumbled wildly over the forsaken plains stretching maddening miles to Arras, unable to find the main road alone. Chance shells dropped here and there to sweat him. To Crimp they seemed intended for him only. At intervals he fell on hands and knees for greater safety. In and out of shell holes, across water-filled trenches, tumbling into abandoned gun pits, tangled in rusty barbed wire. Here and there a dead man, polluting the night air. On he sped, his wounded leg forgotten in his fear.

He detoured to avoid contact with a body directly in his path, then turned around for another look. His whole shivering soul rose in his throat, striving to flee.

The body had moved. It was on its knees, wobbling. The ashy face turned upward as if in prayer. The arms outstretched. Crimp moaned as he saw them in the light of the stars. Bloody sleeves hung in ribbons from the wrists. The hands were missing. Crimp moaned again. The body spoke, softly to the night:

"Jean—I can't keep the date—Jean. I've got to take the cadet—"

The thud of a sodden object falling in mud. Crimp did not look again. In a shell hole, sucking slime oozed over the shattered hulk of young Lieutenant Frank Moran.

The girl at his side shivered as the Major unconsciously groaned the name. She looked up into his livid face.

"Won't you try to remember what happened to Frank? Don't be afraid to hurt me. It can't—now."

Major Crimp tried to pull himself together. He had meant to tell her how Frank had died. He would not tell her he ran from that scene without thought of looking at the body of his junior officer to see if he were past help. He had meant to garnish the story with a side line of his own. This beautiful creature, he had reasoned, would admire him the more if she thought he had aided Frank in any way.

"Frank Moran died fighting in the field, Miss McCullough. I saw him when he fell, game to the last. One of the men later told me he was smiling when they picked him up for burial. It was a happy death for such a soldier as he was. That is the whole story. Brave men die quietly."

THE Major led the weeping girl back to the camp. They parted at the door of the office where she worked with a dozen other girls of the army the British forces knew as Waacs.

"You have made me almost happy. You're a brave man, Major, to tell me the truth. It must have hurt you, too, to recall it."

Jean gave him her hand as she smiled through her tears.

"It is a relief to know that he didn't suffer much, to know that he was buried with his men."

Major Crimp's eyes were bright as he turned away, bright with unshed tears. Something he did not understand had entered his narrow soul, expanding it. For the first time in his life he had given thought to someone other than himself. He had lied in kindness. He had lightened another's burden. His feeling was almost of panic. A delicate slip of a girl had read courage in his simple action, in his lying speech. He, Crimp, courage! It went to his head, making him giddy.

The Major went to his quarters. He passed excited groups of soldiers without seeing them, without hearing their wild, joyous shouts. He walked in a dream, his jumbled brain trying to grasp the change so suddenly come over him. His quarters were deserted. For long minutes he sat, head buried in hands, on the edge of his army cot. He tried to shake himself into control. He leaped up, his stiff leg forgotten.

With one sweep he tore the row of ribbons from his breast, hurling them from him.

His excitement grew.

"You're a brave man, Major."

The soft voice echoed in his brain. He ran through the door heading for the commandant's office. The voice followed him:

"You're a brave man, Major."

An imposing gentleman looked up to receive the salute of Crimp, swaying ribbonless before him.

"Send me back to the line, Colonel. I'm fit again."

The commandant smiled. He had heard of the deeds of Major Crimp.

"Fiery as ever, Major. Fiery as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"—the candy dentists recommend"

Safe for tiny teeth

"This is the only kind of candy I like my own children to have," the dentist told the mother.

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Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages —7 and 15 oz. sizes.

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you

MEDALS
[Continued from Page Thirty-five]

ever. Can't stay away from Fritz's throat."

Crimp fretted, nervously stamping.

"But you're too late this time, sir. The war ended at eleven o'clock this morning—one hour ago. Can't you hear the boys shouting?"

Major Robert Crimp, hero of Bapaume, hero of Monchy, new hero of Etaples, stared, opened his mouth, turned, and shambled away.

THE END

How Major Hawker, England's great War Ace, was killed, is one thrilling episode of this story which begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

POEMS

You Ought to Know

JUNE

By James Russell Lowell

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

There Can Be No
Compromise
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"Where the White Way Begins"

Broadway at 34th
NEW YORK CITY

TRUB'S Diary

A Different Kind of Cat

By
JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

THE first bath happened just after that, in the garage, with a hose.

August 8.

I'M down in the cellar. I've been here for days and days. I sleep and scratch. I only scratch to be doing something. I have no fleas. The fleas have gone long ago.

No flea could stand the baths I've had. Every day a bath! Think of it! It's a wonder I'm alive myself.

It began with a new game. Ginger made up the game. It is a good game. It is called chasing-chickens.

You go out in the country to play the game. You go along the road. You come to a house. In the yard around the house will be chickens. The more chickens there are the better.

You go into the yard in a quiet way. You go for the place where the chickens are the thickest. The chickens go in every direction. Some of them run. Some of them fly. You grab a running chicken. You pull feathers out of it. You grab another chicken. You pull feathers out. If the chickens are white, you would think it was snowing. That's the way the game goes.

It is not quiet while the game is going on. You bark. The chickens make noises. A woman comes out of the house. Generally she brings a broom. She makes noises, too. It is glorious!

The game ends when all the chickens have got up on the roof. If a man comes out of the house instead of a woman, the game ends then. That is on account of the man picking up stones. When this happens you go away from there.

Ginger and I had played the chicken game all morning. At the last house a man came out. He did not pick up stones. He had a stick in his hand.

Ginger said: "Snap out of here, kid!" He went away from there.

I went with him. I said: "He hasn't picked up stones."

Ginger said: "Don't talk—run!"

A loud noise came out of the man's stick. I had a stinging feeling where I sit down. I gave a jump. I said: "Bees are biting me!"

Ginger kept on running. I kept on running. He said: "Every time you open your face you hand me a laugh."

I said: "If it isn't bees, what is it?"

Ginger said: "If he'd been a little closer you'd have thought it was alligators."

Ginger kept on running. I kept on running. I said: "Why did the stick make a noise?"

Ginger said: "That was a shotgun, you poor simp."

I said: "What's a shotgun?"

Ginger said: "Never mind what it is; when you see one, step on the gas."

He stopped running. I stopped running.

I said: "Let's go home."

Ginger said: "Home was never like this."

I said: "I'm famished."

Ginger said: "Don't you ever think of anything but your stomach?" He went on down the road. I went on down the road. I stopped, he stopped.

I said: "Something's got to be done."

He said: "About what?"

I said: "I've got gnawing pains."

Ginger said: "Oh, all right, we'll go grab a lunch."

I said: "Where?"

Ginger said: "Listen!"

I listened. I heard voices. They were high voices. They were screaming and laughing and yelling.

I said: "What's that?"

Ginger said: "Eats—come on!" He went on down the road. I went with him.

We came to a white house. The house had a bell on it. All round the house were boy children and girl children. Some were running. Some were eating out of boxes. Ginger went to a girl child who was eating out of a box. He gave her tail-wags. She gave him a piece of cake. I went to a boy child who was eating out of a box. I gave him tail-wags. Nothing happened. I gave him a paw-poke. He gave me a piece of ham. Delicious!

We kept on going to different children. Everyone gave us something. You never knew what it would be. I got brown bread and butter. I got white bread and jelly. I got pie. I got cake. I got hard-boiled eggs. I got tongue. I got chicken. Once I got a bone from a pork chop. I love children!

I was feeling better. Not full exactly, but the gnawing pains had stopped. The bell on the white house began to go back and forth. It made a noise.

All the children went into the white house. I was going in with them.

Ginger said: "Not in there, Bozo."

I said: "Why not?"

Ginger said: "A woman with spectacles will knock you for a loop."

I said: "What with?"

Ginger said: "A ruler."

I said: "What for?"

Ginger said: "I dunno—she just does."

WE went down the road. A small furry thing ran out in the road. We went after it in a quick way. It went into a stone fence. Ginger sat down where it went in.

I said: "What is it?"

Ginger said: "Chipmunk."

I said: "What do we do now?"

Ginger said: "Keep quiet—it might come out."

We did. Nothing happened for a long time.

I said: "I think I could dodge the ruler."

Ginger said: "Will you close your face?"

I did.

Nothing happened for a long time. I got to thinking about the children. Once a lady asked Flips if I was fond of children. Who wouldn't be fond of a dear little child with a lunch box? I thought I would go to the door of the white house and look in.

I started to go. I went in a quiet way. I went along the stone wall. I saw something move. It was in the ditch along the road. I went over to the ditch.

It was a cat. It was a different kind of cat.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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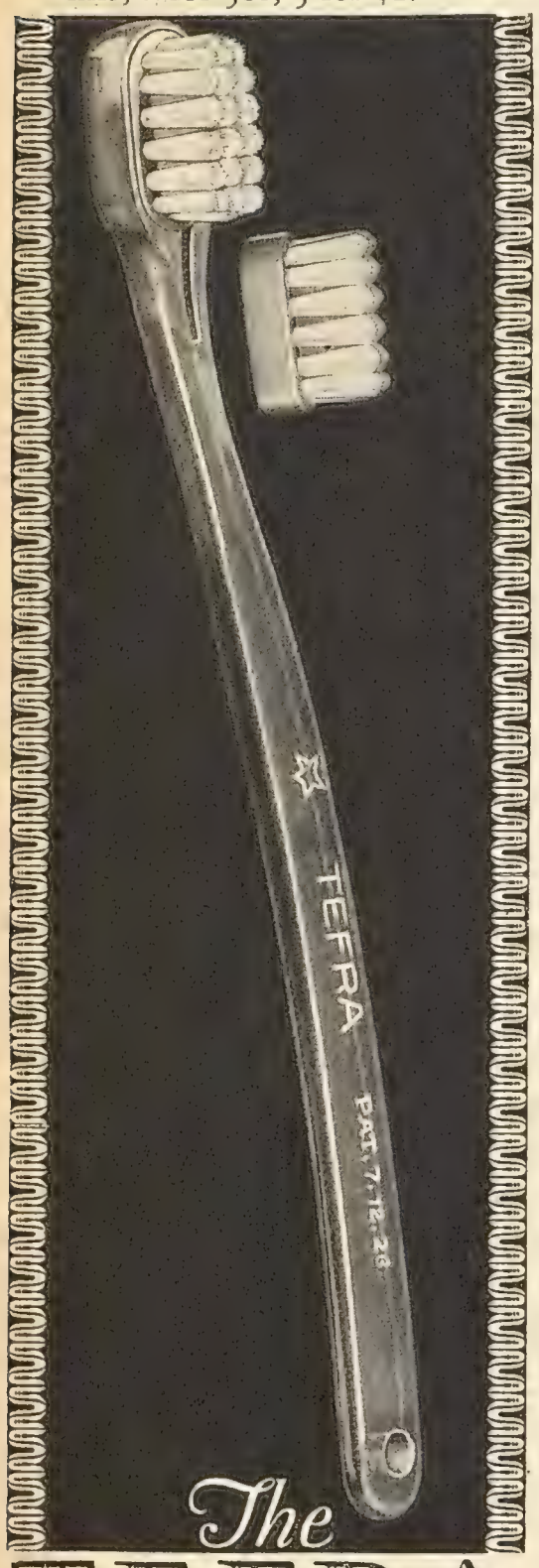

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Street.....
Town..... *State*.....
Druggist's Name.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

It had a white stripe on its back. It had a bushy tail.

I went for it in a quick way. It went up the ditch. It did not go in as quick a way as is usual with cats.

I thought: "My cat, all right!" But it wasn't. It went in an iron pipe.

I could get my head in the iron pipe, but that was all.

I barked for Ginger. He came running.

He said: "What's the big idea?"

I said: "Cat in here. Too small for me. You can make it."

Ginger said: "Atta boy! Watch at the other end!"

I said: "It's a different kind of cat. Wait till I get there!"

I went to the other end of the pipe.

Ginger started in. He backed out in a quick way.

HE said: "I'll say it's different! Come on, kid."

I said: "What's the matter? What are you going to do?"

Ginger said: "Just fade away while the fading's good."

I said: "Are you going to leave this cat?"

Ginger said: "I'll tell the cockeyed world I'm going to leave him!"

I said: "I believe you're afraid to go in after him!"

Ginger said: "Boy, you ain't said the half of it!"

I said: "Go, if you want to. I'll stay here."

Ginger said: "You're in wrong, kid. When they pack too big a wallop, leave 'em lay."

I said: "I'm not afraid of any cat."

Ginger said: "No? Well, maybe he won't come out. If he does—don't blame me!"

He went away from there.

I put my head in the pipe. I could see the different kind of cat halfway up the pipe. I barked. He didn't move. I went to the other end of the pipe. I put my head in. I barked. He didn't move. I kept on barking. Nothing happened.

A man came along the road. He was an oldish man. He had white whiskers. He stopped. I barked and whined at the pipe.

The oldish man said: "Got a rabbit in there, hev ye, pup? Mebbe we kin git him out if we try!"

Something happened. I didn't seem to know anything for a minute.

The oldish man took out a knife. He cut a long stick from a tree. He poked the stick in one end of the pipe. I stayed at the other end.

The different kind of cat came down the pipe toward me. He was coming backward.

I thought he would turn round when he got to the end of the pipe. He didn't.

Something happened. I don't know what it was exactly. I didn't seem to know anything for a minute. When I did I was lying on the ground trying to catch my breath.

I looked for the different kind of cat. It was gone. I looked for the oldish man. He was gone, too. I saw him going down the road. I would not have thought such an oldish man could be going in such a quick way.

I thought: "Well, that is that!"

I thought I would go to the white house and see the children. I did.

I WENT to the door of the white house.

The children were sitting behind little tables. The tables were in rows.

The woman with the spectacles was sitting behind a bigger table at the end of the room.

I went in the door.

I was surprised at what happened.

The children began to cough. They jumped up from the little tables. The girl children began to scream. The boy children began to go out the windows.

The woman with the spectacles got up from the table. I wondered if she would get a ruler. She didn't.

She said: "Children, children—the back door!" She went out the back door in a quick way. So did the girl children. I was the only one left in the white house. It was strange.

I thought I would go home. I did.

It was strange there, too. I barked at the front door. Saki opened the door. He turned pale. He shut the door in my face.

I went to the back door. I barked. The cook started to open the door.

She said: "The mercy of God be upon us!" She shut the door in my face.

The first bath happened just after that. Saki and the chauffeur did it. They did it in the garage with a hose. Saki put me in the cellar. I've been here ever since. I've been thinking over things. I've come to a conclusion: Ginger was right!

August 9.

The Molecule just came down in the cellar. I thought he was going to let me out. He didn't. He sniffed.

He said: "The flavor lasts!" He went away from there.

Trub is learning, and it is safe to assume that hereafter he will give polecats a wide berth. Another page from his Diary will be printed in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Eighty lives for one—the true and official record of one of the World War's greatest heroes. Beginning in LIBERTY, June 18.

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After ALL, WHY *Do* Men LIE?

A Wife Voices a Protest Against the Morning-After Alibi

An Article by

RUTH RIDENOUR

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, its author states, was inspired by another which Charles J. McGuirk wrote for LIBERTY recently, entitled The Great American Tyrant, or Why Men Lie to Their Wives. Mr. McGuirk essayed to prove that men lie to their wives chiefly to keep peace in the family, their actions being predicated upon the theory that what the wife doesn't know won't hurt her.]

AFTER a night of worry about an absent mate, one is in no condition to listen to a myth on the wanderings of the strayed sheep.

THERE is a very charming person around my house occasionally whom we might call Billy for the purposes of this dissertation. Billy is my husband. He is endowed with an active imagination, a lively conscience, and a flair for adventure outside the home. These qualities conflict with one another and cause Billy a great deal of discomfort. But they contribute to the aforementioned charm and make his irregular arrivals at the fireside occasions of vast interest to this tyrannical wife who awaits him.

Some time ago I was awaiting him with customary anxiety. (I always think that *this* time, surely, he has been killed. Nothing else could keep him out so late.) But, fortunately, something else does. This time he arrived, like Aurora, with the dawn. And if Aurora is rosy, Billy was ruddy. But a roseate state is not an unusual one for Billy to be in at dawn. I fully expected it. I was surprised, though, to notice that Billy was spattered with mud, for he is very fastidious about his appearance.

I had not heard him enter. He is well practiced in silent entrances and accomplishes them successfully. His key makes the lock suavely. He never upsets tables, chairs, or vases, and that is quite marvelous considering how weaving and indirect his progress is.

I met him quite by accident in the hall, where I was en route to breakfast. I regretted the encounter. Such distress stood out above the glow of his spirits and the mud on his face when he saw me that I was sorry for him.

"Good morning," I nodded cheerily and continued on to the breakfast-room.

But Billy, instead of going directly to his much needed bath and bed, pursued me.

"Listen, honey—" he began.

I tried to concentrate on my grapefruit, reciting Dorothy Parker, asking myself another, and indulging in all the games I knew to keep from hearing his tale of the night's adventures.

I am not particularly soft-hearted, but the discomfort he undergoes when adding a lie to his conscience, already overloaded with sin as it is, fills me with pity and spoils my breakfast. He hates to lie, just as most people hate to do those things which they know they do badly.

It was a very depressing situation, so early in the morning. After all, even a night out scarcely deserves the expenditure of the energy and ardor and intensity that Billy used up in convincing me that his conduct had been exemplary. But I was helpless—as though I had been caught at the front door by an importunate salesman whose livelihood depended on selling me some trivial and undesirable ware. Billy is a splendid salesman and he was determined to sell me his alibi.

This morning, of course, I was rather curious about the mud. That was a novelty. I thought for once there might be an element of humor in his story. So I listened with my ears in the condition one's eye is when one runs it along the society column looking for one's own name. I listened alertly for the word mud.

All he talked about was a bridge game at his club. His words proceeded through my ears like strangers' names before my eyes, but mud failed to appear.

When he had finished I looked at him with interested expectancy. At once I regretted my expression, for it gave him fresh impetus.

"Really, honey, that last rubber took two hours and a half! Fred overbid and set us when he had bum hands, and when he held some cards he sat back and set the others. I could have killed him. I knew you would be wondering what had become of me. And the score at the end was even. Can you beat that?"

"No, I certainly cannot," I murmured.

He proceeded happily. Fred's bridge was one of Billy's favorite topics.

I wanted to stop him and say, "But what about the mud?" With a supreme effort of control I suppressed the question, for I realized he had forgotten about the mud. In fact, he seemed completely unaware of it, although it must have been uncomfortable, caked dry on his face and cracking when he talked. But he was so desperately absorbed in Fred's bridge that the mud—a rich April loam which can be found on no city street and no nearer home or his club than certain rural roadhouses—never entered his mind. Like a perfect salesman or an immortal actor, he had lost himself in his art.

FRED'S bridge spanned my breakfast. I arose. "Yes, dear. Yes, Fred should certainly read Work," I agreed and sent him to his bath and his bed. The poor man was exhausted.

I took him some coffee. I phoned his office and told them he had a touch of flu. (Wives sometimes have to lie.) I sent his suit to the cleaner and scraped the mud from his shoes myself for fear a servant might embarrass him by asking him where he had come by it. There were no footprints in my window boxes.

It is not often that I have had to control curiosity about the truth when listening to his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why men use Mennen

Speed: Men who demand shaving speed with shaving comfort . . . men who believe that a smoother, cleaner, "happier" face is worth having . . . these are the men who use Mennen — millions of them!

Hydrolized: Mennen is the original "*hydrolized*" or supersaturated lather—the first shaving cream proving the principle that the more water lather will hold the better its action on beard and skin.

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Men who like a cool invigorating tingle on the face, will like Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. It is healing—antiseptic—and protects the face from sunburn and windburn.

Mennen Talcum for Men completes the Mennen Shave. It's a soft, luxurious talc, tinted and scented for a *man's* face. Doesn't show. 50c a tube for the Skin Balm. 25c a can for the talcum.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

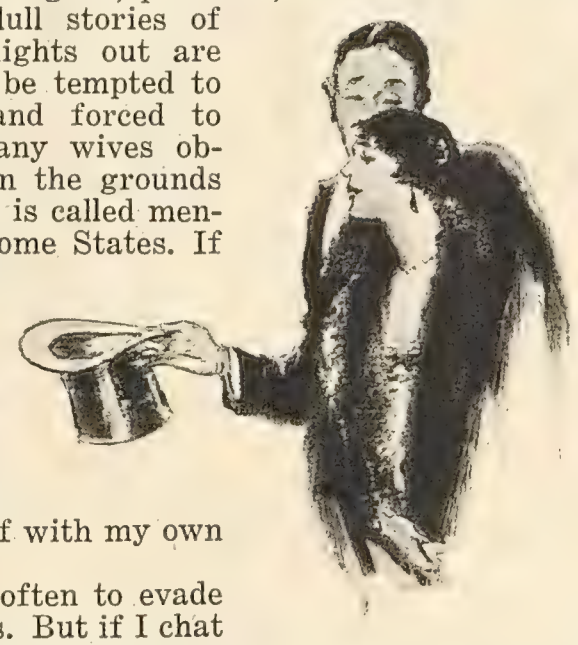
The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

inventions. I was puzzled about that mud. But I did not have the heart to spoil his story, for my own sake as well as his. I had to ignore the mud as blandly as he did. Otherwise he could not have vindicated himself and I might have suspected the worst of him. As it was, I was assured that his behavior had been above reproach.

And of course it had been. If I did not trust him I would not live with him. If he misbehaves I prefer not to hear about it. Therefore I did not dare ask about the mud.

However, if Billy persists in telling me these perfectly constructed, wholly logical, plausible, possible, and dull stories of the way his nights out are passed, I shall be tempted to distrust him and forced to leave him. Many wives obtain divorces on the grounds of boredom. It is called mental cruelty in some States. If Billy told me the truth it might be unpleasant, but it would surely be more amusing, and if he said nothing I could entertain myself with my own conjectures.



I have tried often to evade his explanations. But if I chat rapidly on more cheerful and more safe topics he is as miserable as a small boy who has a piece prepared to recite at Sunday school and is not called upon to say it. Consequently I give him the floor and allow my mind to wander on to other things until he has finished. Then I smile sympathetically, doctor him up, put him to bed, and think whatever I choose about his absence.

MEN lie to their wives, most assuredly, as Mr. McGuirk so neatly and frankly pointed out in a recent issue of LIBERTY. But it is an excess of energy, a pride of recitation, a desire for self-justification, and the instinct of salesmanship that causes them to do so —not a passion for peace and an easy life.

Neither Billy nor I are happy or at ease while the lie is being passed. It would be far more satisfactory if he let his delinquencies remain as abstruse and inexplicable a mystery as the mud. My fancy can roam with delight on that mishap. Perhaps he took a nap in a freshly turned vegetable garden, or perhaps he jumped out of some overzealous young lady's motor and walked home for purity and for me. If only he would not tell me so emphatically that he played bridge at his club, with a meticulous list of details, I should, of course, assume that that was what he had been doing.

Men cannot lie. They should not attempt it. It takes a woman to lie with imagination and humor and deftness. Men are too accurate, meticulous, and too profoundly serious in their attempt to convince. The good lie is the casual one, somewhat flippantly flung upon the conversation, as though, after all, it is unimportant, believe it or not.

Women rarely lie directly. We usually practice the more subtle art of prevarication. If I play bridge instead of mending socks, I am very careful to see that the traces are cleared away before Billy arrives from the office.

WE do not blunder into situations from which we must lie to escape. If I had fallen into the mud I would have been very careful to clean it off before I faced a curious spouse. I should never stay away from home all night, chiefly because the day is sufficiently long to commit any indiscretion yet invented.

But if I did I should not inflict poor Billy with a sound alibi. After a night of worry about an absent mate, one is in no condition to listen to a myth on the wanderings of the strayed sheep. The fact that the sheep has returned to the fold is sufficient, and all tales, true or false, merely impose on the weary one who remained at home.

I am acquainted with one very wise man. His name is Peter, and his wife, Peggy, told me that she used to ask him where he was going when he started off alone of an evening. Peter always replied that he was going to play poker or to call on another woman or to church or to get drunk or to see his grandmother. Peggy laughed at these preposterous replies. "But later," Peggy confided to me, "I stopped asking him, because I discovered he always told the truth!"

It is so much more pleasant if one does not really know. Tonight I do not know where Billy is, but I suspect he is with the stunning Mrs. Bates who sat next to him at dinner the other night. It is after 3 o'clock. Not knowing for sure where he is, I can imagine all sorts of lively adventures he may be involved in.

Perhaps he is lying drugged in some picturesque and disreputable dive. Or maybe he secretly belongs to the K. K. K. and is out attending an important lynching. He may happen to be at a gay and ribald stag affair at the home of some business friend which he wouldn't dare to tell me about and which I should love to hear. His mother might be very ill or possibly he has been shot in a drunken brawl (I have always expected that someone would shoot Billy).

There are no limits to his adventures in my fancy, although I am quite sure he is with Mrs. Bates. I wonder if she is as interesting as she is beautiful. But I shall never know, because he will never tell me; and I shall never dare ask him, for it would hurt him so to think I did not accept his masterly alibi. Then also—I should hate to know for sure.

THE END

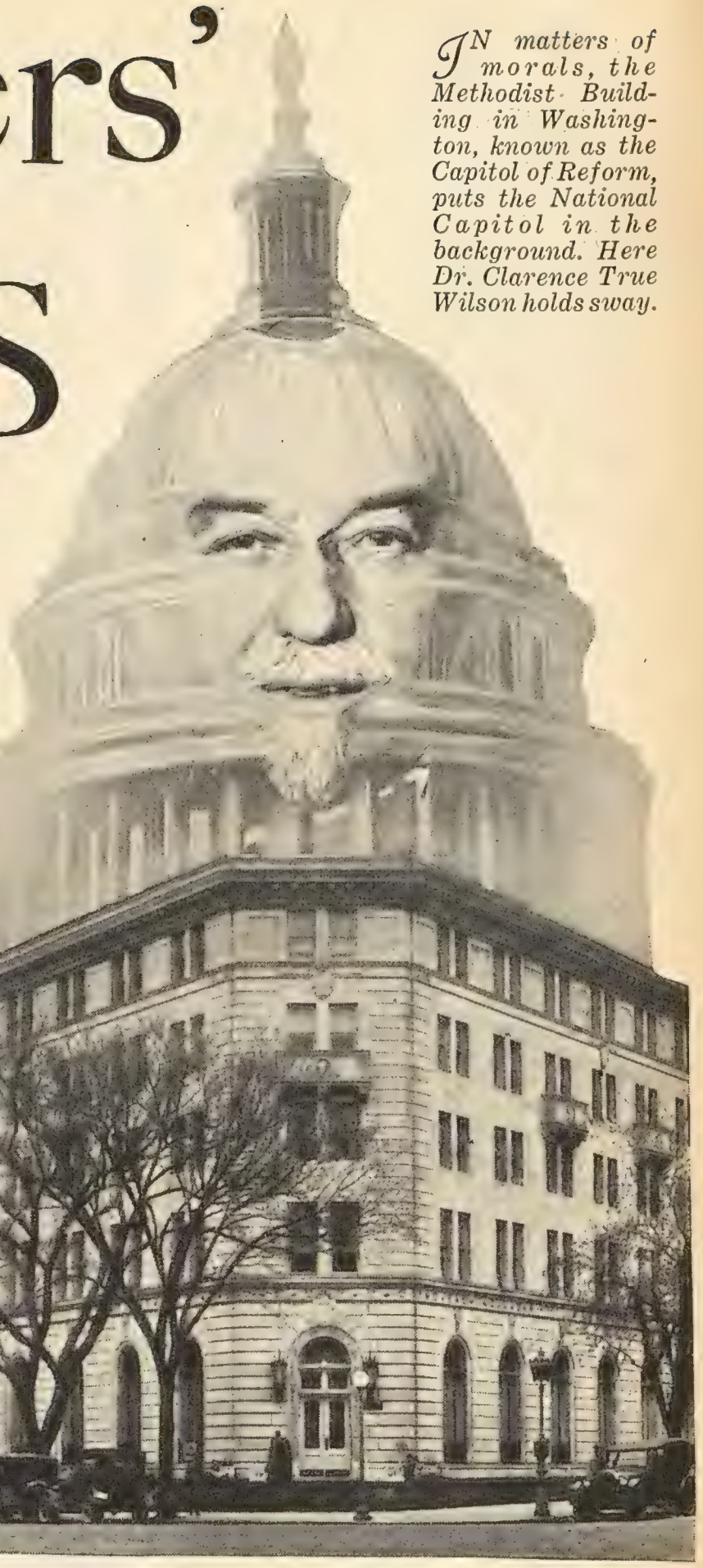
The story of a sportsman who became a hunter of men begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

Their Brothers' KEEPERS

How the Organized Reformers at Washington Put Over Their Control on Public Morals

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON



IN matters of morals, the Methodist Building in Washington, known as the Capitol of Reform, puts the National Capitol in the background. Here Dr. Clarence True Wilson holds sway.

ACROSS the park from the Capitol at Washington, almost midway between the Senate and the House office buildings, and near the Library of Congress, stands a handsome, rather severe building which is the Capitol of Reform. Irked, aggrieved, and irritated Senators and Congressmen refer to it as the "Little Capitol," the "Little House of Congress," and in private some of them attribute to its inmates dark designs upon the control of the government.

In that building a small group of earnest reformers watch the wheels of government turning. When they see a need of reforming this or correcting that, they can rally millions of people to back their demands and start a backwash of sentiment that will cause almost any Senator or Congressman to hesitate or yield.

That building is titled the Methodist Building. It is the center and the rallying point of the majority of the reform organizations of the United States, and the home of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. It is also the meeting place of the National Legislative Conference—which is interdenominational and which considers pending legislation; of the National Temperance Council; and of other reform bodies.

© Henry Miller

Two generals of the prohibition army—Wayne B. Wheeler (left) and F. Scott McBride of the Anti-Saloon League.

The Boards of Morals of nineteen other denominations look toward that group for information and for leadership. It is closely allied to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to the Anti-Saloon League, and to all the boards of the Protestant churches of America.

How many men and women that little group of reformers can reach quickly and influence, even they cannot tell. There are 8,920,000 Methodists, 8,397,000 Baptists, 2,546,000 Lutherans, 2,561,000 Presbyterians, 1,164,000 Episcopalians, and many others who can be reached quickly through the organization.

The reform leaders admit that, thus far, their organization is not so quickly mobilized in defense of the morals of the nation as they would like. But they are working toward closer co-operation and quicker results.

IT is not really one organization, but a community of interests, with the Methodist Board, in close touch with the national government, taking the leadership. They neither overestimate nor underestimate their power, nor apologize for it, since they believe they are using it unselfishly for the good of the country and not for advantage of any denomination. But it is hard to convince the august lawmakers across that beautiful park of this.

Abused, denounced on the floor of both Senate and House for alleged meddling in political

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Up a gorgeous grand staircase in the couturier of Drécoll goes the aristocracy of the world—royalty, fame, wealth. There, at 130 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, one first sees a magnificent exhibit on the lowest floor. Then one mounts to the charming Parisian tea room, to eat, chat and listen to music while yet watching mannequins parade upon the stage.

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Ask at your store. If Everwear Hose are not found there, then will you write us?

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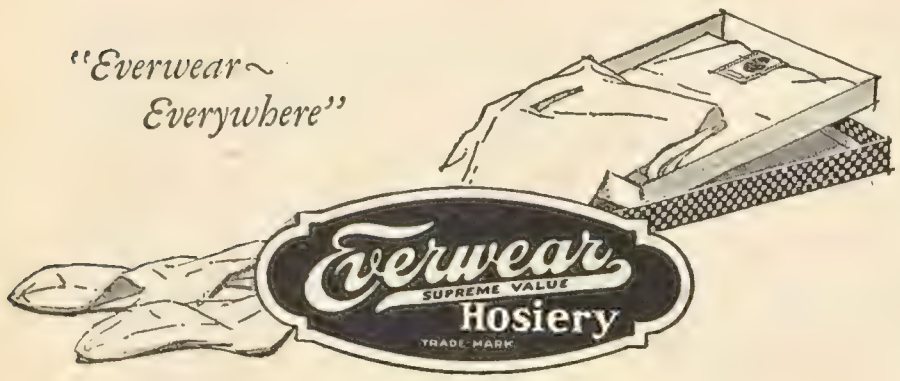

[THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS
Continued from Page Forty-one]

affairs, especially prohibition, they are supremely and serenely indifferent to such criticism, and proceed to the rather thankless task of guarding the morals of the nation, striving for better enforcement of the prohibition laws, working to get more efficient officials; to reform the stage, the movies, and modern literature; to guard the young against smoking, and otherwise check the tendency of the age toward pleasures, doubtful and otherwise.

Some members of Congress look upon the power of these reform leaders as a challenge rather than as a safeguard. We have a new type of reformer with brand-new methods.

As long as the reformers merely prayed that Brother So-and-So in House or Senate might see the light and be constrained to mend his ways, and as long as they voted as individuals, not much attention was paid to them. But when a bunch of experienced fighting fellows began to send out word to a few million voters that Brother So-and-So was all wet in more senses than one, the situation aroused resentment.

The leaders of the Methodist Board have perfected the art of propaganda and circulation so that, by their publications and messages, they can reach directly more persons than any other private agency—and reach just the ones in sympathy with their causes.

THE worst of it (from the standpoint of those who oppose them) is that, while they have adopted and perfected the very political methods by which for years the political bosses, the saloon ring, and others sought to use government for gain, they keep strictly within their Constitutional rights: the right of free speech, a free press, and the right of petition. They claim to act as a group of citizens seeking the welfare of all the people, and assert they never have sought a job for any Methodist, nor a cent for any Methodist institution, and deny that they ever have banned candidates or parties—as such.

All of which is charged against them by their enemies.

The growth of this power came with the advent of the go-getter type of reformer. It really came from Kansas, where, far back in 1904, the Methodist Church organized the Church Temperance Society.

Kansas, especially Topeka, was engaged in trying to show that prohibition really prohibits, and a lot of persons, especially the liquor dealers, were trying to disprove it.

The forces of prohibition did not entirely succeed, but they learned a lot about political methods, and were among the leaders in fighting for national prohibition. In 1916 the title was changed to the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals.

Among those who had their training in reforming people during the fight in Kansas was the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES for 20 20¢

Extremely Mild

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A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! For a sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

This new business is given you without "strings" or "red tape." We supply you with equipment, to make and sell a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. It costs less to make, yet sells four times as fast. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make up to $250 your very first week!

$3,000 in 3 Months
"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!"
Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Just fill in and mail the coupon at once.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. A-176, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

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Please send me the facts about your plan for starting my own greaseless doughnut business at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Reverend Clarence True Wilson.

Now, don't underestimate Dr. Wilson because of the Clarence or the True. For a guy named Clarence he can go some. He is a Maryland man, a college man, a go-getter, a rather jolly fellow, with a lot of pep and an inborn belief that people ought to be saved whether they want to be or not, and that the job of being his brother's keeper is a justifiable one.

With him in Kansas was Deets Pickett, who knows more about inside reforming than any man in America. Pickett is a wise politician, a skilled research worker, and the man who keeps the closest tab on the politics and politicians of the United States—State, city, and national—as far as politics touches any question involving the "precious moral interests of the people."

Henry Miller photo

Deets Pickett, Dr. Wilson's chief lieutenant.

They made and won their fight in Kansas, and along about 1916 they discovered that if national prohibition should come about, they would have to step into the national field. They had formed a close working alliance with the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and nineteen other denominational bodies.

They discovered that no Protestant denomination maintained any organization in Washington or was in touch with the national capital.

ONE morning in Washington there alighted from a train Clarence True Wilson, LL.D., and his wife. They walked up First Street from the railroad station, stopped at the corner of Maryland Avenue, and gazed across toward the Capitol. The corner lot there was vacant. Dr. Wilson, seeing the House Office Building to the south, the Senate Building to the north, the Capitol in front, and the Library of Congress just across the wide parked way, remarked that this was the spot. Inquiry showed that the government had offered $250,000 for the land, desiring to erect the National Museum there. There were twenty-seven owners and the case seemed hopeless.

"I like impossible jobs," remarked Dr. Wilson.

Two weeks later he laid the deeds before his committee—and the cost to the Methodist Church was $26,500.

That feat of buying the land for a tenth of its value should have warned the liquor interests that a go-getter was on the job. Some were warned, for the efforts to build the Methodist Building met with stern resistance. Petitions were circulated, and rumors that they intended to build a great skyscraper and mar the district delayed work a year, but the building went up.

Dr. Wilson is, by title, only the General Secretary, and Deets Pickett the research expert—but they bulk large in action. The Board itself consists of thirty members. They are nominated by the Bishop and elected by the General Conference of the Methodist Church. The Board at present consists of the following:

President
Bishop William Fraser McDowell
Vice-President....Dr. Stephen J. Herben
General Secretary..Clarence True Wilson
Recording Secretary
Dr. Harry W. Burgan
Treasurer.....William T. Galliher

ADVISORY MEMBERS

Bishop James Cannon, Jr..Richmond, Va.
Senator Arthur Capper
Kansas
Senator Simeon D. Fess
Ohio
Senator Wesley L. Jones
Washington
Hon. Homer Hoch
Kansas
Thomas H. Lewis
Washington, D. C.
Hon. Walter F. Lineberger
California
Hon. T. J. B. Robinson
Iowa
Hon. Addison T. Smith
Idaho
Senator Frank B. Willis
Ohio

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Robert I. Ballinger
Philadelphia, Pa.
George T. Beason
Georgetown, D. C.
Rev. Harry W. Burgan
Baltimore, Md.
Dr. Arthur C. Christie
Washington, D. C.
M. E. Church.....Falls Church, Va.
Rev. John H. Daugherty
Williamsport, Pa.
William T. Galliher...Washington, D. C.
Hon. Orlando Harrison.....Berlin, Md.
Rev. Stephen J. Herben.New York, N. Y.
John C. Letts.....Washington, D. C.
J. C. Penney.....New York, N. Y.
Judge Charles A. Pollock...Fargo, N. D.
Hon. Harry L. Price.....Baltimore, Md.
William H. Pratt.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Raine.....Rainelle, W. Va.
Hon. Arthur H. Sapp..Huntington, Ind.
Hon. John W. Summers
Washington, D. C.
Rev. Morris E. Swartz
Washington, D. C.
Rev. Edward L. Watson.Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Edward S. Weaver.....Lima, Ohio

There are important names on that list—Senators, Congressmen, big men of affairs—and their relation to the Methodist Church is close. They claim that they act as servants of the church to carry out the acts of the General Conference, being interested only in legislation affecting the morality of the nation.

During the long struggle to keep Kansas pure these people learned a great deal about publicity, and during the war they learned a lot more about propaganda.

They organized their editorial department on a vast scale. They send clip sheets regularly to 14,000 editors, chiefly those of country papers. They have a Department of Leaflet Literature—and they circulate these leaflets by millions whenever a campaign is on. They have ten church papers—*Christian Advocates*—which they supply with reading matter bearing on the political aspects of moral questions.

THERE are 22,000 Methodist churches in the United States, 17,000 regular pastors, 32,000 Sunday schools (some churches have five or six Sunday schools), and the Epworth League.

The vastness of the organization is not revealed by a mere survey of the Methodist Church, which, including the Church South and other groups, numbers nearly 9,000,000 people.

But the power of this group extends farther. It is a big part of the Legislative Committee, consisting of Mrs. Ellis A. Yost of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Allure of Young-Looking Skin

Accent your natural coloring with these youthful shades of Beauty Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

AS suave and supple as the touch of a rose petal . . . as clear and fresh as the skin of youth . . . Your complexion can gain this appearance of youthful beauty—almost instantly. The deft application of Pompeian Beauty Powder with Pompeian Bloom brings just this effect.

Discriminating women select Pompeian Beauty Powder for its purity, its velvety texture, and for the perfection of its shades. There is the correct shade for each type of skin, from the pale golden blonde to the vibrant, vivid brunette.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has the ever-desirable virtue of adhering well, maintaining its subtle finish of loveliness for hours at a time.

Its faint odor has a mystery that intrigues you—an enchanting elusiveness that becomes an individual possession with each wearer.

Pompeian Bloom adds the colorful note that typifies youth. Medium, Oriental, Orange, Light and Dark Rose tones are to be found in Pompeian Bloom—with the more subtle differences in the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder — Flesh, Peach, Rachel and White.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

New 60c

SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit —one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive *free* samples of Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box—powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
Dept. 409F1, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the *free* samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State _____

Powder shade wanted_____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

When you travel—

Smartness and wear for half the money

Naugahyde hand luggage is made in several styles at prices $6 to $15

WITH its rich grained surface—glossy ebony color—sleek streamline design—sturdy construction—tasteful fitments—here is a bag you instinctively compare to imported bags selling for at least twice its price.

This bag would cost at least twice its price except for one thing. The material is Naugahyde—a remarkable substance developed by years of research in the laboratories of one of the country's largest corporations.

Naugahyde is WATERPROOF—adding a new usefulness to this bag that no leather bag can give. A Naugahyde bag will give you at least double the service you can get from any other bag at the same price.

Any luggage dealer can supply you with a genuine Naugahyde bag.

NAUGAHYDE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's waterproof

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

[THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS Continued from Page Forty-three]

West Virginia, prominent in the work of the International Congress Against Alcoholism; Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League; Canon Chase of the International Reform League; E. C. Dinwiddie of the Lutheran Church; Deets Pickett, the national research expert; Dr. Wilson; and Ernest H. Cherrington of the World League Against Alcohol.

This body decides upon action for or against legislation involving their ideas of morality.

Nor is this all. The Methodist Board is the moving force in the National Temperance Council, which includes nineteen denominational temperance organizations and various other bodies.

It has worked in close alliance with the Presbyterian Board of Morals, which antedated the Methodist Board, and which maintains its headquarters at Pittsburgh, and with the Baptists in Philadelphia especially.

Each of these interlocking reform organizations has its organs by which members may be kept informed of the various committees' decisions. The W. C. T. U., through its *Union Signal*, the Anti-Saloon League, through its *American Issue*, the ten *Christian Advocates* of the Methodist Church, the other churches, through their papers—and on top of that the millions of pamphlets—can reach twenty or thirty million persons directly. And every one of them is able to take pen in hand and most of them are experienced in passing resolutions. This last is one of the best things they do.

THE method of procedure is simple. If the Methodist Board or some related organization decides that some Senator or Congressman or editor is opposed to something it advocates, a nice little article is written and published in one of its organs, or a pamphlet is prepared and circulated. It is not necessary to tell the recipients to write protests. They are trained.

There is a scratching of pens from the Atlantic to the Pacific; in scores of towns and villages resolutions are passed; and presently the mails are all jammed up and old Vox Pop—as exemplified by the followers of the reformers—fills the air with static. Irritated statesmen, alarmed politicians, and annoyed editors are buried under protests.

Senator Bruce of Maryland once arose in the Senate chamber and denounced the Methodist Board, declaring he was being bombarded with communications and that he was tired of it. An investigation by the Methodist Board showed that no officer had written to him, and that he was not on the mailing lists to receive pamphlets. In other words, they had not even aimed at the Maryland Senator, although he had been deluged with letters and petitions.

It was all right as long as these reformers only prayed that wet Senators and others might see the error of their ways; but when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SUNK—
WITHOUT TRACE

Rid yourself of the fire menace of the lighted cigarette stub. Drop it in your

No-Odor *Ash Receiver*

and it goes out instantly. No snuffing required. No odor remains.

All smoking refuse disappears down the hollow tube for convenient disposal later. An attractive and useful piece of furniture for office, home or club.

Duco finished in mahogany, walnut, mottled green, shaded green and shaded red.

Let us send you a No-Odor direct if your dealer hasn't yet got it. Simply mail this ad with your name and address on margin and the color desired.

Shipped postpaid for $9.00 or sent C. O. D. if you prefer. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

THE RISDON MFG. CO.
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ADDS, SUBTRACTS, DIVIDES, MULTIPLIES

This startling invention does all number work with absolute precision—swiftly, easily. Makes all computations fascinating—ends blunders. Serves hundreds of purposes. Anyone can work it. Total constantly in sight. Fountain pen size. A marvel of ingenuity and efficiency. Just see and work one.

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The New Improved five column Houk Adding Pencil is the last word in pencil and adding machine usefulness. Keeps perfect service at your finger tips. Automatic carriers bring surprising speed and infallibility in doing complex problems. Easy to write with—a perfect mechanical pencil—beautifully finished 14k gold filled point and tip. Light, attractive in appearance; dependable for any and all of your adding, multiplying etc. It will delight you. Lends new interest and character to all numeral work. Nothing complicated—won't wear out. Useful every day of your life. **Fully guaranteed.** Sent postpaid upon receipt of your name and address and five dollars. If you wish, **SEND NO MONEY** but order C. O. D., paying postman five dollars, plus postage.

USE THIS COUPON, PLEASE

HOUK ADDING PENCIL CO., Dept. 42, ST. LOUIS, MO.

☐ Send one Adding Pencil C. O. D., $5.00, plus postage.
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Astonishing demand has developed unexpected volume of agent business. Everyone interested. Write for special Jobber's sample offer and full details.

AGENTS

HEALS SORE GUMS

And keeps the teeth and gums in best possible condition. Whitens and preserves your teeth. No grit. The original iodine dental cream. Sold at drug stores.

Iodine Products Co.
Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE
DENTAL CREAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

some two-fisted reformer arises and yells to twenty or thirty million people: "This bird is against us—sick him, boys!" it is different.

LIBERTY had an experience with them. It may be told to show how the reform propagandists work, since the magazine, in this case, was blameless.

LIBERTY printed an article about cigarette smoking, especially among women. The article explained how smoking by women had increased—and commented upon the fact that no manufacturer had the temerity to advertise cigarettes for women openly, though they got around that by using pictures of pretty girls in the advertisements. Since then one manufacturer has braved criticism with an advertisement showing a girl with a cigarette.

© Henry Miller

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the W. C. T. U.

The Methodist Board (or some of it), commenting upon the article, stated that smoking among women is largely confined to high society women, prostitutes, and poor little flappers with holes in their stockings. LIBERTY objected to this editorially, maintaining what it knows to be true: that a great many perfectly moral and respectable women and girls do smoke.

SHORTLY thereafter LIBERTY was deluged with protests demanding that it cease publishing advertisements of cigarettes for women. There were more than fifty of those protests: resolutions condemning the practice and calling upon LIBERTY, in the name of the womanhood of the United States, to cease publishing such advertisements. The fact that LIBERTY never had printed such an ad, that it had distinctly stated that the cigarette makers feared to issue such ads, counted for nothing.

LIBERTY suspected the Methodist Board had sent such notices to its adherents, but discovered it had nothing to do with the case. In fact, the Methodist Board declares it is not campaigning against tobacco, except to use moral suasion to prevent or check smoking among boys and girls. In fact, even in the Methodist Board meetings the weed is likely to be in evidence. In principle, however, they oppose cigarette smoking.

But the protests against LIBERTY continued to come in, and it was discovered that they originated with the W. C. T. U. of Kansas. Some writer became confused and gave the readers the impression that LIBERTY was advertising cigarette smoking by women and girls. The protests show, however, the quick reaction of the constituent bodies to the will of their leaders. They came from Hoxie, Winchester, Agra, Fredonia, Independence, Humboldt, Garnett, and other metropoli and way points in Kansas and various spots in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Mississippi—all originating in the misapprehension of the Kansas W. C. T. U. writer.

It is very hard, incidentally, to place a finger on some of the origins of propaganda. For instance, an article may appear in one of the Methodist Board publications advocating or opposing something, and over it a line saying: "This is the opinion of one Board member." Should anyone charge the Methodist Board with advocating that, he will get a kickback that will jar his back teeth.

One typical protest in the cigarette matter comes from that metropolis, Hardtner, Kansas, which is valiant in striving to mold the morals of New York and Chicago. It says:

> We, the undersigned, do protest heartily against the advertising of cigarettes for women's use in any way. Realizing as we do the harm nicotine does to the user, as well as to their descendants, we feel that it is an insult to decent womanhood and the coming motherhood of our nation to link them, in any way, with such advertising. Knowing that no nation can rise above the ideas set by its womanhood, also that tobacco is one of the easiest and most direct roads to the things that destroy, we entirely disapprove of any efforts to even suggest women in such advertisements.
>
> We wish to go on record as being absolutely opposed to the linking of our womanhood and cigarettes in any manner whatsoever.
>
> [*Signed*]
>
> MRS. J. C. SUMMERS,
> President Barber Co. W. C. T. U.
> MRS. J. M. MOLZ,
> President Hardtner W. C. T. U.
> MISS EMOGENE COX,
> President Hardtner W. F. M. S.
> A. B. DUNGAN,
> Pastor of M. E. Church
> MRS. A. B. DUNGAN,
> Superintendent of Junior League
> J. M. MOLZ,
> Superintendent M. E. Sunday School
> MRS. LIDA ROOT,
> President Ladies' Aid
> C. F. BARNES,
> Superintendent of Schools

THE names and offices of the signers give us some idea of the extent of the organization of the power of reform which, starting with the national center in the Methodist Building in Washington, reaches the roots of practically every reform organization in Hardtner. And what local editor or what Congressman would willingly offend those community leaders?

The more you study these reform organizations the more clearly their power becomes apparent, although their organization plans differ. The Methodist Board is a creature of the Methodist Church with almost 9,000,000 persons.

The W. C. T. U. is a voluntary association and has been in the field ever since the Woman's Crusade of 1873, which, starting at Hillsboro, Ohio, swept the entire country. It has 4,000 local organizations and more than 500,000 active members. It is built from the locals upward, the locals forming into district groups, county groups, and finally into State

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOLLOW TILE homes are delightful to live in the year round. Always summer cool and winter warm. The air spaces sealed up in the walls provide superior insulation without extra cost.

Important economies are effected in initial cost. The large units of burned clay Hollow Tile require less labor, less mortar—saving, too, in foundation cost and in speeding up construction.

The *after building* costs are amazingly low. There are no repairs and the yearly cost of upkeep is but a fraction of that for inflammable, perishable frame construction. Hollow Tile permanence insures the highest investment, loan and resale values.

Exteriors can be Face Tile, Face brick veneer or Stucco. Hollow Tile is also manufactured for partitions, floors, fireproofing and all types of buildings.

A book "Hollow Tile for the Home" is mailed upon receipt of 25c.

HOLLOW BUILDING TILE ASSOCIATION
Conway Building, Chicago

Hollow Tile
A BURNED CLAY PRODUCT

The Most Economical Form of Permanent Construction

DEALERS—*Complete sales information supplied by these Manufacturers.*

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Alabama Brick and Tile Co., Decatur.
Jenkins Brick Co., Montgomery.
Vulcan Tile and Brick Co., Birmingham.
ARKANSAS
Magnolia Brick & Tile Co., 225 Louisiana St., Little Rock.
CALIFORNIA
W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., 604 Mission St., San Francisco.
Gladding, McBean and Co., 660 Market St., San Francisco.
Los Angeles Pressed Brick Co., Los Angeles.
COLORADO
Longmont Brick and Tile Co., Longmont.
GEORGIA
Columbus Brick and Tile Co., Columbus.
ILLINOIS
Wm. E. Dee Co., 30 N. LaSalle St., Chicago.
W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., 1329 Conway Bldg., Chicago.
National Fire Proofing Co., 26th St. and Shields Ave., Chicago.
White Hall Sewer Pipe and Stoneware Co., White Hall.
INDIANA
Indiana Drain Tile Co., Brooklyn.
National Fire Proofing Co., Brazil.
Portland Drain Tile Co., Portland.
Sweetser Drain Tile Co., Sweetser.
Vigo-American Clay Co., Terre Haute.
IOWA
Mason City Brick & Tile Co., Mason City.
KANSAS
The Humboldt Brick Mfg. Co., Humboldt.
KENTUCKY
Coral Ridge Clay Products Co., Louisville.
MASSACHUSETTS
National Fire Proofing Co., 99 Chauncy St., Boston.
MICHIGAN
National Fireproofing Co., 620 Polk Directory Building, Detroit.
MISSISSIPPI
West Point Tile Co., West Point.
MISSOURI
W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City.
Fayette Brick and Tile Co., Fayette.
NEW JERSEY
The Anness Hollow Tile Corporation, Woodbridge.
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque Brick & Tile Co., Albuquerque.
NEW YORK
American Clay Products Co., Inc., 175 Fifth Ave., New York.
National Fireproofing Co., Flat Iron Bldg., New York.
Troy Fire Proofing Co., Troy.
OHIO
Haviland Clay Works, Haviland.
Heilman Brothers, Tiffin.
Metropolitan Paving Brick Co., Canton.
National Fire Proofing Co., East Canton.
Nelsonville Brick Co., Columbus.
North Baltimore Clay Co., North Baltimore.
Ohio Fire Proofing Co., Columbus.
OKLAHOMA
Magnolia Brick and Tile Co., Muskogee.
OREGON
Columbia Brick Works, Portland.
Standard Brick and Tile Co., Portland.
PENNSYLVANIA
National Fire Proofing Co., Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.
National Fire Proofing Co., Fulton Bldg., Pittsburgh.
TENNESSEE
W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Chattanooga.
W. G. Bush & Co., Nashville.
TEXAS
D'Hanis Brick and Tile Co., D'Hanis.
Fraser Brick Co., Dallas.
UTAH
Ogden Pressed Brick and Tile Co., Box 745, Ogden.
VIRGINIA
National Fire Proofing Co., Key Bridge, Rosslyn.
WASHINGTON
American Fire Brick Co., Spokane.
WYOMING
Sheridan Pressed Brick and Tile Co., Sheridan.

She came down the gang-plank a perfect picture of health

THE same friends who saw her wave a weak good-bye were at the pier to welcome her home.

"Wonderful", said one, "She left a dozen years behind her. . . . Look at her complexion—her color—see how brisk she is."

And "she" who went away, tired, dull-eyed and worn, justified the extravagant praise that her friends heaped upon her. There she was, radiant and refreshed, after a month at a famous European spa—drinking its saline waters.

How the saline spring worked its wonders

To the great saline springs of the continent—Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Weisbaden—doctors from all over the world, send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—

There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

Use Sal Hepatica to keep internally clean

The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places throughout the world.

Sal Hepatica effectively cleans away the intestinal stoppage that is so often the real cause of bad complexion, headaches, lethargy and similar ills. Like the health-giving waters of the spas abroad, it insures internal cleanliness, corrects self-poisoning and neutralizes acidity.

At the first sign that waste products are not being thoroughly and regularly eliminated, take Sal Hepatica.

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a palatable, refreshing drink. It flushes the intestines gently, promptly and safely.

The best time to take Sal Hepatica is upon arising or half an hour before any meal.

Send the coupon today for the new booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve self-poisoning and the ills it brings.

At the famous European Spas many fashionable people yearly find new health and strength. The health-giving salines of these spring waters are effectively combined in Sal Hepatica, the standby used by hundreds of thousands to insure internal cleanliness and physical well being.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-671
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© B.-M. Co., 1927.

Sal Hepatica

[THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS]
Continued from Page Forty-five

bodies. The State groups form and support the national organization.

Under Frances E. Willard, a woman possessing a magnetic personality, it became perhaps the best organized of all reform bodies. Under Miss Anna A. Gordon, who succeeded Miss Willard, it made little progress, but with the election of Ella A. Boole it came to life again with a start.

The Anti-Saloon League is organized by States and districts from the top down. The arbitrary heads of the league appoint leaders to organize States and districts.

So we have the Methodist Board, an organization created by an ecclesiastical body; the W. C. T. U., a democratic organization; and the Anti-Saloon League, which is an absolutely monarchical form of organization.

Yet these three are largely composed of the same people, officered by interlocking sets of officials, and, during the fight to put over national prohibition, the three worked as one. The result has been the building up of one of the greatest machines in American history.

This article does not pretend to deal with the problems involved, but rather to show the strength of the reform element in the United States. Politicians and others once spoke contemptuously of reformers. Then the reformers organized, learned leadership, discovered the power to weld public opinion of an aggressive and determined minority. In fact, they imitated and improved upon the methods of the old political bosses.

ONE of the grim jokes of prohibition is that it was achieved largely by the same methods that the saloon interests used for years. Yet, strangely enough, neither Anti-Saloon League, Methodist, nor W. C. T. U. leaders claim credit for putting over prohibition. They declare that the saloon people put it over themselves by their abuses of the business.

It is evident from a study of the organization led by the militant Methodists that a "machine" of tremendous power is being welded together. Dr. Wilson agreed with me that it might be good to let the people know just how powerful this organization is.

"We don't mind criticism," he said. "We are not sensitive. In fact, we are so strong we can ignore most of it. Our organization is not so strong as it ought to be or as it will be. It is a loose, co-operative sort of organization, united only by righteous causes."

The argument advanced—a sort of platform—is embodied in a paper written by Dr. Wilson. He says:

> If Methodism ever ceases to be aggressive enough to make an impression on the part of the world steeped in wickedness and becomes such a conformer to things as they are that wily politicians, kept editors, and purchased propagandists find no objection to us, our glory will have departed and our day of power will be a memory.
>
> As long as the liquor interests, big business, capital and labor, the pacifists, the war party, and the bootleggers' fraternity all feel perfectly free to organize their forces and come to Washington with petitions and with free speech and free press, we shall maintain that the Christian and temperance forces of the United States belong here and shall move right on in our work of agitation, education, and petition to the government for better laws and better enforcement.

The enemies of the Methodist Board charge that the Board exercises its power in legislation. The Board denies specifically interfering in any legislation *unless public morals are involved.*

The point of cleavage appears to be the definition of public morals.

The clearest announcement of their political attitude lies in the fifth, sixth, and seventh articles of a statement prepared by the Board, which state:

> Fifth—This Board, therefore, recognizes that the interests which it is set to promote must be related to other great principles necessary to a sound, balanced, and stable government. It also recognizes that it is set to prevent certain gross evils, both of a personal and of a public sort, all of which evils tend to destroy the existence of stable government.
>
> Sixth—This Board sees very clearly that good government in all the manifold particulars which make good government is much more certain to be secured by men who in any party are committed to temperance, to prohibition, and to sound public morals. Men of this sort, thank God, are in every party in very large and, we believe, increasing numbers. We do not need, therefore, to take a partisan attitude for the promotion of the ends which we seek in behalf of the church of the world.
>
> Seventh — This Board also is emphatic in its view that men in any party who flout the Constitution of the United States and disobey publicly and privately the laws of the United States are not the best persons to give to the United States that good government which is the goal of all good citizenship. Not as partisans, therefore, nor simply as prohibitionists, but as believers in all the sound principles that make for good government, we are in positive opposition to the men who would overthrow the Constitution and the laws of the land.

Henry Miller photo

Mrs. Ellis A. Yost, prominent prohibition advocate.

A fair enough warning to all wets and to all who oppose the Methodist Board's views on prohibition and morals.

THE END

He rolled the dice with Death in the clouds and seemed destined never to lose. This true life drama begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

MAD Music— Mad MONEY

Hammerstein Composes An Opera in Forty-eight Hours and Throws $100 Bills at Melba

As Told by GEORGE BLUMENTHAL to

BRUCE GRANT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Oscar Hammerstein could make a fortune with an invention, lose it overnight in an operatic venture, and relieve the tension of his lightning-quick business maneuvers by playing leapfrog with Mary Garden on the stage of his theater. In previous episodes of the life of the fascinating impresario, the author told of the many-sided character of his subject, and here he goes on to tell how, among other things, Hammerstein wrote an opera in forty-eight hours to win a $100 bet—which he didn't collect.]

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN was sitting in his office in the Manhattan Opera House one day about eighteen years ago, when a message was brought to him from Charles Dalmorés. He opened it and read:

> It will be impossible for me to sing the rôle of *Samson* today. I am very ill.

Hammerstein was a man of action. His mind worked with uncanny quickness when he was confronted with a situation seemingly impossible to solve.

It was noon. At 2 o'clock the curtains would part on Samson and Delilah.

He might call off the opera. Such a thing had been done in similar circumstances. But Hammerstein would not have called it off, even if he had had to go on the stage and sing the rôle himself.

Furthermore, he was trying out Mme. d'Alvarez in the rôle of *Delilah* that afternoon. No, the opera must go on.

He put on his famous high, square silk hat—the hat by which he was known in both America and Europe—and started out. He boarded the first street car.

Hammerstein, it might be added, never used automobiles or taxicabs. He was simple in his tastes. He rode in a street car with the rest of the people. It was his way.

He had a definite rendezvous in mind, and was headed for the upper Forties. He went to a hotel, and from there to a saloon.

The atmosphere was heavy with tobacco smoke; the air was heavy with the odor of beer; the floor underfoot was heavy with sawdust.

The little, chubby man strode over to a man who was standing at the bar.

"Tom," said Hammerstein, tapping the man on the shoulder, "I want you to sing *Samson* for me this afternoon—at the Manhattan Opera House. Do you still remember the part?"

Tom nodded assent. Possibly in that befuddled brain there tumbled over one another the events of days gone by—the tinseled elegance of the operatic stage; the warm glow of success as he gazed at the patchwork of pink faces beyond the proscenium arch; the accolade of victory.

The impresario had drawn his man to one end of the bar. When he spoke there was assurance in his voice, the clear-cut assurance of success. One found it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NELLIE MELBA, whom Hammerstein won to a contract by a shower of money.

Hammerstein and the opening bars of one of his many compositions.

Brown Bros. photos

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"U. S." Spring-Step Heels are made by the creators of the famous USKIDE Soles—"The Wonder Sole for Wear"

[MAD MUSIC—MAD MONEY Continued from Page Forty-seven]

hard to say "can't" before this man.

"You can have the part today, and you will sing it—for me." Hammerstein was almost pleading now.

The man straightened up. Yes, he would try. On his way back to the theater he kept clearing his throat, trying to straighten out the kinks that had come with lack of practice and abuse.

It was half past one when Hammerstein arrived at the theater with the man who was to take the place of the great Dalmorés in Samson and Delilah.

The old-time singer was shown the star's dressing-room. He was given every attention, and when the curtain went up he stepped upon the stage beside the lovely d'Alvarez and sang harder than he had ever sung before.

There had been no rehearsal—no preparation of any kind. He had been snatched from a past that was far distant for him, plucked from an almost forgotten moment in his life, to be almost magically set in the midst of it again. But he sang; and in the wings, sitting on his famous chair, his coat off, Hammerstein observed:

Not the man, but d'Alvarez. It was the woman he was interested in. It was her début.

Maybe a puzzled audience went away that day. But the opera had been staged. The tenor had sung his part. D'Alvarez, somewhat disconcerted by the circumstances, felt a greater burden on her own shoulders, however, and sang to the satisfaction even of Mr. Hammerstein.

HAMMERSTEIN had definite ideas about operas. To him they were living things. Whenever he planned one and began to rehearse it, it seemed to breathe for him. He would not kill it for the world.

I have known him persistently to keep an opera on the bills when it was losing money night after night.

Such was the case of Kohinoor, which came into being in a somewhat strange manner.

One night in 1896, as I recall it, a group of notable men, including Hammerstein and Gustave Kerker, were in the old Gilsey House at Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway. Some discussion arose concerning the length of time it should take to compose an opera.

"I can do one in forty-eight hours," remarked Hammerstein.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars you can't," said Kerker.

"The bet is on," quickly rejoined Hammerstein.

The details were arranged. Hammerstein was locked in a room with a piano and score sheets. He worked that night. Next morning the others who were aware of the bet, to disconcert him, hired an Italian with a hand organ to stand beneath the window of his room and play his repertoire of time-worn pieces.

He did—all day.

But if they thought this would worry Hammerstein the least bit,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

they were mistaken. He was completely engrossed in his opera.

When the door of the room was opened after the lapse of forty-eight hours, he held in his hands the finished opera. Then he played it.

Kerker frowned. He began to find fault with the opera. It was not what he thought it would be. He refused to pay the bet. From that day to the day he died, Mr. Hammerstein would not speak to him.

But he took his opera and, as a gesture of contempt for those who had said no good opus could be composed in that length of time, put it on at the Harlem Opera House. He did the thing elaborately, too.

During the entire week it played it grossed only $400; but he stuck it out.

Photo from Harold Seton

Yvette Guilbert, with whom Hammerstein quarreled, in order to break her contract and produce another opera.

WHILE his Santa Maria was running at the Lyric Theater—now the Criterion—and after it had proved a financial failure, he had a chance to put in Louis Mann in The Girl from Paris. But he refused to move out his opera. Instead The Girl from Paris played at the Herald Square Theater, where it was a tremendous success.

Hammerstein was a man who would lose his last dollar rather than take anything off the boards after he had written it and put it on.

He had a famous row with Yvette Guilbert—another instance of money versus love for his operas. Hammerstein had engaged Guilbert for four weeks at $1,000 a week. She was a big success. But meanwhile Hammerstein had written the ballet Marguerite, and was so anxious to get it on the boards that he would not wait until the end of the four weeks. Instead he found occasion to quarrel with Yvette, and the engagement was abruptly terminated.

There is no doubt that Hammerstein sometimes did write bad music. I recall a concert he gave at the Hippodrome one night a short time before he died. All of the twenty-three waltzes were composed by him.

There was some hint of plagiarism. He challenged anyone to prove that a bar of his music had been stolen.

The New York *American* took him up on the proposition, but proved nothing. It must be confessed, however, that some of the music was—well, not so good.

Yet no one appreciated good music more than he. I have already spoken of my regrets at not being able to arrange for the playing of the Meditation from Thaïs at his funeral.

I recall that once, when Thaïs was to be staged, he gave Mischa Elman $1,000 to play the Meditation as first violin on that one night.

At the last minute Mr. Hammerstein was served with a notice from the union that Elman could not enter the pit. He did not belong to the Musicians' Union!

Mr. Hammerstein simply ordered a chair placed in the aisle next to the orchestra, and there Mischa Elman played the Meditation as had been planned—played it without technically being in the pit.

Leave it to Hammerstein to surmount the difficulties of the moment.

ONCE, when Hammerstein was negotiating with Marcus Loew to sell the Manhattan Opera House, he gave vent to one of his characteristic outbursts on money.

Loew, who had been dickering with him, agreed to give him $500,000 cash as part payment. Then he amplified his proposition.

"I'll pay $100,000 down, and $100,000 a year for four years," he said. "After that, if I find I don't want the house, I'll turn the key over to you."

"Mr. Loew," cried Hammerstein, "just around the corner is Ludwig Baumann's furniture store. Go deal with him. I don't sell my theaters on the installment plan."

Mr. Loew left.

Another original idea of Hammerstein's is most aptly described by Van Vechten, who quotes him as saying:

"I like to give a man passes when my theater is crowded. Then I am doing something for him. If I am asked for seats when the house is empty, the asker makes me feel that he is doing something for me."

When he offered to bring Melba to New York, he could not understand why she hesitated. Finally Hammerstein himself went to her apartment, opened the door, and, taking thirty $100 bills from his pocket, threw them on the floor, saying:

"Madam, if it's because you are afraid of your salary, I'll pay you in advance."

He turned to leave.

Melba was overcome. She cried:

"Wait! Mr. Hammerstein, I'd sing for you for nothing!"

In the succeeding episode of Hammerstein's biography, in next week's LIBERTY, the author tells how a lack of diplomacy in dealing with two great women who were social leaders ruined him in New York and London.

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HORIZONTAL

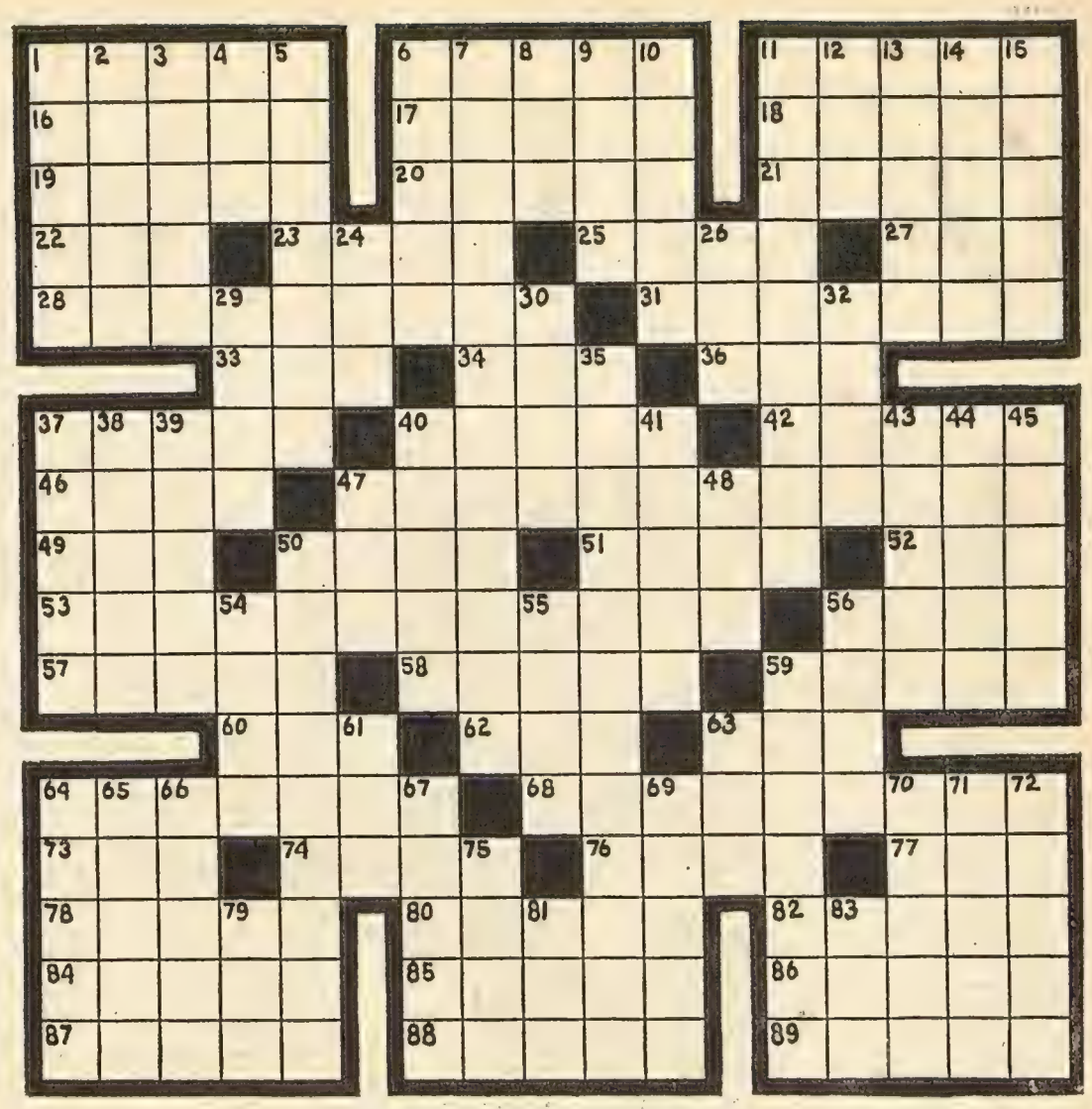
1 Performances by an individual
6 The hairy part of the head
11 A bundler of merchandise
16 Separate
17 Hostelry
18 Particular area in an amphitheater
19 Embankment to prevent inundation
20 A letter of the Greek alphabet
21 Peruses
22 Sooner than
23 Having a sensation of heat
25 A vulgar pretender to gentility
27 To petition
28 Sardonic
31 Decreed
33 A large flatboat
34 Dejected
36 Period
37 Tendency
40 A species of willow
42 Silly
46 Greasy liquids
47 Liberation
49 Past
50 A Mohammedan noble
51 A cut of meat
52 Turf
53 To argue quibblingly
56 Otherwise
57 Part of a stairway
58 Lines of junction
59 Emancipated
60 An electrified particle
62 A mineral spring
63 A projecting piece in machinery
64 Issued forth
68 Helmsman
73 Greek god of flocks and pastures
74 Harvest
76 A metal
77 A poem
78 An artery
80 Interdict
82 Footless animal
84 An affection of the larynx
85 An African antelope
86 Boxed
87 Cultivation of the soil
88 Feeling
89 Jugs

VERTICAL

1 Auctions
2 Musical drama
3 The sea lettuce
4 Crude metal
5 Manager of food distribution
6 Brief
7 Officers of a military subsistence department
8 Consumed
9 Supports
10 Carpenter's tool
11 One in a rude uncivilized state
12 Exist
13 Smallest
14 To invest
15 Effaced
24 Inquire
26 Individual
29 Containers
30 A son of Adam
32 To tilt
35 Haranguings
37 To become dry and brown with heat
38 Severity
39 To abscond
40 Leaves out
41 Uproars
43 Passageway
44 A running knot
45 Terminated

P	R	I	S	T	I	N	E	■	B	R	E	A	S	T	E	D	■	■
R	E	N	T	E	R	S	■	B	R	I	M	S	T	O	N	E	■	■
I	N	T	O	N	E	■	T	R	A	N	S	P	O	R	T	S	■	■
S	E	E	K	S	■	C	R	A	C	K	■	S	P	I	R	E	■	■
O	G	R	E	■	B	L	A	D	E	■	U	■	S	E	E	R	■	■
N	A	P	■	M	O	A	N	S	■	A	R	C	■	S	E	T	■	■
E	D	O	M	■	A	S	S	■	I	N	G	O	T	■	S	E	■	■
R	E	S	I	N	■	S	L	A	N	D	E	R	E	D	■	D	■	■
■	■	S	E	N	O	R	■	A	R	T	■	D	O	P	E	D	■	■
D	■	S	E	V	E	N	T	E	E	N	■	T	I	L	E	D	■	■
E	R	■	R	E	V	U	E	■	G	A	Y	■	D	I	C	E	■	■
N	E	P	■	L	E	T	■	C	R	I	E	S	■	B	O	B	■	■
O	P	A	L	■	L	■	R	O	I	L	S	■	V	E	R	A	■	■
T	I	R	E	S	■	G	O	A	T	S	■	C	A	R	A	T	■	■
I	N	E	V	I	T	A	B	L	Y	■	P	A	L	A	T	E	■	■
V	E	N	E	R	A	T	E	S	■	M	O	N	I	T	O	R	■	■
E	S	T	E	E	M	E	D	■	B	R	E	E	D	E	R	S	■	■

Answer to Puzzle No. 38



Prize Puzzle No. 39

By R. ANGUS, Transcona, Manitoba, Canada

47 Measures of type
48 Pastry
50 A form of pantograph
54 Outcropping of an animal body
55 Headwear
56 Units of work
59 Heating apparatus
61 Used to introduce the maiden name of a matron
63 A constellation
64 Excess of the solar year over the lunar
65 New Zealand aborigine
66 To enlist
67 A fruit (plural)
69 Eat away
70 A deerlike animal
71 A snake
72 Requirements
75 Wan
79 Exclamation of rebuke
81 A prohibition
83 Foot of a beast

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On the FRONT Page Again

TOINETTE stood the rolling-pin on end to indicate the height of an infant self.

Pictures by HAROLD ANDERSON

The Adventures of a Cinderella Who Tried to Run Away from Her Prince

A Short Story by

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

DAVY ROCHELLE had not known that his mother meant to spend Christmas at Great Forks. The last he had heard from her, she had been at Biarritz, and her plans then had included Paris for the holidays. Yet, when he landed at the north woods station, a great hulk of a youth in a coon coat, there she was—his mother—waving to him from the sleigh.

She kissed him vigorously on both cheeks.

"Splendid to have you, darling boy," she burbled. "I got in Saturday—landed at Quebec. Just took a fancy to the cabin for Christmas. Paris palled. But how about you? I was amazed to have your wire to Mère Sansone. She's in Montreal, by the way, at her son's. I'd thought you'd dig in with the usual crowd from school—at the Biltmore or some place."

Davy explained that suddenly it had seemed to him that New York itself would be pretty deadly during holiday week. He didn't happen to care for the crowd's this-season passion—Harlem dance halls. He had remembered what good sausage cakes Mère Sansone made, and he had wanted to try out the new ice boat. Hoped he wouldn't butt in on any party of hers.

Lida Rochelle, expertly driving the sleigh up the crisply rutted hill road, threw him an amused side glance. "We shall be strictly *à deux*, you and I, Davy," she assured him.

Above his coon collar Davy growled: "Merle wrote from Pasadena about your having Grugard in tow at Deauville. I thought maybe you'd—er—wanted to show him the great snows, or something."

"Davy!" shouted Lida uproariously, skimming the trick corner at the Bernais' place. "I believe you're making cracks at me, old stick-in-the-mud!" More sedately she continued: "Your father doesn't like Grugard, I know. Bad taste, I tell him. The way that man can play bac! But no; I'd not think of bringing him back to nature in this fashion. He'd wilt, away from central heating, anyhow. I was," she pointed, "a trifle bored with all of them, including Grugard.

"Not that I didn't rather mind leaving that apartment of Grace Hoyt's, on the Avenue Henri Martin," Lida purled on, after a brief interval. "She simply flung it at me for the winter, and you can't say I'm not a Spartan, when I left the sybaritic glory of her green-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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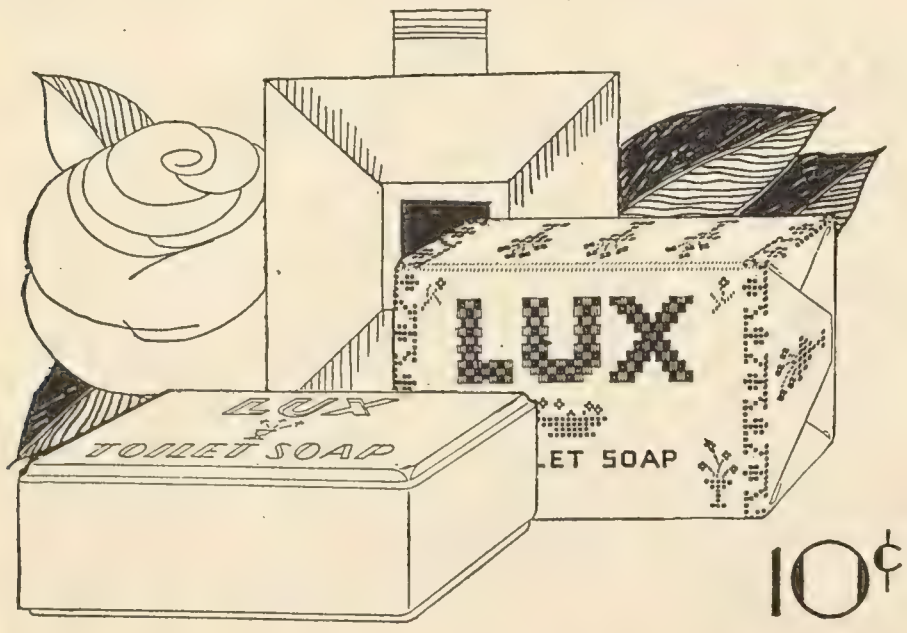

LUX TOILET SOAP

[ON THE FRONT PAGE AGAIN
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

and-gold bathroom for the cabin."

Davy reflected that his mother's passion for the Great Forks place *was* little short of incredible, considering the usual things she affected. But she conducted such a tireless pursuit of variety in life, that probably that explained it.

"I stopped at the church as I came down," pursued Lida, on another tack, "and asked the curé if he knew of anyone we could get to help out. He said there was a huge family of half-grown children, worthy people, he'd try to see today. If he doesn't manage, I'm afraid you'll have to wrestle with the sausage cakes yourself. My poor Harriet isn't much good at anything but mending lace and doing my nails."

Davy said he guessed he could do right by the sausage cakes. He reminded her that Mère Sansone's own François had been his counselor and friend on camping trips.

This conversation had lasted them as long as the drive that led from the station to the cabin itself, through a sweet arch of blue spruce and dark fir trees. Davy gallantly handed out his slim, fur-wrapped mother and parked sleigh and steeds neatly in the heated stable that was his father's pride.

HE came in, blowing happily on his fingers. The fire crouching under the mammoth field-stone chimney was of Lida's making. Davy experienced a prideful glow in the many-sidedness that was Lida's. It was characteristic of her, too, that she had driven to meet him, on getting his wire, instead of sending the ancient he had observed feeding the dogs outside the stable.

Davy lighted his stubby pipe and rose as Lida came rippling down the stairs from the balcony. He thought, secretly, that she was a shade plumper, if anything, than when he'd been with the family at Bar Harbor in August. The lines of the peach-colored kasha sports dress were cleverly designed to slice off any suggestion of hips. Her hair, the shade of darkened beech leaves, was arranged in a new and diverting way. Cut like the Comtesse Clanelly's, Lida explained helpfully. There was just one man in Paris who did it this fashion—short in the back and brushed frantically on the slant, while the sides were left rather long and teased in front of the ears.

Davy wondered, a little, why it all mattered so much. It seemed to him she looked pretty much like all the smart girls and older women he'd been seeing when he got down from New Haven week-ends, at the opera he liked himself or the musical shows Merle dragged him to. His father had no liking for the higher drama.

"It's a lot like Blotto's," he told her, too indifferently for gallantry. And he frankly grimaced when he mentioned his sister's name.

Lida pricked up her ears at this. She was almost conventionally maternal when she reminded him to call his sister Sybil instead of that absurd nickname.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Bobbed Hair affords NO Concealment—

The hair's worst faults are revealed, but, happily, so are its best features. It is so easy to brighten a well worn suit with a vivid hat, a clever scarf, or a string of colorful beads. And if it was well cut in the beginning, it still has a charm of distinction which a newer suit of cheaper cut might never hold. But hair—that's quite another problem, in these days of sleek heads, unadorned. One must leave nothing undone to keep one's hair alive and shining, for in the pitiless light of day or under the evening lights, its condition is glaringly revealed. After a Golden Glint shampoo, there will be just a gleam of bronze on the smooth surface, just a hint o' gold as the light plays upon it. And you won't be disappointed at the result. 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. ***J.W. Kobi Co., 634E Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

"She writes me she simply won't come back from the South till after Mardi Gras," Lida informed him. "Just now she fancies herself mad about that queer Irishman who's written those two wild plays.

"I wanted her to go to Brill," she pursued, ignoring Davy's signals of boredom, "and be psychoanalyzed; but she won't, although she knows I'm right. What's that?" she broke off, as a sharp rat-a-tat sounded on the outer door.

"Probably the curé's answer to your hurry call for a staff," Davy reminded her, lifting his length from the basket chair to heed the summons. The flung door revealed a girl in mackinaw and corduroys, her background an old sled drawn by dogs. Eyes velvet-brown and long-lashed regarded Davy timidly.

Monsieur le Curé.

"From *m'sieu le curé?*" prompted the young man, bulking large and gray against the fire-lit room.

Lida came to peer over his shoulder, blowing the smoke of her Egyptian cigarette outward. The velvet eyes grew round at this spectacle. Davy thought, for a full minute, the newcomer contemplated flight. The idea occurred to him that probably the child had wild notions of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Père Martin, *oui*," fluted the young voice.

And Lida cried, "Oh, she has very little English, Davy, I believe." She flung a rapid volley of French at the girl, whose face lighted and whose voice answered in kind.

David began to regret that his own French was so halting and insufficient. He knew now that he had been wrong to go scientific. He could only just get a word here and there. And when Lida had given the girl instructions about finding Henri in the stable—Henri, who would give her dogs shelter and food—she explained to her son:

"Toinette Mackintosh, her name is. Did you ever hear anything so funny? Her father's been dead only a couple of months. There are six of them, and they're pretty stony, I believe. She says they've been living on beans and flour, and thinks the good God sent me to the curé to give her work."

"OH well, great snakes, she's not a cook or a housemaid!" cried Davy. "Anyone can see that."

"As to that, if she's the oldest of a huge family, of course she knows the essentials," soothed Lida. "Her mother's rather a wonder, Père Martin said: fine old French-Canadian stock, unlettered but intelligent. I know the child's no ordinary maid, darling boy. That explains the heavy French influence. Don't worry, Davy; I'll not browbeat her."

It was devilish clever of Lida, thought her son, to put her hand on precisely the sore spot in his mind at that moment.

Not that Lida usually did browbeat people, but he had experienced a quick and ardent championship for the owner of those velvet-brown eyes.

Not one of the giddy company that eddied round his father's apartment in New York, not one of the practiced baby-talk girls, with their priceless frocks and sophisticated counterfeit of innocence, their expensive scents and furs and artifices—not one of them had ever roused that protective feeling in the breast of Davy Rochelle.

"I hate messing round in the kitchen so," continued Lida, on quite another trail now. "Davy, like an angel, show that girl the stores and where everything is kept, and see if, between you, you can't manage something enticing for dinner." She examined her face minutely in the mirror of the gilt leather bag she held. "I simply must squeeze in a nap."

So, when young Toinette returned, Davy found himself custodian of the kitchen. Doubtless she thought it rather odd, Madame thus to vanish, leaving the young m'sieu in charge; but her bright matter-of-factness hid any consternation she may have felt.

DAVY discovered that the hair under the round fur hat was of the color of honey, and that Toinette wore it in neat braided shells over her ears. The dress that enfolded her, when she slipped out of her preposterous plaid jacket, was a brown jersey of uncompromisingly dull hue and cut. Over this she tied a huge apron of butcher's linen, coarse and competent looking. She turned to m'sieu for orders.

David thought of Blotto's jazz-hued costumes, her half dozen fur coats, her sharp, exquisite little face, hand colored in the bizarre tints of the mode. He thought of Blotto and her friends, magpie-voiced, flower-scented, dangling their innumerable gilded vanity boxes, gesturing with their green or cerise cigarette-holders, dancing bonelessly, their chins on the black-coated shoulders of uncounted gin-flavored collegians.

To him, in contrast, this gold-haired Toinette, with her halting Americanese, her fluent French, her swift, birdlike darts at cupboard and pantry, was a miracle of freshness and charm. He could not keep his fascinated boy's eyes from her.

She was not ignorant, he discovered in that afternoon when he played captain of the kitchen and became her aide in the business of putting Lida's house in order. Her laugh, the full-throated gurgle of a child's, rang out when he asked her if she knew she was very like Glory Grasshill, the movie queen.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WE CAKE IT WDC WHEN WE MAKE IT

[ON THE FRONT PAGE AGAIN
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

But, monsieur, of course she had never been to the movies! And Sister Angéle, at the convent in the village, she did not believe there was any great good in them. But of course she went to the convent! She had been to Sister ever since she was that high—she stood the rolling-pin on end to indicate the height of an infant self.

When Lida came down, yawning, at 5 o'clock, she found them shouting. She raised her brows at Davy and smiled at Toinette, who was ready to put an excellent early supper on the table.

"Of course you will sit down with us, child," she indicated gracefully, when the table was fully prepared. And Davy rejoiced that she was in a democratic mood, else he would have had to battle for this point. Toinette, the assistant, he never would permit to be snubbed, even by Lida herself.

He drove her home that night, across the gleaming white roads, to explain to an excited little bird of a mother that she was to remain with Madame Rochelle for the period of her stay. Davy had put into her hand an advance on the sum Lida was to pay her. He knew there was a desperate if gallant poverty in that bleak little farm. And the grateful gleam in Toinette's mother's eyes convinced him he'd been right, if clumsy, about it.

HER "Tomorrow, then, monsieur," stayed with him all the long ride home.

Poor Davy! He did not realize precisely what had happened to him, either that night or during the days that followed. The Rochelles as a clan took love lightly. There was Lida—but Davy preferred not to think of her. And there was Merle, his father, whom various pretty ladies of the ensemble had cause to remember with affectionate gratitude. And there was Blotto, frantic, beautiful, insistent Blotto, forever chasing some mirage of happiness.

No, Davy was scarcely one of them, because this was the first time the wings of love had actually brushed his shoulders. Always before he had scorned it as a cheap thing; and now he knew that it was the stuff that dreams are made of.

He sang softly to himself in the morning, dressing in haste to dash downstairs and catch the first sight of her. He wanted to touch the softness of her honey-colored hair—and dared not. He put off all thought of leaving her so cruelly soon. Classes were to begin again next week.

For the first time in his adult life he began to think of marriage for himself as a possibility—nay, a tangible thing. It had seemed to him always, before this, that marrying and giving in marriage was pretty much of a farce. His own people made rather a jest of it. The girls he had always known, the exquisite, clipped, finished products who milled around at proms and deb parties, had always appalled him a little. He was clumsy in their presence, for all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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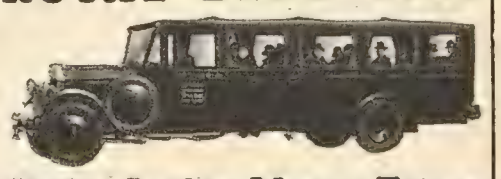

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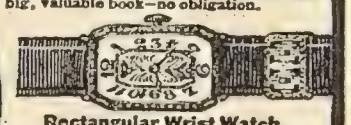

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

his loftiness. You couldn't really talk to them, if you hadn't that sickening banality, a line.

Now, Toinette was different. Lovely as she was in a quite unstudied way, she talked to him simply and directly, as she might have to one of her own brothers. She seemed to feel quite naturally that she had found a friend. Artlessly, at his deft questioning, she sketched for him her crowded, clean little home; the bitter struggle with the land; her school, with Sister Angéle, a lady of old France, giving to Toinette what the girls of Blotto's crowd so pitiably lacked —the sound basic teachings of the out-of-date gentlewoman.

She had a flashing sense of humor, Davy found. And she was so unbelievably free of guile, he hoped Lida would not discover it. Lida might think it her business to assist her to sophistication.

ALL his life long, Davy Rochelle believed he would never be able to thank God sufficiently for the miracle that caused him to lose his footing on the ice boat, on the last day of his stay, and to sprain his ankle. That meant a longer stay —more time to gaze at and worship Toinette. The doctor whom *monsieur le curé* sent up from Blanche Rivière said he would be laid up for another week.

"Well, it's rather a nuisance," said Lida fretfully; "but Sybil sent up a raft of new books, so I guess we can live through it."

She blew Davy a kiss, crammed her chinchilla toque far down on her beech-leaf hair, and started for a walk.

Davy felt it was his only chance to talk to Toinette alone. Lida was nearly always within earshot, and he wasn't going to have any amused eavesdroppers, thanks, when he took his courage in his hands and told Toinette what was in his heart.

He called her. Running, she came across the great beamed room to where he reclined before the fire on Lida's special divan.

She had on a coarse blue dress today, and her hair gleamed sun color in the firelight.

"Toinette," said Davy, hoarse with stage fright, "sit down there in that basket chair, won't you? I do want to talk with you a moment."

Trembling, she obeyed. There was something in his strained boyish voice that warned her of portentous happenings. And M'sieu Davy, so admirable, so handsome, he looked at her so very oddly. Her heart began to beat very fast. She felt the color rising in her face.

Davy, sitting erect, possessed himself of her hand.

"Don't you know I love you, Toinette?" he asked her, very low. "Don't you know I had to tell you before I went away?" He silenced her with the pressure of his hand as she tried to speak. "You don't know me at all," he went on in a rush, "and I'm sure that, as far as you're concerned, I'm an unregenerate soul belonging to ungodly people. But it doesn't matter at all, Toinette, if you love me a little and I love you a lot. This is what

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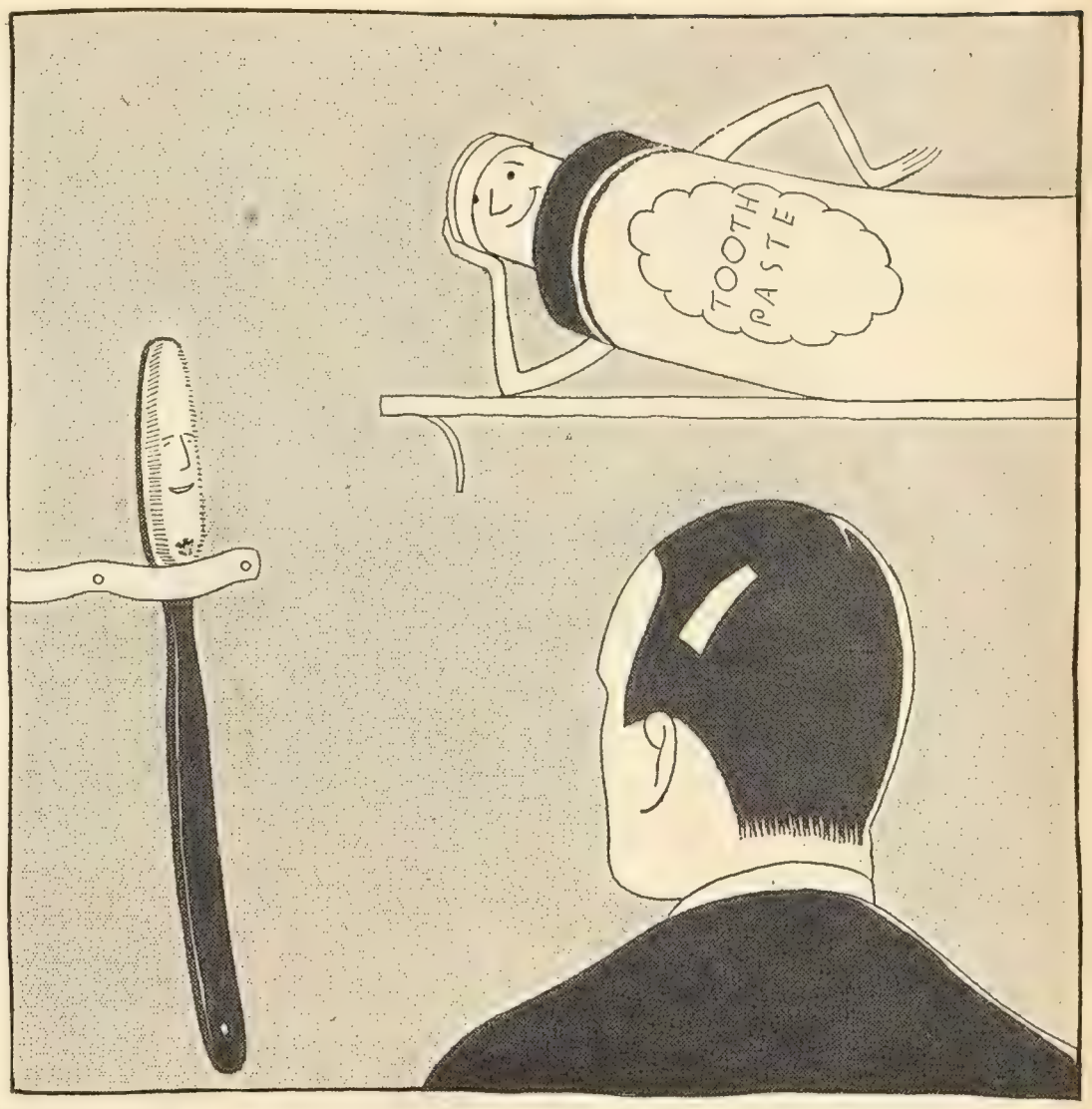

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[ON THE FRONT PAGE AGAIN
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

I want to be sure of. Will you wait for me till I'm through school next June—wait and let me come back for you here? I'm nearly twenty-four, and I swear to you I never before saw a girl I wanted to marry. It's forever and always with me, Toinette," he finished simply.

"M'sieu Davy, I am indeed fond —" began the girl haltingly. "But indeed I do not see—I cannot understand how ever it could be. Your mother—no, I am sure she would not like that."

"It doesn't matter," stormed Davy, "what anyone likes, as long as I'm suited."

He possessed himself of her hands, those little alive, hard-working hands so eloquent of love and service, and, turning them upward, he put a kiss in each palm.

"I won't bother you any more about it now," he told her gently, as Henri came stumbling in with the wood. "Tell me tomorrow," he added, as she slipped away.

That night, long after Toinette had retired, Davy took occasion to lay the facts of his preoccupation before Lida. For a long minute she stared. Then she laughed a little, softly. And thirdly she told Davy, offhandedly, to go to bed and sleep on it.

"You take things so seriously, darling boy," she said as she ruffled his hair.

DAVY waited long next morning for Toinette to appear with his breakfast tray. She had treated him so much as an invalid the day before, and now he was frantic for a sight of her. It seemed to him ages instead of hours since he had kissed her small hands and told her that he loved her. Now he berated himself for a slow lover. Why hadn't he swept her into his arms? But he had been afraid of frightening her.

Toinette's lip trembled, but her eyes held Davy's gaze gallantly.

When Lida appeared with the tray, languid in her rose-colored robe, his heart missed a beat.

He managed a gruff "Where's Toinette?" And Lida said airily, "Oh, dashed off home with the sled, first thing. Henri said something about one of the little brothers being ill, I believe."

Davy tried to quiet his feeling of unease, and when, later in the day, Henri denied any knowledge of illness in the Mackintosh clan, Davy was thoroughly alarmed.

He attacked Lida when next she flitted through.

"Mother!" She started, for he so seldom called her that. "What did you tell the child, to send her packing off like that?"

"I?" Lida arched her brows with hauteur. "I had nothing to do with her going."

"That isn't true, I'll bet my hat," said Davy flatly, "because Henri says he told you nothing about any of the family being ill."

Lida drew a prolonged sigh of maternal exasperation.

"It's just as well she's gone, darling boy," she told him patiently. "Because now you'll have time to get over this nonsense before going back to school."

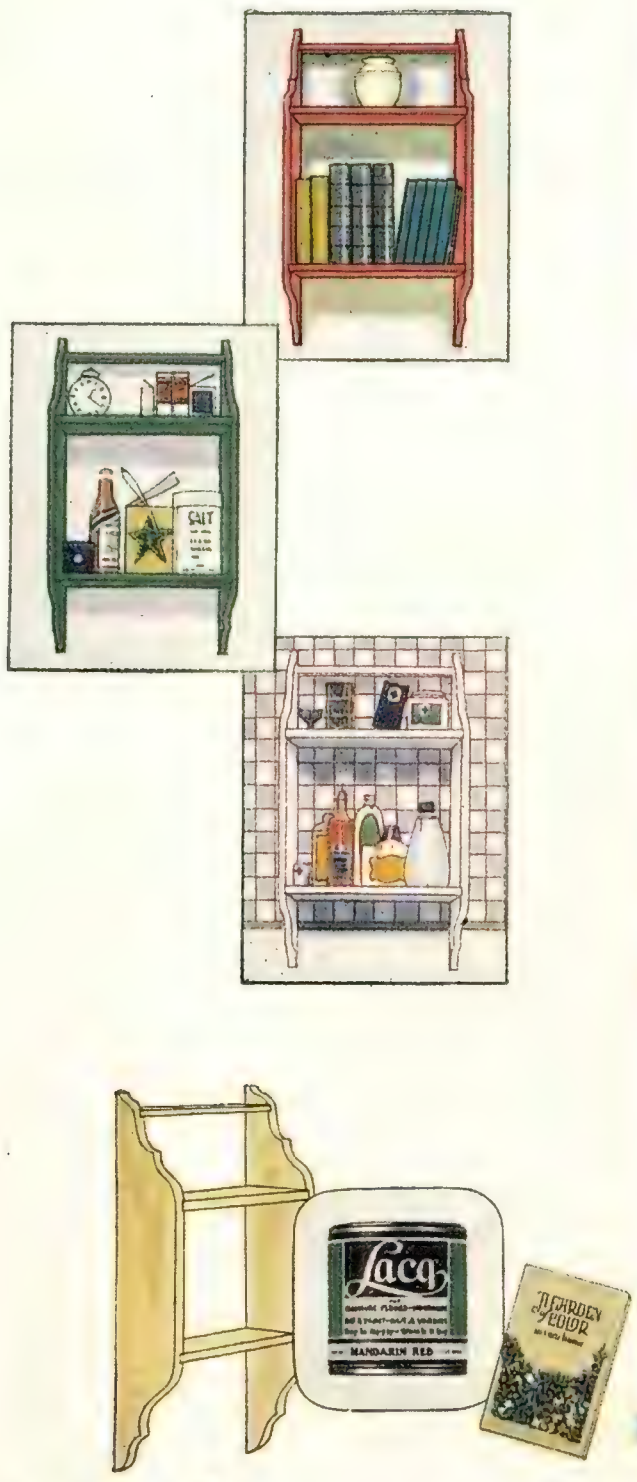
"I told *you*," barked Davy ominously, "that it wasn't nonsense, and now I propose to find out what you said to Toinette to send her off without a word to me. She's promised to give me her answer today."

"Oh, Davy," fretted Lida, "I do think it's too bad of you to go off in this half-cocked manner about a little backwoods girl you'd never seen before last week. You can't seriously be thinking of marrying her and bringing her back to town and all the people we know. It'd simply be a ghastly ordeal, for you and for her."

"By the people we know," observed her son icily, "I suppose you mean Merle's crowd of lovely ladies. Or do you mean people like Grugard, or that gang Blotto runs with? Thanks; if Toinette does marry me, I'll keep her out of that muck heap. She's sweet and decent and real, and if I'm lucky enough to get her I'll take care none of that crowd gets his filthy hands on her. And now, Lida, will you be good enough to tell me what story you sent her off with?"

"I merely suggested," returned Lida, with loftiness, "that perhaps it would be more comfortable for all of us if she returned to her mother's house—temporarily," she amended hastily, as the slow dahlia-hued flush rose ominously in Davy's cheeks. She permitted her voice to drop to a plaintive note. "You can't deny it's awkward—very," she reminded her son.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]



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The SELLERS *Kitchenaire*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

"I think it's rotten of you," he muttered fiercely, "to take advantage of me this way when I'm down." He flung a savage look around the room. "No telephone or anything!"

"Advantage is an absurd word in that connection," said his mother coolly. "One never rushes into a thing of this sort, Davy. It needs thought—consideration."

"You needn't dress up your behavior in pretty words," Davy informed her darkly. "You threw Toinette out, bag and baggage, because you were scared. That's all there is to it. Thought and consideration didn't enter into it."

Lida sat down on the divan beside him and began, in her sweetest and most reasonable tone:

"Darling boy, you know how I hate this wretched squabbling! Do stop barking, and I'll dash off to the Mackintosh place and have a talk with Toinette and her mother — bring her back with me, too, if she wants to come."

"I know you and your talks!" stormed the boy.

"NO, but really I will be an angel about this," persisted Lida virtuously. "I'll not tell either of them what I really think—that, in the first place, it's what their church calls a mixed marriage and therefore unwise; or that I believe it's the merest infatuation and bound to be over like that — whiff!" and she blew elegantly at the ends of her rosy-tinted fingers.

"Anyhow," she rippled on, ignoring further danger signals and making it impossible for her son to break in, "what's all this fuss about taking a wife? It'll be the same to you, absolutely, Davy, I assure you, in two years, if you marry Mimi Chipchase, in Blotto's set. Don't set your heart on happiness in marriage, angel child. It doesn't work out that way. But if you must take a wife (and, mind you, I'm not advising it), for pity's sake, get someone who's been to the right schools and wears the right clothes."

Here Davy did burst in, explosively:

"I'm tired of all these right-clothes people and what goes with them," he bellowed. "Mimi Chipchase has a complex for every year of her life, and Toinette wouldn't believe me if I told her what the darned things were. I believe she really wouldn't," he repeated, awed, half to himself. "Darn it all, I have an absolutely abnormal yen for normal people, because of having grown up in such a weird crowd myself. That's why Toinette first attracted me," he went on, beginning to feel much better, now that he had the floor, and lighting a cigarette. "She's simple and elemental; she won't mind having children—rather like it, in fact. She'll take it quite for granted that all her life her husband will be the only man. She'd as soon think of getting drunk as of being unfaithful, and of course in her code women do not drink. By Jove," he gurgled, "it'll be a sermon and a lesson to you, Madame Rochelle, to observe the behavior of your future daughter-in-law."

"I ASKED the curé if he knew of anyone we could get to help out."

"Well," returned Lida acidly, "you're being exceedingly insolent, I must say, but rather amusing. I didn't know you could say so much at one time. However, that doesn't matter. If you *were* to marry anyone so tiresomely virtuous as the girl you imagine Toinette to be, there would be always divorce, naturally."

"Sorry," said Davy airily, "but one doesn't get a divorce if married in Toinette's church."

"Oh, well," cried Lida, thoroughly nettled, "one doesn't have to go through the legal formalities to own freedom—of a sort. Your father and I," she reminded him uglily, "have never found it absolutely necessary to go into the courts—although Merle's affairs occasionally get into the papers."

Davy winced. "That's another thing," he remarked with bitterness. "Thank heaven, in the dead level of a normal marriage there'll be no first-page stories in *my* branch of the family. We'll keep out of the news columns, Toinette and I."

Lida laughed on a harsh note.

"You don't really believe that," she mocked at him. "You're not stupid enough, darling boy, to miss the fact that the minute news of any such alliance leaks out, you'll simply be swamped with reporters. I can see the headlines now," she told him: "'Millionaire Weds Housemaid.'

"Oh, come *off*, Davy," she went on, with a note of frowning alarm. "You know this is all—just stuff. Let me give Toinette a trip to California, or the little brothers gold pieces all round, or maybe a new side altar to the curé (he's been praying for one), and you and I will gallop back to town and have a really giddy time. Toinette can't really believe you meant her to take the proposal seriously. Leave it to me—I'll tell her you were feverish with the pain, or something."

BUT Davy was staring over her shoulder at the girl, who had entered noiselessly as Lida finished —Toinette, pale and very grave looking, in the old corduroys and battered fur helmet she had worn on that first day he had seen her.

"Perhaps it is right as madame your mother has said," she offered, advancing, her eyes on the sick boy. "Me, I am not to take it seriously, your offer of marriage. But it was not kind of you, M'sieu Davy—indeed it was not very kind to make me think so."

Her lip trembled, but her eyes held his gaze gallantly. Lida thought, with a little malicious amusement, "Why, she's really in love with him!"

"I was not feverish," returned the boy thickly. "And madame my mother is quite wrong. She thinks," he went on, motioning Toinette to a place at his side, "she thinks, in a quite worldly fashion, that any marriage between you and me would be unwise. My people are most worldly, you know," he informed her gently, as if Lida were not present.

"Yes, that is true," mourned Toinette. "My mother so realizes and is much opposed to the notion. She says it would be much better for me to marry François and settle down at Blanche Rivière, where she can see me more often and know that all goes well."

"About the wisdom she is probably quite, quite right," said Davy softly, possessing himself of one of Toinette's hands. "But the question is, do you love François or do you love me? Only that matters, Toinette."

He went on, with an ironic side glance at Lida, sitting unwontedly silent:

"It will doubtless be difficult for you to accustom yourself to any family so godless as mine, dear Toinette. No church, nor any gods to worship. They are a pretty sad lot. I shall have to beg you to over-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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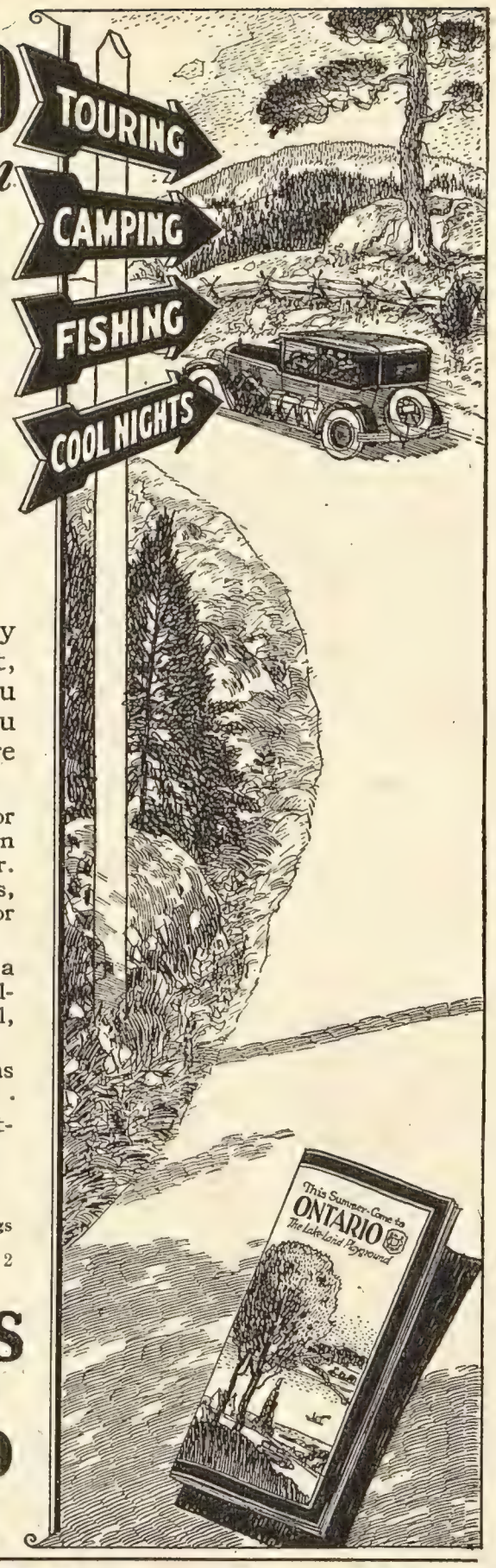

IT'S getting close now — that long dreamed of "Next vacation." Wouldn't you like, for once, to make those dreams *really* come true? Why not come to Ontario this year?

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Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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[ON THE FRONT PAGE AGAIN
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

look them and consider only myself."

"All that is true," interposed Lida silkily. "And even Davy, what do you know of him, Toinette? A rich boy has so many temptations — there are so many things to draw him aside. Remember, his life has been far different from yours under the good Sister's care."

"If Davy loves me, and I him," cried Toinette, her gaze suffused and luminous, "then indeed that does not matter. Perhaps," she added reverently, "I can teach him many things he does not know and help him to forget the wickedness that madame suggests."

DAVID thought of Blotto and her friends, magpie-voiced, flower-scented, gesturing with their cigarettes.

Lida threw up her hands and stood up, looking down at the pair with a twisted smile.

"Ah, well," she said reflectively, in answer to her son's triumphant glance, "what's it all matter, anyhow? We've had our thrills, Merle and I, and we're still chasing them madly. We can't really begrudge you yours, son, in whatever form they appear."

On that note she left them, and they had forgotten her before she sat down at her desk to scratch out the dispatch that was electrified next morning into headlines.

Lida was marvelous with the reporters who came thronging up to Great Forks. Most of the stories featured her as the "wonder - mother." She really was superb — so reasonable, so confident, so gracious.

"But, naturally, my husband and I are delighted," she was quoted as saying, following a recitation of her personal effects, including the Pekingese that Grugard had sent up.

"But, naturally, we are delighted. If we had chosen our son's wife ourselves we could not be happier about it."

THE END

The story of a sportsman who became a hunter of men, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

THE OLD, OLD DREAM

Sandy Counts up His Assets in the Bank of Hope

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

ON the pantry Sandy was paying for his free Sunday-night tea by making himself conspicuously useful. He transferred all the supper dishes from the dining-room to pantry, shook the cloth into the fireplace, and set the fernery back upon the table.

Then he wielded a dish towel so vigorously that Lil feared the design on the plates would blister from friction.

"I hope he'll stay as useful after we're married," she thought. And she smiled at him when he stole an olive and staged a one-minute musical comedy with operatic fluctuations:

"My only wish is, dear,
To wipe dishes; dear,
FOR LOVE!"

"He'll get over that domestic streak, all right," Pop said to Ma.

When the chores were finished, Lil enjoyed a sojourn on Sandy's lap. "I went to Flynns' about my wedding dress," she told him.

"I've bought my dress suit," Sandy said, "and my high silk hat." He didn't tell her that he donned the coat and hat every evening before his mirror. "Let's go out on the back stoop," he suggested.

"Here's a budget book for expenses." He was reaching in his pocket. "We ought to plan everything out—it'll be fun to figure."

"We won't have any expenses till August," Lil replied, "on account of Ma and Pop going motoring and letting us stay here in the house."

"Let's figure our assets," Sandy said. "I can sell my share of the farm my father owns—cut it up into ten building lots at four hundred and fifty dollars each, and I could sell my Sunflower Aluminum Button stock today for eighteen hundred dollars.

"Oh!" Lil sighed. "You're getting along wonderfully, dear!"

"And my Uncle Frank is very well off," Sandy went on. "He'll send us a big check for a wedding present—say five hundred dollars."

"Why, Sandford Jenkins, we're really rich!"

And Lil's hopeful air-castle dreams kept rapid pace with Sandy's elaborate figuring.

(To be continued next week)

This One Is Easy—

If You Know How

A Sam Loyd Puzzle

RIGHT FROM THE ZOO

THE crowd was enjoying the pets in the cage until some Smart Alec suddenly discovered there was a nice puzzle there.

This fellow pointed out that there were 8 different kinds of animals—a pair of each. In compartments 1 and 12 there were cats; in 2 and 16, bunnies; in 3 and 10, squirrels; in 4 and 7, monkeys; in 5 and 14, parrots; in 6 and 15, white rats; in 8 and 9, dogs; in 11 and 13, guinea pigs.

"Who can take 6 of 'em out," he asked, "and leave the other 10 animals so that an even number, either 4 or 2, not 3 or 1, may be counted in each of the 8 rows, up and down, and horizontally?"

"So's your old man!" retorted some fresh youngster.

But the rest of the crowd was interested. And when the propounder of the puzzle laid down the rule that if an animal was taken out, its mate had to come too, the others realized this was a good puzzle and set to work.

Take a whirl at it, reader, by laying coins or paper clips on the picture to indicate the animal you remove from the cage. And don't forget that the mate must go if one goes, and that there must be 4 or 2 animals left in each row after you get through.

This one ought to be easy for you. However, you can't be too sure. Hold your solution and check it up with the correct one in next week's LIBERTY.

Sam Loyd

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

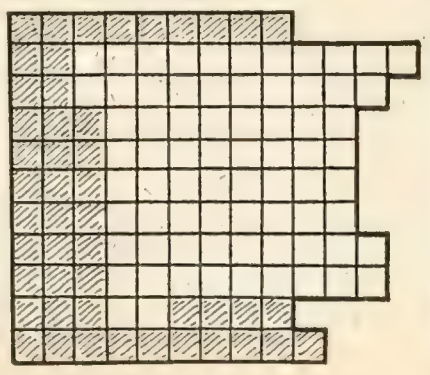
THE problem here was to cut the strip of linoleum (shown below in Diagram A) so that it will form an 11 x 11 square. Mr. Simpkins decided the only way to do it was to trim off the little elbow at the top and tuck it in the bottom corner; then cut off the lower two-square piece and tuck it into the top. But Mrs. Simpkins, a true economist, took his scissors and avowed she could do the job by cutting the linoleum only once instead of twice.

How she did it is shown by Diagram B.

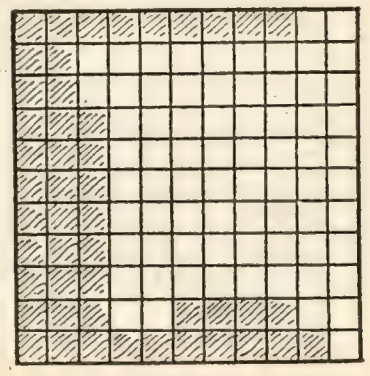
As you notice in the finished product below, she guided the scissors along the lines indicated by the shading, turned the linoleum around, and thus made only one cutting of the linoleum to get the 11 x 11 square.

S. L.

A



B



Prize winners in the $10,000 California Prune Contest

THOUSANDS of housewives the country over have written letters on how and why they serve prunes. Hundreds have prepared delicious prune dishes as their entries. Famous chefs have sent their favorite recipes—have conceived new prune dishes and written about them. High school girls, teachers, dieticians and physicians have written on America's favorite food fruit. Grocers and their salesmen have told of how they sell prunes. Never before has there been such an appreciation of California Prunes. Of their deliciousness. Of the healthfulness of their fruit sugar, vitamins and carbohydrates.

HOUSEWIVES

"How and Why I Serve Prunes"

1st Prize, $1500—Mrs. Frederick H. Kranz, Buffalo, N. Y.

2nd Prize, $500—Mrs. T. H. Eyrd, Shelbyville, Ky.

3rd Prize, $300—Mrs. Allie Hazard Moore, Kansas City, Mo.

4th Prize, $225—Mrs. E. A. Oliver, Los Angeles, Calif.

5th to 14th Prizes, $100 each—Mrs. Chester E. Thornley, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Thomas P. Abernethy, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Wm. C. Miller, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Katharine R. Welch, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Della Blomquist, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Minnie C. Childs, Tustin, Orange Co., Calif.; Mrs. R. P. Bliss, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Spencer Huffman, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. A. B. Charpie, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. F. J. Janda, Berwyn, Ill.

15th to 29th Prizes, $50 each—Mrs. A. H. Mackey, El Paso, Texas; Mrs. Ethel D. Felts, Odessa, Mo.; Mrs. Nellie M. Morrison, Shoshoni, Wyo.; Mrs Dorothy M. Woods, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. May S. Tayler, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ruth C. Dieter, New Castle, Ind.; Mrs. Blanche K. Byerlein, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. Gladys R. Newman, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Chas. H. Givans, Delmar, Del.; Mrs. M. B. Arnold, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. L. W. McKinney, Moberly, Mo.; Mrs. L. D. Johnston, Broadview, Sask., Canada; Mrs. Lillian Hull, Cedar Grove, W. Va.; Mrs. Charles MacDonald, Brookline, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Luther C. Manwaring, West Union, Ind.

30th to 58th Prizes, $25 each—Mrs. W. G. Ferguson, Riverside, Ill.; Mrs. Frances K. Porter, Cornell, Wis.; Mrs. Robert L. Winter, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. E. Gill, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. Bessie Williams, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Arthur C. Eaton, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. M. Forrest, Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Florence Boyland, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Grace A. Davidson, Grasmere, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mrs. F. G. Arnett, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. C. G. Gay, Boone, Iowa; Mrs. Janet Tooke, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. J. E. Evans, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. Marie P. Davidson, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Amalie Meyers, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Cambridge, Md.; Mrs. W. F. Mathews, Royal Oak, Mich.; Mrs. Irving H. Hill, Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. L. T. Henry, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. P. H. Kelley, Trenton N. J.; Mrs. E. Franzius, Elmhurst, N. Y.; Mrs. Doss V. Ponder, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.; Mrs. J. L. Dawson, Union City, Ind.; Mrs. Agnes Victory McCormick, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Theo. F. Baranski, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Jessie S. Martin, Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. Marad Serriov, Palo Alto, Calif.; Mrs. L. H. Chappell, Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. Edith Hahn, Joliet, Ill.

TEACHERS, DIETICIANS, PHYSICIANS

"Why Prunes Should Be in the Ideal Diet"

1st Prize, $250—Claire B. Burchett, Adams City, Col.

2nd Prize, $150—Elizabeth Gordon, Rock Island, Ill.

3rd Prize, $100—Ruth Thornton Strong, Battle Creek, Mich.

4th Prize, $75—Dr. P. Jensen, Knoxville Iowa.

Also 13 additional prizes of $50 and $25 awarded in this class

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

"Why I Eat Prunes"

1st Prize, $250—Wilma Oberlin, Bryan, Ohio.

2nd Prize, $150—Bathena Holt, Indianapolis, Ind.

3rd Prize, $100—Edith Cately, Ramsey, New Jersey.

4th Prize, $75—Nonna B. Montgomery, Long Beach, Calif.

Also 13 additional prizes of $50 and $25 awarded in this class

CHEFS, RESTAURANTS, COOKS, HOTELS

"How I Serve Prunes on the Menu"

1st Prize, $250—Oscar Bryer, Chicago, Illinois.

2nd Prize, $150—O. P. Reiss, San Francisco, Calif.

3rd Prize, $100—Grace E. Bobenhouse, Des Moines, Iowa.

4th Prize, $75—Alfred S. Rollo, Covington, Va.

Also 13 additional prizes of $50 and $25 awarded in this class

GROCERS AND THEIR SALESMEN

"How I Sell Prunes"

1st Prize, $400—Laurence V. Longhway, Muskogee, Okla.

2nd Prize, $275—C. E. Keith, Springfield, Mass.

3rd Prize, $175—Simon J. Clarke, Chicago, Ill.

4th Prize, $100—Maurice C. Johnson, Atlantic City, N. J.

Also 28 additional prizes of $75, $50 and $25 awarded in this class

CALIFORNIA PRUNES

OF COURSE YOU SERVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST

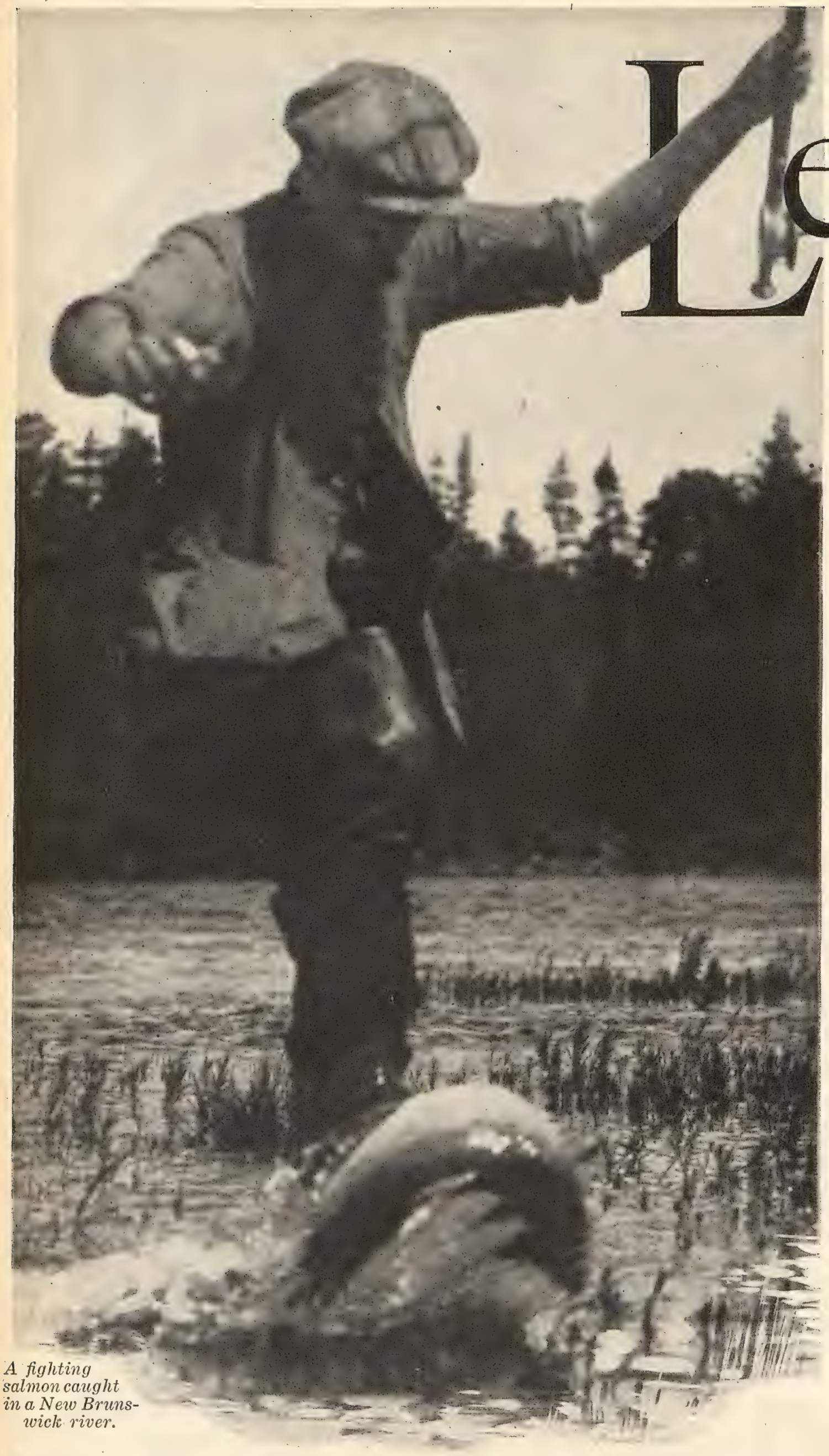
Soak prunes for a few hours in cold water. Then let them gently simmer until tender and full-flavored. . . . Never boil!

The Leaper

Romance and Mystery of the Salmon— Gamest of Fish

An Article by

ROBERT BRADON



A fighting salmon caught in a New Brunswick river.

THE other day I opened a can of salmon. As the flaky pink meat lay upon the green lettuce leaves I seemed suddenly to hear the rush of water against stones, the roar of rapids, the voices of voyageurs bending to the oars, the murmur of wind in tall pines, the scream of the moose bird, the plunk of beaver diving into a pool. I seemed to lift my eyes and see the snow-capped ranges of Alaska, the purple-black cliffs, the tongues of glaciers licking down into the blackness of wooded mountainsides, and to feel something of the romance of the Leaper.

From Canada to can—inglorious finish of a glorious fish! Five million cases of leaping life a year go into the cans from the Columbia to the northern Alaskan waters.

There is romance, thrill, adventure, tragedy, and mystery in the salmon, strangest of fish. For thousands of years it has been the great food fish of the world. Men have studied its habits, its movements, its life history, and no one ever solved the mysteries.

Why does a fish born in fresh water wait three years, then go to salt water?

Why does it return to fresh water at a certain date?

Why does it return to the same river in which it was spawned?

Why does it turn black in fresh water, and bright silver in salt?

Why does it stop eating when it enters fresh water?

Why, if it does not eat flies, will it strike a fly?

Why do some species on a certain date turn and flee downstream to the sea?

Why do other species migrate hundreds, even thousands, of miles to the high sources of rivers, spawn, and die?

THESE are some of the mysteries of the Leaper; for all the members of the family derive their name from the Latin word *salire*, meaning leaper, and most of them are leapers—climbing, jumping upstream, mounting even high falls, fighting their way over dams, rapids, rocks, and other obstacles almost to the headwaters of the rivers.

The herring, whitefish, the trout, and char—all the wide range of the Pacific salmon—belong to the species. The Pacific salmon, the *Salmo* (true salmon or trout), the *Salvelinus* (char), and the *Hucho* are closely akin. Of the Pacific salmon—also called quinnat and chinook—the tyee or king is greatest in size. Those we get oftenest in cans, however, are the reds of commerce.

But when a sportsman says salmon he doesn't mean the salmon of the Pacific. He means the Atlantic salmon—the fish that combines the fighting heart, the speed, the determination of the trout with the habits of the salmon; the tiger of the waters that pour into

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

No wonder her car is admired!

WHEREVER she drives, her car is openly admired by everyone. And no wonder! It reflects her own personal charm. It is stylishly dressed, up-to-the-minute!

Such is the impression one is bound to get from a car equipped with Balcrank Collision Absorbers.

You, too, can have the distinction of driving a Balcrank-equipped car, and the satisfaction of knowing that YOUR car will be admired.

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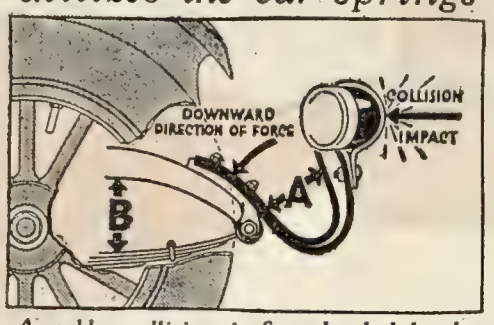

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Bumpers are seldom furnished by the car manufacturer, so Balcranks can be obtained on any car you choose.

To insure lasting beauty, Balcrank colors are now applied by an exclusive process and will not chip or peel like ordinary finishes.

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COLLISION ABSORBERS

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THE STYLE THAT MAKES THEM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

"You gotta hand it to Eskimo Pie!"

It's so good that nobody could imitate it. Soon as other doofunnies tried to fool us, up steps, Eskimo Pie an' says: "Look here. I got a patent an' a trademark an' when you try to say you're me, you ain't. Laugh that off, will you?" But, for th' cryin' out loud! Th' first bite tells th' story. Nothin' else in th' little old world has that taste—you bite through that crunchy choc'late into that *de-lishus* ice cream, an' then your insides think you're gettin' a million treates at once an' give three cheers! Just keep peelin' that silver foil wrapper back an' eatin' your way to Gladville! Honest, you want to lick th' wrapper! What's th' best time to eat it? Look at th' clock—*now's* th' time.

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

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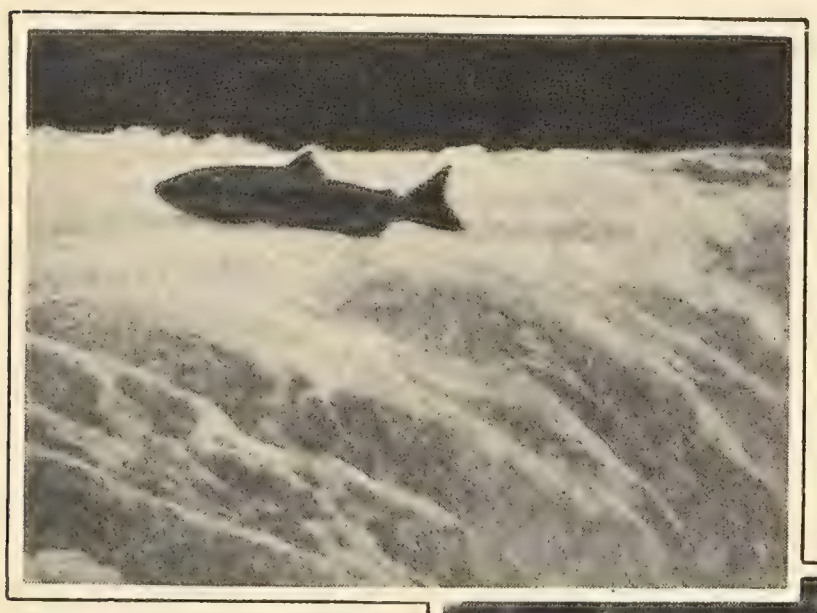
GENERAL OFFICES:
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
at the
"Cross-roads of the Nation"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

the Atlantic in upper North America, northern Europe, and the British Isles; the finest and most gallant fighter among the families of fish.

No one ever has written the epic of the Leaper. Thousands of men for perhaps thousands of years have studied him. The fisheries experts of Scotland, England, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and the United States have tried to solve the mysteries surrounding this most romantic of all fish.



Leaping and fighting, the salmon ascends almost to the headwaters of the rivers.

Hundreds have been captured in different rivers in nets, tagged, and turned loose. Many of them have been recaptured years later and the tags studied. It is known that, whenever possible, he returns to the river in which he was spawned; but why he went to the sea, what he did while in the salt water, and why at stated periods he migrates is a secret at which we may only guess.

The *Salmo salar*—which is our sportsman's salmon—can be traced through its entire history. The life story begins on a certain day when hundreds of thousands of beautiful silvery fish, ranging from five to fifty pounds, that have been swimming the salt sea in great schools, feeding close to the bottom, suddenly turn shoreward, dividing into smaller schools as they approach the coast and moving toward the mouth of some river.

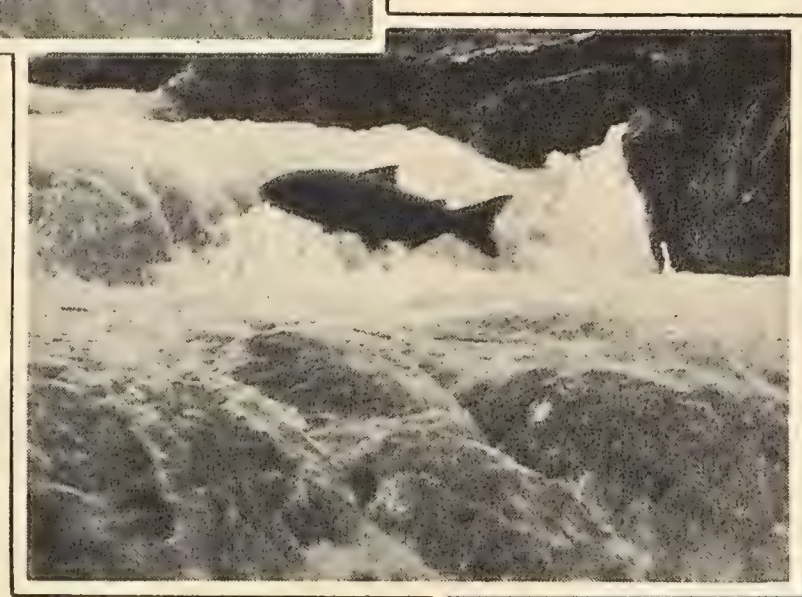
THE date of this exodus from the sea varies. It usually is early in the Tay and other Scottish rivers, later on the European mainland, and the date in the Canadian and American rivers varies slightly with each year, seemingly dependent upon the temperature of the water of the rivers.

The great schools move in leisurely fashion up the delta, loitering along at the rate of two or three miles a day through the brackish water up to the head of the tides.

Then suddenly they appear to be imbued with a new spirit. They cease feeding entirely and, with greater and greater speed, press upward against the current.

Literally millions of them move from June to October, and even later, into the streams that empty into the Atlantic. Yet if the stream flows through alluvial soil, and the distant headwaters are in clay, those rivers are shunned by the salmon. They are seeking a cold, clear, rushing stream that has a gravelly bed.

Higher and higher upstream they press, climbing falls, leaping rapids, climbing over stones, fighting always onward and upward. Salmon have been known to ascend falls of great height. They have been known to lurk in pools for weeks, making attempt after attempt to climb up the falling waters, and sometimes to perish in the effort.



Salmon have climbed forty-two feet by means of fish ladders blasted in the river bed by men.

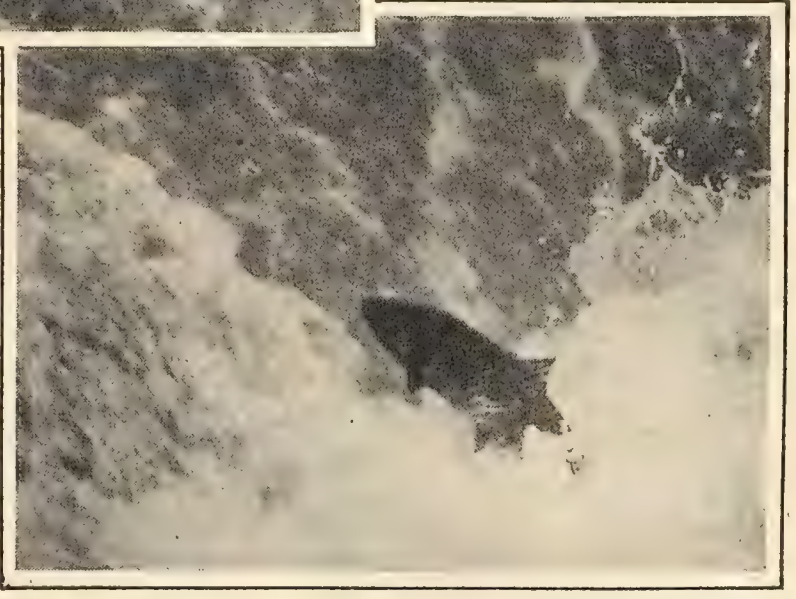
How far they will travel upstream is an unanswered question. Some experts believe that a salmon not only returns to the river in which it was spawned, but to the same place in that river to which its ancestors came. Pacific salmon have been caught more than 2,500 miles from the mouth of the Yukon. That the true salmon have even ascended to the very headwaters of the St. Lawrence and other rivers is certain.

Once arrived at the destination, scarred and worn from the battle with rushing water and impeding dams and rocks, the salmon select a place in the bed of the stream. While the female works and scrapes, the male, using nose, body, and fins, moves the pebbles and larger stones aside, and aids her in excavating a long, shallow trench in the sand.

When the trench is of the desired depth the female deposits her eggs in it, and when the male has covered those eggs with the fertilizing semen, they co-operate again to cover the eggs with sand and pebbles.

The male and female linger around the pool through the winter, eating nothing, always on guard. It requires from eighty-five to 150 days for the spawn to hatch, depending upon the temperature of the water; and for the next three or more weeks the little fish remain inside the gradually growing and stretching sac that surrounds them.

Then, when they are an inch and a half long, they burst the sac and emerge—prepared for the battle of life. The male and female remain for a short time longer—usually waiting for the right stage of water rather than for the protection of the young, which are destroyed in large numbers by predatory fish, especially trout.



Oregon Journal photos

The fish will lurk in pools for weeks, making attempt after attempt to scale high falls.

IN the case of the Pacific salmon, however, the end of the spawning and the hatching of the new generation mean death to the old. They remain near the spawning bed, eating nothing, growing thinner and thinner until they die. In the upper reaches of the Columbia, the Fraser, the Yukon, the Stikine, and other great salmon rivers of the Northwest they die by millions, until the beds of the receding streams are masses of putrefying fish.

But the tragic fate of the Pacific salmon is not visited upon the salmon of the sportsmen. When the water reaches the right stage, when the ice is going out of the rivers in March, April, or May, the gaunt, blackened salmon, ravenous with hunger, start for the sea.

He travels day and night, without halting, until he disappears into the salt water; there feeding deep, restoring his strength and flesh, and storing up energy for his return to the spawning grounds the next fall.

The small salmon, then in a state called parr, remain in the fresh water, feeding upon no one knows what, until the third year, when it joins the migration of the older

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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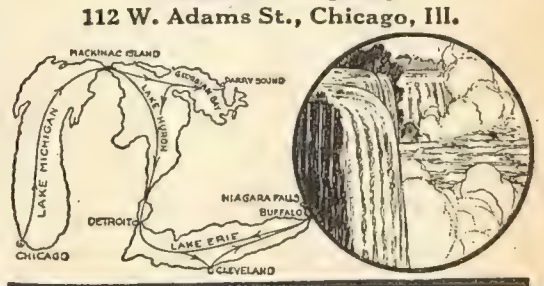

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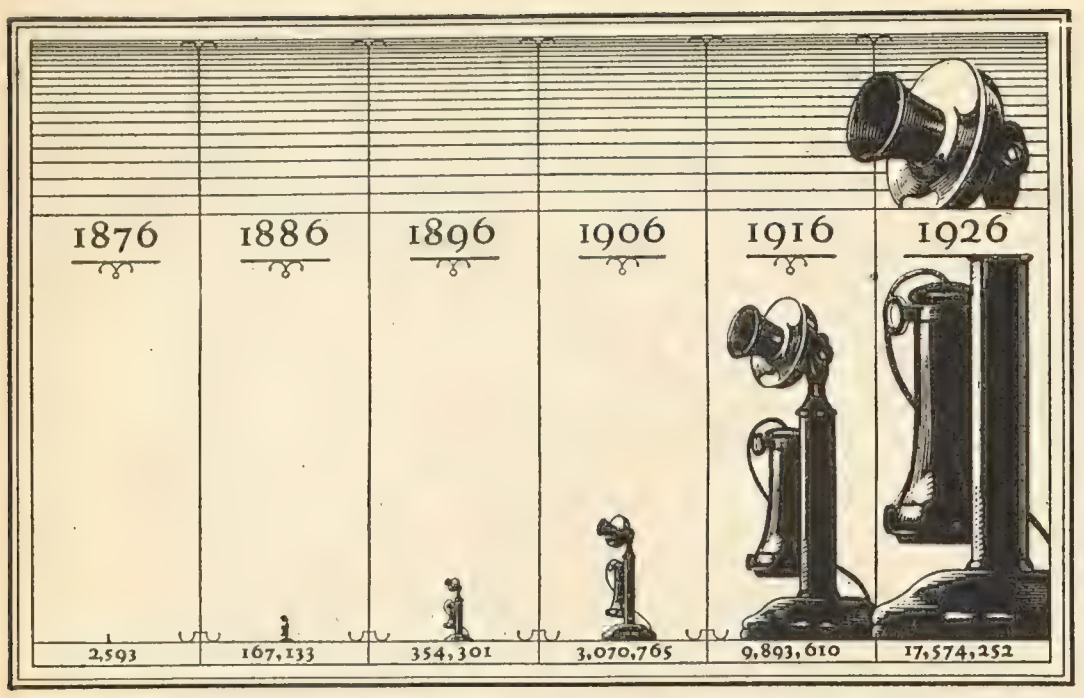

Milestones in National Service

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THERE are twenty-five Bell companies but only one Bell System—and one Bell aim and ideal, stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

The past year brought the service of the Bell Telephone System measurably nearer that goal. Seven hundred and eighty-one thousand telephones were added to the System—bringing the total number interconnected in and with the Bell to more than seventeen and a half million. The number of applications waiting for service, including those in new and outlying sections, was reduced fifty per cent.

A third transcontinental telephone line was completed to the Pacific coast.

The largest number of miles of toll wire for one year was added to the System—more than 664,000 miles.

The average length of time for completing toll calls throughout the System was lowered by thirty-five seconds.

A seven per cent improvement over the previous year was made in the quality of voice transmission in toll calls.

An adjustment was made in long distance rates amounting to a reduction of about $3,000,000 annually.

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[THE LEAPER Continued from Page Sixty-five]

salmon to the sea. Whether the parr go out at the same time the spent salmon do is another question. Some do; but there is evidence that the migration of the parr is slower and covers a much greater length of time.

The mystery of the feeding habits of salmon in their various stages is unsolved. True, they have accumulated great supplies of vitality while in the salt water. But why will they rise to a fly if they are not feeding? Food virtually never is found in the stomachs of salmon while they are in fresh water. Of thousands of stomachs examined, only a few contain anything. The digestive apparatus is shriveled, juices are dried up, and before the end of the spawning season it is evident that the store of nutriment is about exhausted.

Yet they strike a fly with the savagery of a trout. When a trout rises to a fly it is feeding voraciously, and swallowing thousands of insects that hover over the water. The salmon, apparently, strikes at a fly because it is angry, striking at something it thinks is attacking it or threatening its young; and any fisherman who has felt the thrill will believe it is one of the gifts of Providence to mankind.

HOLD a canoe poised at the head of a stretch of water ending in a swirling pool. Make a cast across the stream—eighty, 100, 125 feet, perhaps—to see the bright-colored fly drop upon the surface of the racing water and dance there. Then see a black head suddenly break above the water ten feet below. With head and back rising higher and higher out of the water, coming upstream at terrific pace, the salmon strikes the offending fly!

It is best, if possible, for the fisherman at that stage to disembark from the canoe and find firmer footing. If the salmon is of any size the fisherman is in for a battle that will last ten, fifteen, twenty minutes—sometimes an hour.

I remember one, struck in a rapid at the head of a long pool on the Restigouche, that fought for one hour and twenty-five minutes, during which time fish and fisherman worked more than half a mile downstream, the angler clinging to a difficult bank and fighting steadily all the time. Five times the fish raced more than 100 feet until the drag of the reel and the weight of the line checked his rush. Not fewer than a dozen times was he entirely out of the water, leaping, turning somersaults, and fighting for freedom, until finally, still tugging in weary desperation, he was swung into an eddy and brought to gaff. He weighed thirty-one pounds.

There always will be an argument as to which is the best salmon river. The Miramichi and its tributary, Cains; the Restigouche, the York, the Cascapedia, the Cape Chat, the Nipisguit, a dozen others in New Brunswick, any of the score of rivers of Nova Scotia, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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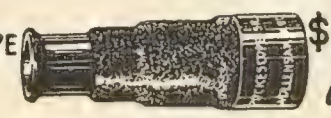

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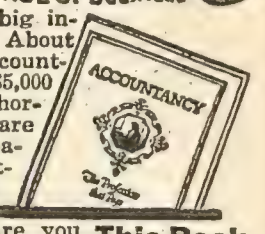

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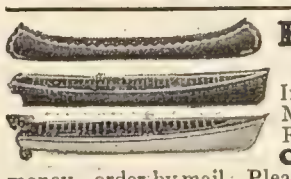

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

few in Maine, the short rugged rivers of Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island; the Tay, the Perth, and a score of others in Scotland; the rivers of Norway, Sweden, and northern Germany—all have their claims.

BUT for me Cains, most delectable of all salmon streams, and its little tributary, Salmon Creek, and the long, long pool about a mile above where Cains pours its flood into the waters of the Miramichi.

The salmon of the Atlantic is growing scarcer in spite of the vast restocking operations in Canada, the United States, Scotland, and Germany. Its range seems to be more and more northerly. It used to be caught in the rivers as far south on the American continent as Cape Cod, and in Europe south of the Seine.

Compared with the commercial salmon of the Pacific, the Atlantic salmon is well protected. Game laws, restrictions imposed by guides and by the lessees of rights to fishing waters in Canada, save the Atlantic salmon; while everyone preys upon the commercial salmon tribes. To such an extent have the Pacific salmon been raided that the destruction of a great industry has been threatened.

Now, irrigation projects and the hydroelectric power developments menace the spawning grounds.

The Columbia River is the greatest spawning ground of all. Unless the power and irrigation companies can reach an agreement with the salmon packers, and the engineers can devise ways to enable the salmon to reach the upper streams, the Columbia River salmon will become extinct.

Because of the deadlock between the interests, the engineers are striving to devise a plan by which salmon can be trained to climb ninety feet. The fisheries experts are doubtful whether a fish ladder ninety feet high will solve the problem.

Already, however, the Pacific salmon have been trained to climb forty-two feet. The highest fishway in the Northwest is that high, and is in the Willamette River at Oregon City Falls. The magnificent fish used to climb those falls without aid from man, but when the Hawley Pulp and Paper Company built its plant and diverted the flow, the water became too shallow for the fish to make the climb, so artificial steps were blasted in the falls to enable the fish to ascend them by easy stages.

A dozen times he was out of the water, leaping, turning somersaults, and fighting for freedom.

Brown Bros. photos

This Leaper was photographed on the Humber River in Newfoundland. He can climb straight up a falls fourteen feet high.

A SALMON can climb straight up falling water to the height of fourteen feet. The steps of this ladder are from two to four feet apart and eight to twenty feet wide, and the fish take them as easily as boys play leapfrog. Carl Shoemaker, master fish warden of Oregon, figured that 400 of them climb this ladder every hour during the height of salmon runs.

Thus far the power companies have not restricted the freedom of the Atlantic salmon, save along the northern coast of the United States.

Canada is far ahead in protecting them, and the leasing of salmon waters to sportsmen insures even greater protection.

THE END

He fought with an eagle's heart until a lone bullet stopped his flight. His story begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

Make this a summer you'll never forget!

WEEK-END fishing trips—hours on the golf course—picnics galore—happy, carefree miles over breeze-swept country roads. Get away from hot city streets and crowded walks. Spin over the beckoning highways. Seek out the unbeaten trails.

All this and more is yours with a Harley-Davidson Single. The cost is merely a fraction the cost of a car—*only one cent per mile!* And you'll be proud too, of the sleek, stream lines of this handsome mount.

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Vox Pop

A Boost or a Knock?

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.—I enjoy LIBERTY. I buy it regularly to read on the train. I have three young daughters, so naturally do not take it home.—*H. M. Bates.*

Growing Up

CHICAGO, ILL.—For heaven's sake, give your so-called childish readers credit for a little mentality and cut

out those terrible Emmy, Nicky, and Greg stories. I would rather read Sherlock Holmes any day.—*Going on Fourteen.*

More Blood and Thunder

CARMEL, N. Y.—I certainly agree with M. Z. Quinn when he says that Love's Greatest Mistake is LIBERTY'S greatest mistake. My gawd, man, can't you get something exciting? Chuck in a good detective story with a couple of good murders. I'm only twenty-three years old, but I know a lot. I want some good stories and I don't mean maybe.—*A Young Cynic.*

It's No Mistake

BRISTOW, OKLA. — Contradicting Mr. Quinn's statement, I'll say that Love's Greatest Mistake is *not* LIBERTY'S greatest mistake. Far from it. It was a very entertaining story.

Perhaps Mr. Quinn was vexed at the author for laying the plot of the story in New York instead of Chicago, Mr. Quinn's home town. Also Viola Brothers Shore is hot stuff with her snappy brogue. I cer'nly do like LIBERTY.—*R. V. G.*

Our Courteous Salesman

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Congratulations on your story, Love's Greatest Mistake. Let's have another. Also congratulations on having such a courteous salesman as Leon Levine. I purchase a LIBERTY from him each week and am never disappointed.—*Mrs. C. W. C.*

Here's How!

AVALON, PA.—C. J. E. says "Dry up or shut up," which is an error on her part. Of course there were ministers in the A. E. F. I didn't see any, but they must have been there. Fighting outfits were 90 per cent wet. I'm so dry now that I'm going right out and get a drink.—*M. J. McKierman.*

This So-Called Law

ASHLAND, KY.—Would like to say that C. J. E. of Lynn, Massachusetts, is either a bootlegger or has a brother that is one, or a d— fool. No red-blooded American who claims to be free-born can keep from boiling over at prohibition as the bootlegging millionaires have it today.

This so-called law has made more criminals, caused more deaths, and cost more money than all the saloons our used-to-be-free country ever did. To h—l with it.—*John J. Smith.*

You Tell 'Em, Dan

KANSAS CITY, MO.—LIBERTY, the magazine that made the nickel famous.—*Dan McFarlan.*

Backing Up Vinnie

WATERLOO, IA.—While I enjoy your many splendid articles, one of your recent issues has one article in it which I want to commend highly. I refer to the one by Vincent Richards on the reasons why he turned to professional tennis. I hope that your publication will run more articles on this subject, and let the American people know the facts.

I have talked to at least half a dozen of Iowa's leading tennis players since this article has come out, and, without any exceptions, they are behind Mr. Richards in his campaign to keep the great game of tennis for the lover of the game and the athlete, in preference to a few cake-eaters.—*Merle J. Brown.*

Pips and Pains

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I enjoy Aline Kilmer's stories very much and I think your continued story, Love's Greatest Mistake, was a pip. I enjoy all LIBERTY'S stories and I'm crazy for mysteries. See if you can dig up a mystery. The last Sherlock Holmes was grand. I agree with Louise Ward of California when she says some of the letters she sees in Vox Pop are pains.—*A Girl of Ten.*

Night Clubs?—in Indiana?

BEDFORD, IND.—What's this bird, John K. Winkler, talking about when he says the days of bouncing are gone? Why, he's all wet. I'm refer-

ring to the article, I've Been Thrown Out of Better Places Than This.

When he gabs about the old saloons of years ago being tough—why, say, they're tame compared to some of the night clubs of today. Let him pay a visit to some of the modern bootlegging joints, and he'll wise up damn quick.—*Francis A. Schaub.*

Virtuous Men and Dangerous Women

CHICAGO, ILL.—For the benefit of the men, will you print another letter on the subject of fallen sisterhood? I am a middle-aged woman. I can well remember when I really believed that all men would bear watching. Now I truly believe there are as many good men, morally, as there are good women. I know there are many men who would help a woman to go straight, and I believe there must be many men who are disgusted with women who are not straight.

The only reason I do not sign my darned name is that if some of my neighbor women read it, they might come in and mob me.—*E. D. B.*

And So We Print This, Too

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Your magazine is a literary vulture, which has discovered the public's vanity: to see their words printed, and read by many thousands. And you have added Vox Pop mainly to uphold that vanity and to aid in upholding yourselves. Please omit Vox Pop before the public gets wise.—*G. A.*

We'll Reform Them Yet

SAND HOLLOW, IDAHO—To be frank with you, I'm a bootlegger. I have always liked LIBERTY, but I especially liked the article on Pershing. Let's have more like that. That was a masterpiece. I also liked Bloody Williamson. I believe every bootlegger would subscribe to your magazine if given a chance. The patrons on my route are all LIBERTY readers. —*LIBERTY Booster.*

Same to You

FORT WAYNE, IND.—When better magazines are built LIBERTY can build them. Good luck to you!—*H. O. G.*

Smart Women

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I want to say a good word for Rita Weiman's story, Slow Torture. Miss Weiman has hit a large and important nail smack on the head. A lot of us women could take a valuable tip from her accurate little portrait.

Of course this *Mildred Stark* was not genuinely intelligent. Genuine intelligence would have understood her husband's reactions and rights—which, after all, were only the reactions and rights of any ordinary person, man or woman—and acted accordingly. *Mildred* had intellect, but no sense.

And there are thousands of us like her. Yet we wonder why we are not popular.—*Violet Olive Johnson.*

Clean Fiction

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—I have read with the deepest pleasure the story by Rita Weiman called Slow Torture.

I want to take this occasion to congratulate you upon being one of the few magazines of the present day that is making a point of giving to its readers clean fiction of thoroughly worth-while interest.—*William K. Laline.*

Done!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your story, Slow Torture, by Rita Weiman, was the best short story that I have read in many years. Please sign up the author for many more. — *Arthur Gran.*

Great Men—Small Boys

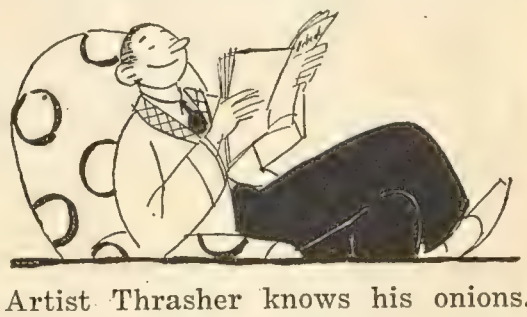
RYE, N. Y.—I have long intended writing to express my great appreciation of LIBERTY, and of your editorials, articles, and stories. Today, after reading your editorial about football and Vincent Richards' article about tennis, I am doing so while I am still "hot."

They were both great. It is maddening that conditions such as both describe should be existent in our social life today, but it is certainly a fact that they do exist. Any person or organization that is subject to the autocratic will of one man is exposed to the greatness or smallness of that individual's nature. And after knowing many "big men," in and out of business, I know it is a fact that many of them are impossible. They are just selfish, opinionated small boys, grown up.

All your articles are interesting and full of meat and argument. I prefer them to the conventional love tales.—*J. Bruce Wellcome.*

Food for Thought

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—LIBERTY to me is what Eggs are to Ham. If I fail to get LIBERTY every Monday, there's Hell to Pay in my bailiwick.



Artist Thrasher knows his onions. His covers tickle my sense of humor to the "busting point." Any old male or female squirt who fails to get a laugh out of LIBERTY should be pushing up daisies. Cartoonist Barton may be "nuts," but he gets paid for being that way, and I know a lot of sane people that are starving to death.—*Jack Murray.*

Moral Geography

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Being what Mr. Wyckliff Nesbit would probably term a "damned Yankee," I want to enter my little protest against the insult he has offered Northern girls.

Having lived in the South some time, I think I know a little about the moral conditions he attempts to write of. I won't condemn all Southern girls as he does all Northern girls. There are still a few sweet and unsophisticated girls, and unsophistication of the Southern girl is becoming almost as extinct as the chivalry of the Southern man. I have seen more drinking and petting in the South than I ever saw through the North and West; also, more rudeness and bad manners, of which his letter is a good example.—*B. Wilson.*

WALLACE

Motif

The complete line of fine pencils—*Priced as pencils should be priced*

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Motif (general use)
Motif Drawing
Motif Red
Motif Blue
Motif Indelible } 10¢

Slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

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Finished in pastel blue enamel and tipped with a blue eraser

The Complete Wallace Motif Line

The Wallace Motif—the famous pencil for general use.

The Wallace Motif Drawing—round or hexagon in five degrees of lead.

The Wallace Motif Red—a real quality checking pencil.

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WALLACE PENCILS

Made by WALLACE PENCIL COMPANY
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Wallace was the first American manufacturer to conceive the idea of a metal box for pencils. The Wallace Motif is conveniently packed one dozen in a beautifully colored, lithographed metal box and sealed with the Wallace Quality Seal. You'll find it the most satisfactory way to buy for the home, school and office.

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For 75¢ we will send you, postpaid, a complete assortment (1 doz.) of the famous Wallace Motif line, or, if your dealer can't supply you, we will send any of the numbers postpaid at the prices listed above.

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LIBERTY'S four-color printing is unequalled among weekly magazines.

The quality of paper is given special consideration.

LIBERTY uses 58 pound *cover stock* for all four-color printing—the Saturday Evening Post uses 41 pound stock.

Every effort is made to reproduce four-color advertisements in LIBERTY as perfectly as possible. Note those in this issue. How do you like them?

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB 471, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© 1927 6427

IT is an ancient and honorable custom to urge the trial of a tooth paste with a sample of small size and short use—and such a sample we offer in the coupon in the corner.

But at best, such a sample can prove only Ipana's delicious taste and its wonderful cleaning power, while a full-size tube, used faithfully for a month, will show you a decided improvement in the health of your gums.

Under our diet of soft modern food, the health of our gums is endangered. But, with Ipana and a light massage, you can restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage in itself is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists.

So use Ipana every day for a month. Buy the large tube from your nearest druggist. It contains over a hundred brushings. You'll be pleased with its beneficial effects upon your gums, you'll be delighted with its cleaning power and you'll enjoy its pleasant flavor every time you use it.

Strawberries Make Luscious DESSERTS

Meringue shells combine delightfully with the toothsome strawberry, especially if filled with ice cream.

By ETHEL SOMERS

EXCEPT by the few who are disagreeably affected by strawberry protein, strawberries are the universally favored berries. Many summer mealtime fantasies in the way of appetizers, salads, and desserts may be created easily from luscious red-cheeked strawberries. They are at once gratifying and wholesomely appealing.

Strawberries lend themselves to a great variety in service. From a dietetic standpoint this is indeed fortunate, for they are adaptable to service in the lightest kind of dessert, or they may be made up in combinations that will very nearly provide a whole meal in one dish.

Large chilled strawberries are attractive when served simply, with the hulls attached, and arranged in a circle. So served they make a most satisfying light dessert to follow a substantial meal. Served thus as a first course they insure a tempting appetizer. Served on meringue shells, ice-cream filled, or in any whipped-cream combination they provide a hearty dessert to round out a light vegetarian or cold-meat menu.

Strawberry-Ice-Cream Meringue Shells

PREPARE meringue shells as directed in LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, page 39. Prepare plain or fruited ice cream—see pages 48 and 49, same book. Fill the cooled meringue shells with the ice cream and garnish generously as pictured here with crushed strawberries.

Crushed Strawberries

1 quart berries
¼ cup orange juice
1 cup sugar or 1¼ cups confectioner's sugar

SELECT the ripe berries only. Pour into a colander. Dip *quickly* in and out of hot water, blanching *at once* in cold water. Repeat, using the greener berries, but leaving them longer in the hot water in proportion to their greenness. This will work wonders in ripening berries that might otherwise have to be discarded. After thoroughly washing in the cold water remove the hulls. Throw away any overripe, soft, or discolored berries. Place in a sieve in the ice box to drain and chill before serving. Never let stand in the serving-dish, as water gathers in the bottom and causes the berries to soften and decay rapidly. Just before serving add the sugar and orange juice. Crush slightly with a whisk or potato masher. Serve at once on shortcake, ice cream, or meringue shells, as desired.

CLEAN berries by dipping quickly in and out of hot water and promptly washing in cold water.

Strawberry Ice Cream

2 cups cream
1 cup sugar
½ cup orange juice, if desired
1 cup strawberries (if desired, 2 cups may be used, in which case add ½ cup sugar)

SCALDING the cream before using gives a greater body and finer grain to the ice cream. This step is to be desired, though not necessary. Dissolve half the sugar in the hot cream (or if the cream is used cold stir more vigorously to dissolve it). Before packing in the freezer, clean the berries and sprinkle with the remaining half of the sugar. Add the orange juice, if used, and let the berries stand. Meanwhile freeze the cooled cream mixture by churning slowly in a freezer can surrounded by ice and salt (6 to 1). When partially frozen, open the freezer can and add the crushed berries pressed through a piece of cheesecloth supported by laying in the bottom of a sieve. This makes a smoother ice cream than if the crushed fruit is added without sieving. Repack the freezer and continue to freeze until the cream is stiff. Remove the dasher, repack, and store at least one hour to ripen.

Cheap Strawberry Ice Cream may be made by adding the proportion of sugar and berries as directed in the above recipe to the Filled Ice Cream recipe given on page 48 of LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes.

Strawberry Ice Box Cake. See LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, page 38, adding one to two cups of crushed strawberries to the creamed butter-and-sugar mixture of the Ice Box Cake recipe.

Strawberry Tarts

Baked pie shells or meringue shells, as you choose
1 quart strawberries, left whole
1¼ cups confectioner's sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 pint strawberries, sieved

RUB 1 pint of cleaned berries through a coarse sieve or colander. Measure and add an equal quantity of granulated sugar (probably 1 cup) and the lemon juice. Mix until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Boil and stir to the jam stage (218° F.) At this temperature, as the spoon is lifted and held out of the boiling syrup, the fruit syrup will hang in two heavy drops that will sheet off the side of the spoon. Cool slightly and spread in an even thin layer over the whole raw strawberries, which after cleaning were mixed with the confectioner's sugar and arranged in neat layers in the baked pie or meringue shells.

Strawberry Jam (1 pint)

1 pound strawberries
¾ pound sugar

or

½ pound strawberries
½ pound rhubarb or pineapple or both combined
¾ pound sugar

SELECT fruit at least a portion of which is underripe, so that it will be rich in pectin, a jellying substance very necessary for good jam. Pick over and wash the fruit. Do not peel the rhubarb, but cut into half-inch lengths. Shred the pineapple if used. Mix the fruit and sugar. If a large quantity of jam is desired, make this small recipe many times, as the product from a large batch will be gummy and colorless. Let stand for 15 minutes to extract some of the juice, which will tend to prevent burning. Cook quickly in a shallow kettle of considerable capacity. Boil to the jelly stage, 220° F. (5 to 30 minutes, depending on the ripeness of the fruit and whether the harder fruits are used in addition). Pour into hot sterile glasses. Seal as desired with rubbers and clamps or paraffin.

He was Death's own ambassador. Watch for the thrilling story of his life in LIBERTY, beginning June 18.

When You Think It's Too Hot to Eat

WIN back the fickle appetite with the recipes in LIBERTY'S *Menu Book of Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks.* It lifts a heavy burden from any woman's shoulders and costs only 10 cents.

You can also find ideas for tempting summer dishes in LIBERTY'S *Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes,* and you ought to have a regular LIBERTY Cook Book, too—*100 Standard Recipes.* They're 10 cents each, but you can get the three recipe books for only 25 cents. Be sure to use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

STREET or R. F. D. .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

6-4-27

COME to My

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

A Serial by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"One of our men has been trailing you since late this afternoon.

HAD "Johnny" Century been a plain girl, Fate might never have chosen her to toy with—and, possibly, to break. But she was beautiful. Fate struck. And the moment came when she knew that she was responsible for the violent death of a man she had never seen.

It all began at the Long Island home of Renée and Jimmy Parsons. There, Murtaugh Pell proposed to her—and Johnny accepted him. Perhaps she had known Murt too long, was too sure of him, for, the very evening of her engagement, she fell under the spell of the pale face of Floyd Bennings. Like one dazed, she went, that night, to his little house, and spent one mad hour of rapture in his arms.

The next day her grueling punishment began. First, she learned that, on the way back from Bennings' place, Elenor Doyle, Renée's gay flapper friend, had seen her. Next, that Bennings had fled to New York. She followed him and he proposed to her, which, though she refused him, was a prop to her pride. She needed it, for a mysterious male voice called her up at her mother's apartment. It was that of Fraylor, a blackmailer who had spied on her and Bennings. To make sure of his hush money, Fraylor phoned Jimmy Parsons, and Jimmy informed Pell. But stanch old Murt, though bewildered, was still true to his love.

The real blow fell when Johnny was told that Fraylor had gone to Floyd Bennings' office, and that Bennings had killed him! This tragedy drew from Elenor Doyle a confession; she poured into Johnny's ears the fact that she was infatuated with Floyd. Well, it was Murt whom Johnny loved, and Murt who now came to her with the news that the *Moon*, a scandal sheet, had a hint of her connection with the crime. He begged her to marry him at once, but her agonized brain could think only of the life at stake.

PART SEVEN

CRISES in our affairs are rendered unbearable by the people we love, Johnny decided. Events themselves amount to nothing. It is the intrusion of people into events that magnifies the latter. How unscathed the affair with Floyd Bennings would have left her had it not been for the impingement of others upon it! Even now, with scandal hovering over her, the matter would lose half its gravity were it not for the hurt done to Murtaugh Pell and the certain injury to her mother. It seemed that we could no more hurt ourselves without injuring equally those we loved than we could—if we were healthy-minded—please ourselves without also pleasing those dear to us.

But every step that Johnny took from now on must be guarded and guided; she must so act that Pell be not made a mockery; she must protect, as far as possible, the Century name. Thank God for one thing: Mrs. Century was so enjoying the visit to Southampton that she was prolonging it for several days, so a telegram had informed Johnny.

Now, in the moment when Johnny foresaw that an act of hers was about to wreck the edifice in which her mother had her being, the girl felt a resurgence of childhood affection. It was such a rotten thing to do—to smirch her mother's reputation.

Pell had told her, before his reluctant departure, that he had been unable as yet to make an appointment with either Gildroy or Grant, Floyd's partners. Caution advised that she leave the matter in the hands of Pell. And then, as always, she dismissed caution in favor of courage.

After all, while she owed obligation to her

HOUSE

He knows that you went to the Tombs to visit Bennings. He knows that Gurney was here."

mother, and while the fact that Pell loved her rendered his wishes almost mandatory, she owed something to herself. Cowardice never achieved anything; bravery might.

Then she smiled wanly at her own self-comforting. No use trying to delude herself: neither cowardice nor bravery nor any merging of the two would avert the consequences of her own actions. The only thing that could possibly save her would be Floyd's continued refusal to bring her into the affair. She knew perfectly well that not even the menace of the electric chair would cause Floyd to mention her in his defense. Suppose the newspapers or the police did trace her car? The fact that Fraylor's family knew that the owner of that automobile was somehow involved in Fraylor's affairs was not incriminating. If the dead man's family had known exactly what slimy plan was in Fraylor's mind, the tip given to the *Moon* would have been more definite. But blackmailers are not wont to take into their confidence even the members of their families. All Johnny had to do was to wait for an accusation to be made, and then deny it.

She could count absolutely on Floyd. But unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately; it depended on one's point of view—she couldn't count on herself. Even as she visualized Floyd stubbornly refusing to compromise her, she knew that she would not permit him to abandon the defense that introduction of her name would mean.

Murtaugh had been unable to get into communication with Gildroy or Grant. That was not remarkable; probably scores of cranks had already telephoned the lawyers. But Pell was not personally acquainted with either of the lawyers. Neither was she, for that matter, but mention of her name would probably bring one of them to the phone. And, if it didn't, she would go to their office or their houses and force herself upon them.

But she had not magnified the effect of the Century name even upon such a conservative person as Phineas Gildroy. His voice, slightly stilted, murmured her name. He asked what he could do for her, and the question was proof that not even to his partners and attorneys had Bennings divulged her part in the tragedy.

"I wish to see you as soon as possible," she told him.

ALTHOUGH she had no idea what Gildroy looked like, the accent of surprise in his tones made her imagine that he was pursing a pair of very thin lips.

"We are just closing the office," he told her; "and for the next several days we will be so engaged—"

She interrupted him, almost rudely. "Of course, I know. But the matter that's engaging you is the very thing I want to see you about."

His utterance might be precise, but the man could take a hint.

"Do you wish me to call upon you?" he asked.

She thought rapidly. Her course of action had been decided upon, but there was no need of advertising it in advance. If Gildroy called upon her, and was recognized by either police or press, matters might be precipitated. She knew what she was going to do, but she preferred to do it in her own way, unhurried by anyone else.

"I'd rather call upon you," she told him. "At your house."

There was a moment's silence before he replied. Then he gave her the address of his home on Stuyvesant Square, and suggested that she meet him there in thirty minutes.

Perhaps it was the fear inspired by a guilty conscience, or an imagination overstimulated by strain; but she would have sworn that as she stepped into the taxicab, a heavy-set man eyed her with an interest not at all that of the would-be masher. Glancing back several times in her journey to Stuyvesant Square, she was convinced that at least one other taxicab followed her. Perhaps she was not to be permitted, after all, to make her own decision. Oh, well, she shrugged, we never made our own decisions anyway; things and people made them for us, she had learned some time ago.

She mounted the steps of the old-fashioned house on the old-fashioned square. She felt resolution oozing from her as she pressed the bell, and at sight of the impeccably turned-out footman who opened the door, her knees weakened. The old-fashioned library into which she was ushered added to her fears. And Gildroy himself lent the last touch that almost precipitated her over the verge of panic.

For not only did he wear a Vandyke beard, but his starched cuffs overlapped each other in the style of thirty years ago. His cutaway

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

coat and the wide cravat, its folds held in place by a black-pearl pin, and the pince-nez through which his cold gray eyes regarded her, were all terrifying.

She could visualize Gildroy refusing to yield to the tide of progress. Fashion might move whither its vagaries carried it, but Stuyvesant Square would always remain the address of Gildroy. And if his address and his dress did not conform to modernity, how could she expect that his principles of conduct had been modified by the new age?

HE was the last man in the world she would have chosen for a father confessor. Disapproval seemed to ooze from him. She supposed he still drank port; she was perfectly certain that he had never attended a Broadway revue. How on earth could she tell this unbending man what must be told?

Perhaps he sensed her terror, for suddenly he smiled encouragingly, and became less terrifying.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

The chair into which she sank was a concession to the times, in that it was comfortable.

"Mind if I smoke?" she asked.

The thin lips, not completely hidden by the beard, relaxed slightly.

"I was about to ask your permission to light a cigar," he said. "I find that I cannot digest my dinner unless I smoke a cigar at least an hour beforehand."

He wasn't a day over forty, but she was sure that he wore a chest protector in the winter. But withal, he seemed, with the smoke of a cigar curling around his countenance, less awesome than at first.

"What has Mr. Bennings told you?" she asked abruptly.

His eyebrows lifted. "I think that before I answer any questions about Mr. Bennings, Miss Century, it would be as well if I heard whatever you may wish to tell me."

The humanity of his smile vanished. He was again the austere attorney.

She plunged right into the heart of it. "Mr. Bennings killed the man because of me," she stated.

Gildroy set down his cigar on the edge of a table. Johnny was certain that he had never been guilty of so untidy an act before.

"Why, God bless me, Miss Century, do you realize what you are saying?"

"Mr. Bennings hadn't intimated anything of the sort to you?"

He shook his head. Cautious reserve left him.

"He has told neither myself nor Mr. Grant anything." There was not merely bewilderment in his voice; there was also resentment. "Mr. Bennings, beyond nominating us as his counsel, said practically nothing." His voice rose slightly. "As perhaps you are aware, Miss Century, Gildroy and Grant are estate lawyers. We rarely go into court in civil matters, and the firm has never before represented a criminal."

"How do you know you haven't?" The preciseness, the conscious rectitude of his manner were offensive to her. "Do you suppose that all the millions you so carefully shepherd were honestly acquired? Besides, how dare you call Mr. Bennings a criminal?"

"Murder is an offense against the law of God and man," he replied.

"And there could be no extenuating circumstances?"

"I shall be glad to hear them," he told her.

She puffed furiously at her cigarette, then ground the glowing tip in an ashtray that seemed incongruous in this room.

"On Saturday night," she said, "I visited Mr. Bennings at his country house. The man Fraylor saw me come from there and drew his own conclusions. He telephoned me, demanding money as the price of his silence. Then he telephoned Mr. Bennings, who made an appointment with him, which appointment resulted in Fraylor's death. The newspapers—the police, too, I suppose—have in some way learned the license number of my automobile, and have also been told by Fraylor's family that the person who owns that automobile is involved in the case. In coming to you I am merely anticipating matters."

Gildroy frowned. "But if no one knows anything beyond the facts you say they know, then it is hardly probable that you could be implicated."

"But if, as I'm certain, Mr. Bennings killed the man in a quarrel, that quarrel was because of me. Juries are lenient in cases where such a defense is offered, aren't they?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied; "but it is a defense to which Mr. Bennings could hardly have recourse."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I hardly think that Bennings is the sort to shield himself at the expense of a lady," said Gildroy. "I am certain that neither Mr. Grant nor myself would care to defend him if he chose to drag an innocent woman into scandal."

"Not even if his life depended on it?" she exclaimed.

"It is not the kind of case that we would handle," he asserted. "Furthermore, inasmuch as Mr. Bennings has refused to tell us the reason for the affair, I do not think that he would consent to your testifying."

She shook her head impatiently. "I can appreciate chivalry, but sheer foolishness is something else!" she cried.

"It strikes me that to protect the good name of a woman is hardly what you term it," he said.

SHE stared at him. She had not believed that, in this loose day, such persons were still extant. The conversation had become so unreal, his character was so incredibly fictional in the mid-Victorian manner, that she felt herself impelled to laughter, and quelled the impulse with difficulty.

"You spoke of an innocent woman," she said. "Would it make any difference if the woman weren't innocent?"

"I don't understand you."

"Then I'll make it clear. Suppose that the man who wanted to blackmail me really knew something about me, publication of which would degrade me—what then?"

Gildroy flushed faintly. "I am not going to accept the implication of your words, Miss Century. If it so happened that you had been guilty of an indiscretion, I cannot see that that would have any bearing on the matter. It would be information that I would refuse to avail myself of and that would eternally dishonor my client if he chose to use it."

Johnny wondered what it was that made such a type as this. Perhaps gentlemen were not so rare in this world as she had assumed. Perhaps tradition survived more frequently than she had thought.

Yet she felt a certain impatience with Gildroy. There is nothing so disconcerting as a refusal to accept a sacrifice.

"Well, if you feel you have the right to let your client suffer, and if your client feels that he has the right to suffer, perhaps the District Attorney will feel differently about the matter. It's all very well for Floyd to be chivalrous, and for you to adhere to your code of honor, but I'm to be considered. Will you take me to see Floyd, Mr. Gildroy, or shall I call upon the District Attorney?"

Gildroy recognized a stubborn woman when he met one. After warning her that a visit to the Tombs would naturally bring forth newspaper comment, he forbore further argument.

Indeed, she was conscious of a certain admiration that he could not entirely withhold. That a Century could be guilty of what he euphemistically termed an indiscretion was unbelievable, but his manner seemed to tell her that it would be more incredible if a Century refused to abide by the consequences of her act.

He took her in his own car to the Tombs Prison. She had expected that Gildroy would advance further objection to her course, but to her surprise he said nothing more about the matter. She thought she read his mind: he had done his duty in advising her not to involve herself in scandal. Now he would do his duty to his partner and client. He spoke, in stilted language, of lighter matters, if anything that Gildroy said could be termed light. For the man was rather conscious of his own righteousness, and the righteous, unhappily, are rarely entertaining.

There was some little delay in gaining admittance to the presence of Floyd. A surly officer wanted to put them off until tomorrow; but Gildroy was not one whose manner was a disguise worn to impress himself. He was Floyd Bennings' attorney, knew his rights, and insisted upon obtaining them. And so, finally, they were led to Floyd.

JOHNNY felt as though she were one of the inmates of this dreadful place. She had seen the exterior of the Tombs once before; once, motoring, she had looked down upon the grim barrack that is Sing Sing. But she had never known the atmosphere that pervaded such places as these. The inscription graven over the gates of Dante's hell might well be printed here. She felt a sudden hatred toward the law and its executors. The law was only to punish.

She was almost physically ill when their guide left them in a bare chamber and told them to wait. Her heart became sodden and heavy in her bosom as Floyd was ushered into the room.

So this was the man who had so overwhelmed her by his sheer personality that the traditions of a lifetime had been abandoned. Dispassionately she surveyed him as he walked down the room toward her.

Here was no quaint, old-fashioned house, resting behind white palings, amid an old-fashioned garden, to frame him. Here was no gay party in bachelor rooms to lend him color. Here was just a drably ominous chamber, with a surly man in uniform standing by the door, and in this chamber Floyd Bennings seemed to shrink. Perhaps this wasn't fair; but Pell, she felt, would have loomed larger in these surroundings than in any other.

Bennings' swimming eyes gleamed as he recognized her. There was something almost threatening in his manner as he ignored her and advanced upon Gildroy.

"Why did you bring her here?" he demanded. "Don't you know that every paper in town—"

Johnny interposed herself between prisoner and lawyer. "Did you think that anything in the world could keep me from you?"

He turned to her. "Just what does that mean, Johnny? Does it mean that, despite what you said, you do love me?"

"Would that make any difference?" she asked.

"You know it would. If a woman loves a man, she can endure— No, it won't wash, Johnny. You'd pretend you loved me just so I'd let you help me. But you don't care for me. Let's not pretend. And I'm not going to have you ruin yourself by mixing in this affair. I shot Fraylor like the rat he was. If the law demands punishment instead of offering me gratitude, I'll stand it."

Mad, quite mad, thought Johnny. Perhaps this very madness, which had seemed only eccentricity last Saturday night, had been part, the major part, of his attraction. We live so normally, so placidly, get excited so deliberately, that abnormality, unless it is unclean, is more attractive than otherwise.

Or perhaps, instead of being mad, he was merely reacting melodramatically to a melodramatic situation. She had been conscious of

his theatricalism, which she had thought natural. Perhaps it had been assumed; perhaps, conscious of his very strangeness, he had accentuated this quality in himself. But at that there was no question as to his sincerity. He would conduct himself like a gentleman to the last bitter extremity. She almost hated herself for this cold-blooded analysis of him. Was she beginning to blame him because she had accepted his invitation last Saturday night?

"This is all high-minded and noble, Floyd," she said, "but it won't do. You killed Fraylor because of me, and that fact will make a tremendous difference to a jury. The newspapers and police will have my name in a short while. So I'm not being particularly brave in beating them to it. Now, tell me what happened."

He brushed back a lock of his hair from where it dangled dankly across one eye. Again she resented the histrionic in him. Why didn't he cut his hair shorter so he wouldn't have to be flipping it out of his eyes like a movie hero?

"There isn't much to tell. Fraylor came down to see me. As I intimated to you, I intended to frighten him. I had a revolver in my desk. He said, the swine, that he had seen you stop your car and enter my house. He said that he had come upon the veranda and peeped in. He demanded money. To frighten him I took the gun out of my desk, saying that I'd kill him if he ever breathed a word. He lost his head, grabbed for the gun, and it went off. That's all there is to it. Now, Gildroy and I can cook up a defense. I refused to say a word to him, or to the police, or to anyone, until I found out what the police case amounted to. Now, unless your name is dragged into it, the police know nothing save that a man was killed in my office. They can't disprove any statement I make."

"But they can keep you here until your trial, even if they let you go then," declared Johnny.

"I can stand it," said Floyd confidently.

HE was not theatrical now, and she felt something of that boyish appeal, that ingenuous quality, which had been so attractive at Renée's house.

"But I'm not going to let you stand it," she announced.

"But, don't you see, you can't tell half-truths. Not to a District Attorney, whose very profession makes him suspicious. Johnny, you could never live it down. There's your mother."

"I've thought of her," she said.

"And Pell," he reminded her.

"That's over," she stated dully.

He stared at her, incredulous. Then into his eyes crept admiration. "You love him, too," he charged. "It's the bravest thing—" He suddenly turned against the wall and rested his face on his arms.

Then a jailer entered and announced that the conference had lasted long enough.

Floyd turned to her. Tears were in his eyes. "There isn't a thing to say, Johnny, except that I wish to God Fraylor had killed me. When I think that you, the sweetest thing I ever knew, have gone through all you have because of me—"

Then he was gone, and she turned to Gildroy.

"I want to see the District Attorney," she said.

Out on the street, the forbidding hulk of the prison looming above them, Gildroy protested violently.

"After all, Miss Century," he said, "you don't want to jeopardize Bennings' defense, do you?"

"But the District Attorney wants to know the truth, doesn't he?" she asked. "He wouldn't want to prosecute an innocent man, would he?"

"He wants to get convictions; that's his job," retorted the lawyer.

"But an innocent man—"

He interrupted her: "Bennings killed the man, didn't he? The fact that the killing was not intended may mitigate the crime, but doesn't make it justifiable. The District Attorney might have every sympathy with Bennings, but his plain duty would be to prosecute, and let a jury decide whether or not Bennings had any right, any justification. Now, if you tell the District Attorney what is evidently in your mind to tell him, he knows in advance the line of defense, and will be able to take measures to minimize that defense."

"But by tonight," she protested, "by tomorrow, anyway, he will know that it was because of me that Floyd killed the man. He'll send for me. What do we gain by postponement? Isn't frankness better?"

He hesitated and she pressed home her slight advantage.

"Newspapers make a tremendous fuss over a case that has the slightest hint of mystery in it, and that, I suppose, spurs on a district attorney. But if there isn't any mystery, if the woman in the case"—her voice held a faint sneer as she uttered the phrase—"comes forward at the outset, robbing the affair of mystery—"

Again he interrupted: "Miss Century, you don't seem to understand that your name and position are alone sufficient to make this case a *cause célèbre*. As I told you earlier this afternoon," he went on stiffly, "it is not the sort of case our firm would care to handle. We will, of course, do our duty toward our partner and friend. But he does not wish to drag you into it. I still feel that we have no right to use your name and testimony."

"But you intend to do so," she said shrewdly. "A minute ago you mentioned the line of defense, and intimated that it would be unwise to let the District Attorney know of that defense."

He sighed wearily. "I suppose you're right," he admitted. "But in that case, won't you follow my advice?"

RELUCTANTLY she agreed to do so. The flame of martyrdom had burned brightly in her bosom while she talked to Floyd. To punish herself, as she felt she deserved to be punished, had been her animating motive. She had sense enough to realize it, and the further common sense to understand that Gildroy's angle was saner than her own.

She permitted him to take her home, and when he left, he impressed upon her again the advisability of letting him decide when to bring her into the case.

"But suppose the District Attorney sends for me?" she asked.

"You are just a friend of Mr. Bennings who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE was on her knees incoherently thanking some beneficent Being, when the maid announced that a man from the District Attorney's office was calling.

[COME TO MY HOUSE Continued from Page Seventy-five]

had the common humanity to visit him even though he was in prison," he told her.

"And the newspapers?"

"You have absolutely nothing to say to them," he said emphatically.

On that, she left him. Outside the entrance to the apartment house lounged the heavy-set man who had stared at her so closely upon her departure. She wondered if he had followed her during the past two hours.

Arrived in her apartment, she sat down to a savorless meal. How strange it was that, with all the acquaintances, friends, intimates, she possessed, there was no one to whom she could turn, now, for the relief afforded by the unburdening of her woes. Among all the people she knew, Johnny could think of only one whom she felt she could trust with her confidence. That one, strangely, was Elenor Doyle. And she did not feel like talking to Elenor tonight. Of course, there was Murtaugh, but to see him would be to thrust a knife into her heart. No, she must suffer alone.

UPON the heels of this decision came a ring at the phone and the announcement that Mr. Pell was downstairs. She reversed her decision instantly, and asked that he be sent up.

He was not alone. With him was a man of perhaps fifty, dignified, somewhat portly, and leisurely of movement.

"This is Major Gurney," Pell announced.

His gaucherie in bringing anyone to call was so unlike the rare understanding he possessed that she waited for an explanation. It came instantly.

"Major Gurney is the District Attorney of New York," said Pell.

How stupefied events had left her! The newspapers had mentioned Albert Gurney today, but because they had not given him his military title, the name had meant nothing when Pell pronounced it. She grew so white that Pell stepped forward, and his protective gesture saved her from collapse. He was never going to touch her again. Loving him so much, even the touch of his hand upon hers would shatter to bits her resolution never to yield to him. Pell spoke before she could gasp her surprise.

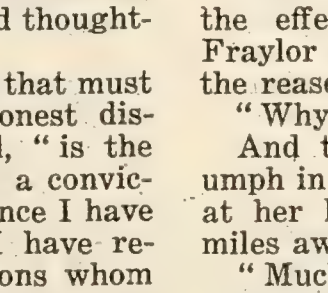
"I've taken a great deal upon myself, Johnny," he said. "I've found that Major Gurney and my father used to be great friends. I went to him, reminded him of that old friendship, and put a hypothetical case before him."

Gurney interrupted Murt in a confidence-inspiring Southern drawl.

"Mr. Pell discovered," he said magniloquently, "that before I became a district attorney I was a gentleman."

His pomposity was not offensive. Somehow he made one feel that his deeds would match his words.

"When Mr. Pell," he went on, "found out how I would act in a hypothetical case, he did me the great honor of believing that in an actual case I would act the same. Miss Century," he continued, as floridly as though he were addressing a political audience, "a prosecutor should not be a persecutor. A district attorney who holds his oath of office sacred should realize that it is as much his duty to prevent wrong being done the innocent as to punish the guilty. The mere fact that a wrong cannot be defined under one or more of the statutes may render it no less a wrong. The blasting of reputations, the sullying of the fair name of a woman, is as great a crime as murder. To such a crime my office will never lend itself. I am not a believer in what is termed the unwritten law; nevertheless, there are occasions when adherence to that unwritten law is justifiable.



"According to the hypothetical case presented to me by Mr. Pell, the case of Floyd Bennings has certain justifications. Yet those justifications might, if presented in open court, work irreparable harm to you. Will you please tell me, relying on my integrity as a gentleman, the reasons for the tragedy?"

Bombastic he certainly was, but in utter earnest. Pell, she felt, had dealt a master stroke of folly or wisdom. If the latter, then Pell had shown himself a veritable genius. If the former, then the situation had not been aggravated by his folly.

She leaned forward, her hands resting lightly in her lap. She told of her visit to Bennings' house; of the blackmailer's telephone calls; of Floyd's message from the dead man; of her visit to the Tombs earlier this evening, and of Floyd's account of the conversation between himself and Fraylor.

AT the conclusion of her recital, Major Gurney nodded thoughtfully.

"Among other things that must be considered by an honest district attorney," he said, "is the probability of obtaining a conviction. More than once since I have been elected to office, I have refused to prosecute persons whom I knew to be absolutely guilty. But the evidence in my possession was such that I knew that it would not convince a jury, and the State would be put to great and useless expense. Despite newspaper clamor I discontinued action in those cases.

"In this particular case I am convinced that no jury, hearing your testimony, and realizing that Mr. Bennings was protecting the name of a good woman from scandal, would convict him. So, if I bring the case to trial, I achieve only one thing: I give the rabble opportunity to interpret evilly an innocent, though indiscreet, action of yours. Miss Century, you may rest assured that Mr. Bennings will be released, that my office will accept his plea of self-defense, and that your name will not appear."

It was incredible. An hour after Gurney and Pell had departed, she was still bewildered. Now, if the newspapers came to her, she would simply profess not to understand what the license number of her automobile had to do with Fraylor. Fragments of Gurney's further speech stuck in her mind, elating her: no witnesses . . . in absence of proved motive, where no witness is available, defendant's story must be accepted. What a decent thing the law was, after all. Or perhaps it was merely her great good fortune that New York had, by some inexplicable popular fancy, chosen to elect a gentleman to a high office.

She had wept, but she was on her knees incoherently thanking some beneficent Being, when the maid announced that a man from the District Attorney's office was calling.

This was quite incomprehensible; but probably Major Gurney had neglected to give her some advice. She wished that she had yielded to Murtaugh's unuttered plea to remain with her. However, there was nothing to be alarmed about. So, having removed the traces of tears from her face, she went into the living-room.

An alert, dapper young fellow greeted her. "I'm Melone, from the District Attorney's office, Miss Century," he said. "I wanted to get your whole story."

"But I've already told it to Major Gurney, and Mr. Bennings is to be released tomorrow," she said in surprise.

HE nodded smilingly. "Of course, I know all about that, but the Chief has to have your story in writing. He overlooked that. Got to have a record, you know."

"You mean you want me to write out everything I said to Major Gurney?" she asked, in amazement.

"No. Merely a statement to the effect that Bennings killed Fraylor because of you. That was the reason, wasn't it?"

"Why, of course," she breathed.

And then, at the light of triumph in his eyes, her hand caught at her heart. From millions of miles away she heard his voice:

"Much obliged, Miss Century. Gurney gave out a statement thirty minutes ago saying that he was convinced that Bennings had killed Fraylor in self-defense, and that there would be no prosecution. But one of our men has been trailing you since late this afternoon. He knows that you went to the Tombs to visit Bennings. He knows that Gurney was here a little while ago."

"One of your men?" She could hardly hear her own voice.

"Sure! I'm from the *Moon*. Melone of the *Moon*."

Johnny's own methods were so direct that Melone found her an easy mark. And he was not alone in being able to hurt her. She still has discoveries to make concerning the surprising coldness of turned shoulders—and the amazing resourcefulness of a man who loves.

When you read this story, you can understand how one man can kill eighty others and be proud of it. It begins in the June 18 issue of LIBERTY.

Twenty Questions

How Well Do You Remember?

LIBERTY is the source of this week's list of twenty questions. The weekly articles furnished most of them, but a few are from the editorial page and the regular magazine departments. The selection was restricted to the issues in March, April, and May.

This list should prove an instructive test as to how carefully you read and how well you remember.

1—What member of the United States Senate discovered a lost city of the Incas in South America?

2—What high government official is a descendant of the man who accompanied Paul Revere on his famous ride?

3—How many ships were junked by the United States under the 5-5-3 agreement with Great Britain and Japan for the limitation of naval armaments?

4—What fish can probably swim faster than any other, and how fast can it swim?

5—What Chief Justice of the Supreme Court administered the oath of office to more Presidents than any other in history?

6—Who selected Betty Bronson to play the leading role in the motion picture, Peter Pan?

7—What proportion of the automobiles manufactured in the United States are of the inclosed type?

8—How many teams in the two major baseball leagues began the 1927 season with new managers?

9—What President of the United States was Secretary of State in Andrew Jackson's Cabinet?

10—Is marriage more common among men or women college graduates?

11—What prize fight drew the largest gate receipts?

12—How fast does hair grow?

13—Why are there more brunettes than blondes among motion-picture actresses?

14—Who is the highest paid motion-picture star?

15—What is the customs duty on jewelry brought into the United States by private individuals?

16—Where does most of the world's supply of gold come from?

17—In what European monarchy is the throne vacant?

18—How many miles of railroads are there in the United States, and how large an investment do they represent?

19—Who made the first balloon ascension and when was it made?

20—What country produces the greatest number of furs?

See Answers Next Week

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How tall was Goliath?
A.—Nine feet nine inches. This is the equivalent of six cubits and a span, his height as given in I Samuel xvii. 4.

2—Why do most English-made cars have the steering equipment and controls on the right side?
A.—Because traffic proceeds on the left side of the road in England.

3—What South American country banned radio sets because they kept persons from working?
A.—Venezuela.

4—How did the expression "charleyhorse" originate?
A.—Anson's old Chicago White Stockings owned an old white horse named Charley which was string-halted. One day Latham, famous clown athlete, strained a muscle while running bases which caused him to limp, and he yelled, "Old Charley Horse!" and exaggerated his limp. The term went through baseball and is applied to almost any stiffness of the leg muscles.

5—When was the Liberty Bell broken?
A.—On July 8, 1835, while being tolled in memory of John Marshall, for thirty-four years Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

6—When was the first Sunday school held?
A.—In 1812, when Robert Raikes gathered a crowd of street boys into his house in Gloucester, England, one Sunday morning and held a free school to keep the boys off the streets.

7—What gas will ripen green fruit in a few hours?
A.—Ethylene gas. In a closed chamber it will perform in a few hours a process for which nature requires several weeks.

8—When were Presidential candidates first nominated by national convention?
A.—On December 12, 1831, when the National Republican Convention met for the first time, nominating unanimously Henry Clay for President.

9—What two State capitals are farthest apart?
A.—Sacramento, California; and Augusta, Maine; an air line distance of 2,663 miles.

10—What should one do after touching poison ivy?
A.—Bathe the skin promptly with soap and water, and apply a saturated solution of acetate of lead.

11—What is the deepest lake in the world?
A.—Lake Baikal, in Siberia. Its greatest depth is 5,300 feet.

12—What other countries have bone-dry prohibition acts, similar to the Eighteenth Amendment?
A.—Finland and Nova Scotia. Two other Canadian provinces, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, have recently repealed similar enactments.

13—Has Switzerland a navy?
A.—Yes. There are no war vessels, but a considerable merchant marine is being developed. The vessels ply the Rhine as far as Rotterdam, Holland, and even make an occasional voyage to England.

14—Who made famous the remark, "Don't give up the ship?"
A.—James Lawrence, who commanded the American frigate Chesapeake in its victory over the British Shannon. Perry later used the same battle cry on Lake Erie.

15—How much desert area is there in the world?
A.—4,861,000 square miles, an area equivalent to the combined areas of the United States, England, France, Germany, Greece, Egypt, the Japanese Empire, and the Fiji Islands.

16—What State has the highest divorce rate? The lowest?
A.—Nevada leads, with 13.40 per thousand of population; and New York is lowest, with 0.42. The rate for the District of Columbia is only 0.26.

17—What nation has the greatest population?
A.—China. While no official census has ever been taken, estimates place the total population at more than 400,000,000.

18—What foreign commonwealth has a new capital city patterned closely upon Washington, D. C.?
A.—Australia. The government was moved in April of this year to Canberra, which has been completed after six years of work.

19—Where in North America is there a pyramid comparable with the pyramids of Egypt?
A.—Near Puebla, Mexico, there is a Toltec pyramid with a baseline of 1,060 feet and more than 200 feet high. Cheops, largest of Egyptian pyramids, has a baseline of 750 feet and is 400 feet high.

20—What is the origin of the term "dog days"?
A.—It derived its meaning from Sirius, the Dog Star, which is supposed to shine most brilliantly on the hottest days of the year.

How cold and calculating a light-hearted youth could be in the face of daily peril alone Beginning in LIBERTY, June 18.

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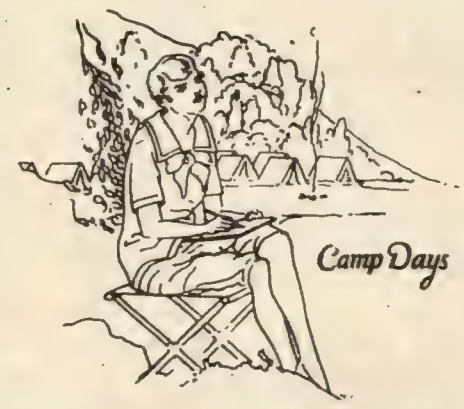


A STURDY PAL FOR CAMP DAYS

Chic & Thrift—Couturiers

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, May 8.

A GREAT English speaker recently remarked, deploring the extravagance of women, "The clothes that make the woman break the man." Paris creators of clothes took issue with him. "The best-dressed woman does not clothe herself to ruin anyone. It is bad taste and not good style that does this." A noted New York psychiatrist told me, when I asked him about it: "Clothes that make the woman may make or break the man, depending on how much sense of beauty and fitness she has." He, who knows women from the sole up and the soul outward, seems to me to be more nearly right in this matter.

The woman who isn't satisfied unless she looks like an Arabian Night's dream is very likely to produce a nightmare of unpaid bills for the man behind the clothes to pay. She is "made" in a certain spectacular way, envied, criticized, or ignored by other women and by men. At the other end of the scales is that other type of woman who breaks the man by being badly dressed, whether her clothes cost much or little.

Clothes count. But in order to be a sum total of chic and elegance, they need not represent an aggregate addition that will break the bank roll of any man. We live in a material world, where women are judged, superficially at least, by the clothes they wear, right down to the haircut and shoeshine. But what these clothes cost is a private concern between woman and her Maker or the Mint, as the case may be.

The woman who says she can't be smart, well dressed, or whatever you want to call it, because she has only a limited amount of money to spend, deserves no sympathy. Such a reason is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. It won't go with anyone in the know. What she means is that she is either too lazy, or too much occupied with other things, to try. She ignores one of the most powerful factors of life—clothes.

I don't mean expensive, brilliant, or opulent clothes necessarily. Rather it is clothes that are as appropriate and beautiful as the sunrise on a June morning which make the woman, and her man too—appropriate to the time, which means smart; and beautiful in the eyes of her age, which means modern. Most of all, it seems to me, the woman should wear clothes that "make" her in the eyes of the husband who foots the bill.

Very few men need be taught to appreciate the simple, well tailored daytime frock or ensemble. They have a natural love of this kind of clothes, which *may* cost enough to imperil the bank balance. A model such as the daytime dress from Drecoll, of pastel-blue silk serge, with its expert cutting, long lines, and white crepe de Chine collar and trimmings, worn with a gray fox fur and simple hat, is the type to make a man proud to pay the bill. In its hour and place this kind of tailored dress gives to the woman that desirable reputation for chic she craves and at the same time it does not devastate.

There are other smart frocks, just as correct, just as smart, and a whole lot more expensive, but they do no more to create the outward aspect of perfection than does this one. So anything further becomes solely of personal status and inclination.

An equally typical model, for the easier hours of the summer afternoon, is shown in our model from Lucile—not the kind of afternoon dress that looks costly, but the kind that appears elegant and alluring. Lucile has made the skirt and underblouse, which is hand tucked, of soft gray tulle. The bolero and the scalloped bands on the skirt are of sky-blue chiffon, joined with narrow braid embroidery in gray and white. The girdle is of blue grosgrain ribbon.

In evening clothes it is much easier to appear with the best of them without any strain on the resources. Such an evening cape as the lamé wrap from Jenny has the grand manner and is altogether simple. It is the cut, with the deep yoke in back and the curved shirred band showing the reverse side of the gold lamé, that makes this wrap distinguished. It ties with gold-fringed scarfs.

THIS is also true of the white georgette evening gown from Paul Caret. The trimmings of crystal fringes that make so effective the graceful movement of the skirt, and the three necklace bands on the waist are examples of evening elegance without ostentation. This gown was worn with a shawl incrusted with a new kind of luminous embroidery painting.

These are four instances of the clothes that may make the woman and that certainly have no shattering results upon the man. There is no reason why she who can afford them should not wear priceless pearls, jewel-studded frocks, and rare furs, but there is equally no need for them in order to be among the well dressed.

(Right) Princess Marie Eristoff wears this Paul Caret frock of white georgette trimmed with crystal embroideries and fringes.

(Left) Gray tulle is banded with blue chiffon and scalloped with gray-and-white embroidery in this Lucile afternoon dress. The bolero is of blue chiffon.

(Left) A brilliant evening cape from Jenny depends on its deep back yoke and curved band of shirred lamé for its obvious distinction. The ties are edged with gold fringe.

Harmony of line and color makes the chic of this Drecoll frock of pastel-blue silk serge with white crepe collar and bands.

The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

"Detail" is Fashion's Password

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WHAT we are always seeking—aren't we?—is the new feature of the fashions, as it unfolds itself week by week. Long ago we found that it lies in some detail, displaying itself on a straight-lined silhouette that has become almost standardized. For today's set of figures, slim and trim and clean-cut, the item to examine is the collar, or, perhaps better, the absence of any such thing.

Just by way of making garments hard to copy, the couturiers have taken to fashioning collars as an integral part of the bodice itself and cut in a piece with it. You see, it is one of those things that look so simple—just not to have a collar, or at best only a little bit of a thing that is merely an extension of a neckline.

In the dress of black crepe and royal blue we can observe the movement in its rudimentary form, with the top of the bodice trimly cut off in a V-shaped line and bound at the point where in former times a collar would be sewed on. In the other models the movement has reached a more advanced biological stage, so to speak, in which a new collar has begun to spring; but instead of being a thing sewed on, it is now an extension of the bodice, cut in a piece with it, and gently mounting in a slight ascent, scarcely higher than a neckband, having, however, the form and the shape of a tailored collar. Its most intricate line lies along the shoulder seam, and by the success with which you accomplish this piece of modeling we shall be able to judge of the speed of your tailor. Maybe it is not becoming to everybody, but it is smart on everybody, and we all know that to be chic is more important than to be pretty in this day.

As for other details, we know about the value of tucks and seams as trimming, but we have only just begun to realize that insets share importance with them. The dress mentioned above employs them in royal blue crepe on black crepe satin, following the outline of a man's shirt front down to the waist. They also go in the form of scallops along the path where the plaited skirt joins the long-lined bodice, and they simulate undersleeves.

AS another feature of the fashions, bows are going strong. There was a time when they were the reverse of popular, and on analysis this circumstance seems significant, for it was when the boyish bob and all that it stood for governed fashions. Masculinity was the fashion then, and now we have no surer proof that femininity holds sway than by the prominence of the bow. We see it in numbers on the black-and-blue model and on the green voile, and indeed on almost every model in France today. At the wrists, at the throat, on belts, one sees them countless times.

You would say the frock of green voile set about to get itself in the *mode actuelle* by employing as many of these above-named devices of the moment as possible, and as much of each as possible. The skirt is one solid round of tucks, laid, as it were, like a foundation. On top of this horizontal ruffles are sewn.

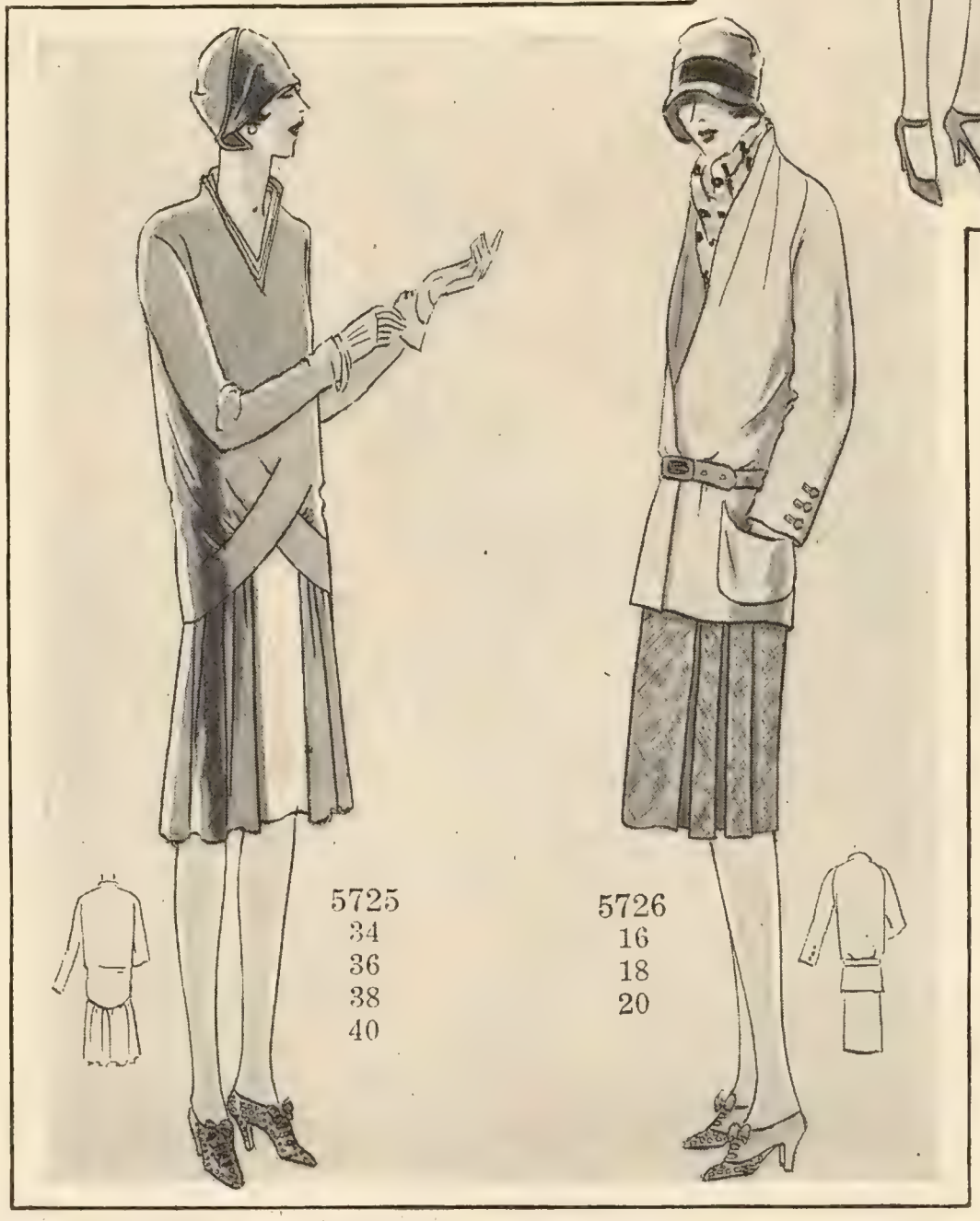
THIS skirt has character and style and the look of being substantial, and it has the added fashionable characteristic of fitting very snugly round the hips, so that by its set it regulates the fall of the bodice, making it take on a blousing line without a belt. This dress, in its light green color, its light voile material, and the almost winged effect of its light dancing ruffles, has an airy daintiness that is ideal for a summer costume.

The little short coat of plain kasha (worn with a tweed skirt and a shirt waist) represents almost the final evolution of the motor wrap. Time was when such a garment had the sole quality of bigness, the idea being to make you look like a rug. Now the idea is to make it little and trim. The short coat is indeed popular today, and for nothing more so than for motoring.

Our first model gets its effect through being made out of some dark transparent material, such as navy voile, which should be worn over a white slip. The front of the skirt is open, showing an under panel of white.

A dress of black crepe garnished with insets of royal blue.

Frock of light green voile, trimmed with tucks and ruffles.



Of dark blue georgette or crepe de Chine, this frock is worn over a white slip.

This short coat is of gray kasha, worn with a tweed skirt and shirt waist.

He fought with an eagle's heart until a lone bullet stopped his flight. His story begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

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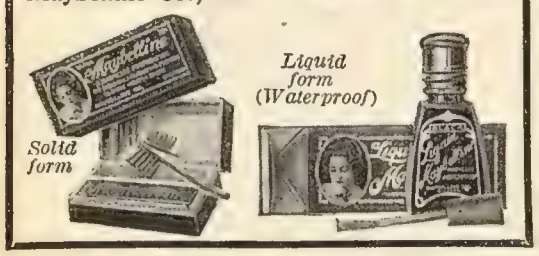

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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Molding the FIGURE of Fashion

By EILEEN BOURNE

THE corset of true fashion has never run smooth. Ups and downs have marked its progress, for the shape and purpose of the corset have followed the ruling idea of the moment as to what is the silhouette of beauty. In the last six years there have been two important changes and we are now at the peak of a third.

Even as late as 1921 most women still were wearing a corset laced in the back and cut high or medium high in front. Not, however, the progressives! Led by the girl who was a flapper during the war, this advance guard began casting off these restricting garments. Pudding-bag figures, stooped shoulders, protruding abdomens, broken lines—such were the results that filled fashion designers with despair.

Then Chanel, the great Parisian couturière, made a ten-strike by popularizing the step-in girdle. She meant it only to sustain the straight yet soft line of her own frocks, but corset manufacturers rushed this model into the market. Everybody began stepping-in. And the boyish figure, flat as a slab—front, sides, and back—became woman's ideal outline.

The yielding character of that scrap of elastic and fabric deprived the radical group of all their old arguments against stays. Its straight line over the hips, conforming to the new vogue, won over the die-hards from those old affairs of steel, bone, and lacing. For these were framed for curves. It expanded the waistline of corset wearers and reduced the hips and stomachs of the pudding-bags.

Then, just as the elastic girdle was well around the feminine world, the medical profession picked a bone with it.

"It is better," said the doctors, "than the old battle armor, better than nothing at all; but for many women it won't do." They proceeded to point out that only she who exercises hard, four or five hours a day, has abdominal muscles sufficiently strong to go without the upward and backward push given by the right corset.

"What beauty is there," they demanded, "in slumped organs and sagging posture?"

So back came boning—in came stitching. And the resulting garments show all the variety of woman's own moods. Step-ins are still with us. Juniors, flappers, athletes, and women of any age who are shaped like pencils wear no other type. But front and side hooking girdles with side strips of elastic and front and back boning in the fabric are now becoming the most popular model for the average figure. As for her of *embonpoint*, that poor darling was never so comfortable and trim.

Inset belts of elastic; long, fitted brassieres; diagonal seaming and clever boning—here are aids that support while they restrain without pinching. Indeed, some houses make only boneless corsets and declare that with cleverly cut and stitched garments weight is distributed better by the elastic method.

One important change within the last two years is the abandonment of the rubber reducing garment. All agree that not only does it give an uncertain line but that its purpose has failed.

AN even more general change is in the accession of curves—but not dangerous curves. Very subtle they are, sufficient only to follow the change in the silhouette of fashion. Goring at the waistline admits that there is such a thing. A slightly raised build repeats the same suggestion. Those dangerously tight brassieres, which resulted in flabby muscles from the stoppage of circulation, are a thing of the past. Boning in the back takes a dip downward and thus permits a more natural sitting posture.

Beauty and health experts both agree that if you wish to have a beautiful silhouette you must do two things—wear a properly fitted corset and do your daily dozen.

THE END

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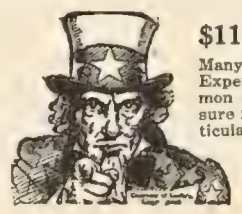

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Bobby JONES Super-Champion

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to

O. B. KEELER

P. & A. photo

The tremendous strain of tournament golf is shown here in Bobby Jones' face following a big match.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In preceding installments of his memoirs Bobby Jones told of his play in three National Amateur and one National Open tournament before he was nineteen. Although he won none of them, his excellent showing, together with numerous victories in minor tournaments and exhibition matches for War Relief funds, had made him nationally known. He was in the middle of his "seven lean years," during which he was recognized as a good player, but could not annex any of the coveted major championships. Here he tells of his invasion of Great Britain and the continuation of his battle for the larger honors in this country.]

PART SIX

DAD was pretty well broken up over my defeat by Francis Ouimet in the National Amateur championship in 1920. I felt worse about him than on my own account. They gave me a flag next day and made me one of the stewards, so I could watch the final match between Francis and Chick Evans. The gallery was estimated at 13,000, and it was great golf. From the tenth hole in the morning round through the tenth in the afternoon round, Chick used seventy-one strokes for nineteen holes.

That tournament saw a British invasion of our Amateur championship—Cyril Tolley, Lord Charles Hope, and Roger Wethered. I was sorry none of them qualified. I met them all and have seen much of them since, especially Cyril and Roger, and got to be very fond of them.

After the championship, I played in an invitation tournament at the Morris County Country Club, and won it—it seemed I could win the little ones, but not the big ones. Then Chick Evans and I played Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, and gave that celebrated pair the worst beating they ever got, I suppose; 10-9.

Winn photo

Bobby at the finish of a full drive with the wood (clipping dandelions).

I was good in the morning, and Chick in the afternoon; he had three 3s in succession on par-4 holes in the first nine. Harry and Ted were worn out from a long tour. Oswald Kirkby and I beat them in an eighteen-hole match at Englewood, and Cyril Walker and I beat them again in the afternoon. But I didn't get very cocky about those four-ball matches. I remembered Ray had won our Open championship and Vardon was second—when it counted.

I WENT to Great Britain early in the following summer, in 1921, when I was nineteen, and added a lot to my stock of golfing education by taking a lacing in the British Amateur championship at Hoylake and performing one last superbly childish gesture by withdrawing from the British Open championship at St. Andrews.

I learned quite a bit at Hoylake, where the turf was hard and the greens like glass. They don't water the greens over there; they believe in letting nature take its course, with golf. The Americans had a regular invasion organized, and won the International match (an informal one), which presaged the Walker

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Eighty-one

Cup competitions of these days.

I played the quaintest golf all through Great Britain—good, bad, and terrible. In my first match in the championship I played well and beat a chap named Manford, shooting about par. Then I met a Mr. Hamlet, who shot an 87—and I beat him just one up. I had to win the last two holes and he assisted me ably by missing a four-foot putt at the seventeenth, while my last putt, half-stymied by his previous stroke, hit his ball at the edge of the cup, and my ball dropped in while his stayed out.

I played a good round against Robert Harris, and won, 6-5. And then a genial, sandy-haired gentleman, Allan Graham, fairly beat me to death with a queer brass putter. I lost, 6-5. Freddie Wright was the last American, going out finally in the sixth round—to Bernard Darwin, the writer, I think. And then the British Open.

Jesse Guilford, called the Boston Siege Gun because of his powerful driving.

I didn't win it, and, what was immensely worse, I didn't play out the tournament. I have some sterling regrets in golf, but this is the principal one. I know it's not regarded as reprehensible to quit in a medal-play competition against the field. I know that some great players and fine sportsmen have done it, but I was a youngster, still making my reputation. And I often have wished I could in some way offer a general apology for picking up my ball on the eleventh green of the third round, when I had a short putt left for a horrid six. It means nothing to the world of golf, but it means something to me—much more now than it did six years ago.

Of course I continued to play, after tearing up my card—that is a figurative term—and shot a very good 72 in the fourth round. But my showing is not to be mentioned in the same tournament where Jock Hutchison made his tremendous finish, and Roger Wethered, by stepping inadvertently on his own ball, lost a stroke and the championship, going into a tie with Jock, who beat him in the play-off.

GOOD old Jock Hutchison—I was playing with him when he made the eighth hole in one stroke in the first round, and on the ninth, 306 yards, his drive rolled up to the hole, touched the rim, and switched off three inches away. He was that close to making two holes in succession in one stroke!

In that tournament Jock was set like a piece of flint to win; and he shot miraculous golf—and then some terrible golf—and he came up to the last round with a 70 to tie Wethered. And 70 at St. Andrews is—well, go out to your home course and shoot a 66 while you fancy the British Open championship is hanging on it.

That was perhaps the greatest round of golf in the history of Open championships—a 70, where par is 73, with only two par-3 holes.

After Jock beat Roger in the play-off, we went back to the United States to enter the American Open, with Duncan and Mitchell in the field, at the Columbia Country Club at Washington.

The greens were skittish at Columbia, and of all the loose putting I ever committed this was the time and the place. Also they had an eighteen-hole qualifying round—a palpable crime—and a lot of us nearly didn't qualify, I being one, with a 6 on the first hole.

I had a wild sort of first round, playing with Gene Sarazen, and finished with a 78, nine strokes back of Jim Barnes. In the second round I seemed likely to shoot almost anything, but I exploded, lost a hatful of strokes, and still finished with a 71, five strokes back of Barnes.

The third round I was shooting just as well up to the green. But I used forty putts on the eighteen holes, and with thirty-seven other strokes, and putting for a birdie on every green but two, I had a rotten 77. That was the worst putting round I ever had in a championship. The next worst was thirty-nine putts in the fourth round of the British Open at St. Anne's last year.

WHEN the final round started, I was nine strokes back of Barnes. I started 3-3-4-3, two under par. On the long fifth I was set to get home in two and pick up another stroke. I pulled the second out of bounds. And I pulled the next one out of bounds. I took a 9 on that accursed hole, and was through.

I ended with a 77, and again Chick Evans, finishing with a 75, nosed me out as leading amateur. Barnes won with a grand 289, with Freddie McLeod and Walter Hagen tied for second place at 298. Evans was fourth, 302, and I was fifth, 303, tied with Emmett French and Alex Smith. Alex and I were the oldest and the youngest players in the championship.

I had moved up from eighth to fifth in the United States Open championship. But I didn't celebrate. Walter Hagen said at Columbia that I would win the Open before I won the Amateur championship. I thought he was kidding; but he was right.

A stiff breeze blew me completely out of a fine start in the Western Open championship at Oakwood, near Cleveland, in 1921. I led the field at the end of two rounds, and detonated completely in the third, with a card of 294, finishing in a tie for fourth place with Joe Kirkwood, while Walter Hagen won handily.

Then the Amateur championship at St. Louis that year taught me a hard lesson. We had a flavor of international competition here in

the entry of Willie Hunter, who had won the British championship that same season at Hoylake.

Willie came over to play in our National Amateur championship at the St. Louis Country Club—and how I pined for a chance to get at him! Now, thought I, we've got some regular greens that will hold a pitch and not skid a putt off into a bunker. Now, thought I, Willie can't run his drives a hundred yards after they hit the ground. Just let me at him!

But most of all I wanted to win this championship. I was getting along. I'd been to Great Britain; I'd played in four National Open championships and four National Amateur championships; I was a veteran at the age of nineteen. It was time to win something that counted.

I qualified in 151, seven strokes back of Francis Ouimet, medalist, and a dozen strokes ahead of the top score. I beat my first man, Clarence Wolff, 12-11, and my second, Dr. O. F. Willing, 9-8. Everybody, including myself, fancied I was set to kill off the British champion when I met him in round three.

ALL in all, I suspect I got more education out of that match than from any other I ever played. I could outdrive Hunter and the rest of my game was working well enough to suit me. But he stuck to me like a bulldog. At the luncheon intermission, I was two up. I found myself saying to myself, "Only two up!" Then I changed my pants for luck.

Willie picked up a hole at the third in the afternoon, but I got it back on the seventh.

The eighth at St. Louis is a dogleg to the right, giving you a fair pitch after a straight drive out to the fairway. If you want to carry the tall trees in the angle you may get much nearer the green.

I decided to carry the trees—indeed, I had been doing that all week—and pick up another hole (possibly) and break Willie's obstinate back right there. But the ball caught the topmast branch of the tallest tree, and dropped in a ditch full of stones and weeds, with at least one rabbit in it.

Willie won that hole with a par 4 and the next, a par 5. I went 1 up at the long thirteenth. He sank a thirty-foot putt to square at the fourteenth. I blew the fifteenth on a short putt and he sank another long putt to go two up at the Redan Hole. I had a five-yard putt for a win at the next hole to stay in the match; but I missed.

That night O. B. Keeler, who is working with me on these memoirs, told me I had lost the match on the eighth hole in the afternoon round, when, with Hunter two down, I had taken the chance instead of making him take it. I told him he might be right, but I had to play every stroke for all there was in it. He said that was a laudable frame of mind, but it would cost me a lot of tournaments.

It is true that since I started playing match golf as near as possible like medal golf—shooting only for par—I have managed to win a couple of match-play National championships and three Open, or medal-play, championships. After all, if you play Old Man Par close, he generally will look out for the other fellow.

But there's that old maxim: "When you get him one doon, get him two doon; when you get him three doon, get him four doon!"

St. Louis, too, marked the next to the last battle involving calories. I continued to eat a lot of food at St. Louis, and insisted on ice cream, or—as a compromise—loganberry ice. And my afternoon rounds were not so good. O. B. was arguing with me a good deal about that. After Skokie, in the Open championship next year, we began to get together. And now it's only toast and tea between rounds.

A pot of tea has replaced my old luncheons of pie à la mode.

But for a terrific rain that drenched the St. Louis Country Club course, I think that Willie Hunter would have had a great chance to win, but against Bob Gardner, with his long-carrying shots, Willie was at a disadvantage.

Bob beat him 6-5, and went on to meet Jesse Guilford—the Boston Siege Gun, the Great Excavator, in the finals, which were played on a soaked course and partly in the rain.

AT the sixth hole of the afternoon round, Big Jess cut loose a blast of golf that makes anything else I have seen in the Amateur championship look rather pallid. Beginning with the sixth hole, par is 4-3-4-5 through No. 9. Jesse traveled 3-2-3-4—four birdies in a row. And that finished Bob, who never quit trying, but lost, 7-6.

I went away from St. Louis with a curious ache in my chest and a definite pain in my left leg, which was suffering from several patches of varicose veins. More and more I felt a load on me, going into these devilish championships. I always wanted to win, but now I felt that I was expected to win.

I read the papers, and once in a while I talked with the golf writers about the championships. And more and more they kept saying that I was as good a golfer as anybody else and that I really ought to step out and win. It was getting on my nerves, this curious responsibility. I hadn't asked for it. I was just a boy playing golf.

Now, in a gradual but apparently universal sort of way, I was expected to *win a championship.*

It was at St. Louis that I overheard one golf writer say to another, after Willie Hunter had stopped me:

"Sure—he's the greatest shotmaker we have. But he can't win!"

Championship — championship! I thought it over, in a kid's way. Not beating a great player now and then; not winning a medal round here and there. Championship—championship! Seventy-two holes of medal play in the National Open, or beating five men, in succession, in the National Amateur. So that's it. No matter how prettily you play your shots, no matter how well you swing or how sweetly the ball behaves—after all, it's only championship that counts.

PLEASE don't think me unappreciative of my good fortune in the matter of championships. But there was so much luck in my winning that I feel more and more that the popular value of championship is a fictitious rating. Golf is too great a game—too much an epitome of life itself—for such a ranking to do it justice.

I can speak frankly about this, now that I have won some spurs. I can say, with all my heart, that it means a great deal to me for my name to be on three of the four major golfing trophies of the world. And I can also say that I think it's a rotten shame for us so readily to overlook the fine fellows and the truly great golfers who never have got within that charmed circle of national champions.

I think they do not overlook them so readily in Great Britain as we do. It appears a poor thing that the late Jack Graham should be ranked an inferior golfer to some champions simply because he lacked the endurance to play through a long, grueling tournament.

A strong back and a weak mind and a lot of this stuff they call the will to win have made many a golfing champion who hadn't the shots or the heart or the character of Jack Graham, and I could name a lot more.

The road to championship was a hard one for me, and it took seven years in the climbing. And when I got there, at Inwood, my first feeling was that nothing mattered—I had broken through. And next, when I missed some of the elation I had expected, I just said to myself: "You lucky dog!"

Funny thing—all through this little story I've felt more impelled to write about tournaments that I lost than those that I won. The championships I won seemed sort

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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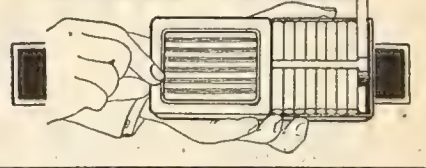

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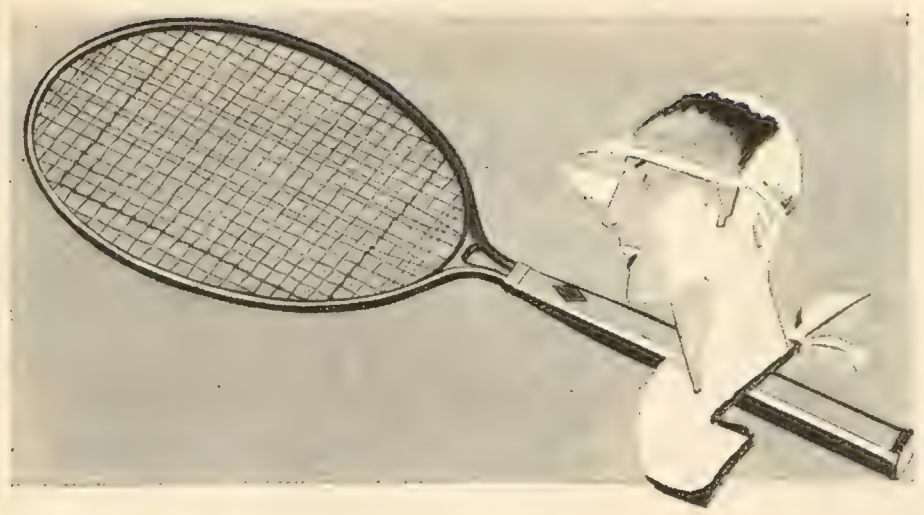

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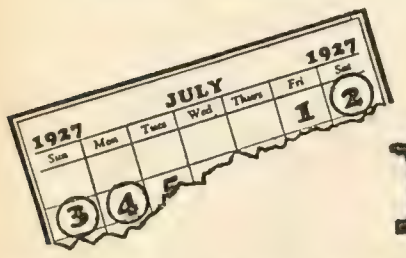

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[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION Continued from Page Eighty-three]

of inevitable. But the championships I lost!

There was a lot of fighting, and fighting by myself. We are coming to a couple now: the National Open at Skokie, near Chicago, and the National Amateur at Brookline, near Boston, in 1922. I was only a stroke behind Sarazen at Skokie, and the seventeenth hole of the final round broke me, as it broke grand old John Black, with whom I was tied for second place.

I started the season of 1922 with four operations on my left leg for the swollen veins. I was out of the hospital less than two weeks when the Southern Amateur championship was played at East Lake, my home course.

This tournament probably was the best scoring prolonged event I ever played. The course was 6,700 yards, with a par of 72. I qualified modestly in a triple tie with Perry Adair, my old partner, and Tub Palmer of Miami, with a score of 75. Counting this and all subsequent rounds in the five matches, my score was ten strokes better than par at the conclusion.

I won the tournament, got my name on the great George W. Adair memorial trophy, and have not played in a Southern championship since.

Perry won it next year at Roebuck, Birmingham, so our names are together on the cup that commemorates his father—a great sportsman and the man who, I think, did more for golf in Atlanta and the South than any other.

The Skokie course was pretty easy, I fancied, and I shot 74-72-70 in the first three rounds. I felt sure I could do a 68 in the last round, to bring the score down symmetrically.

Walter Hagen had jumped into the lead with a 68 in the first round. I was playing with him and was six strokes back; but Walter found all the traps on the course in the next nine holes and I caught up with him.

I felt I might win when I started the last round. Gene Sarazen started an hour and a half ahead of me, and as Gene was four strokes back of the lead, nobody fancied he had a chance. But as I went to the tenth tee, the word was flashed about that he had done a 68.

It was a stiff jolt. I was out in 36, and now had to do another 36 to tie Gene.

HERE'S where the iron certitude of medal competition bears down on you. You *know* what you have to do in that last round.

I've tried it both ways—setting the pace, and trying to come up from behind. And I don't know which is harder. But either is harder, for me, than match play, though I have been rather more successful at medal play.

Well, I missed a putt at the tenth hole and lost one of my strokes. Then I lost another, pitching over the green at the twelfth. When I sank a thirty-five-foot putt for a birdie 3 at the fourteenth, I found myself flat on the turf as the ball dropped. I was unconsciously putting what they call body English on the ball, trying to pull it into the hole.

I just missed another birdie at the fifteenth, got my par 4 at the sixteenth, and fired a long drive over a towering bunker at the left of the fairway on the seventeenth, taking the straight line to the green. Here came the break.

Bernard Darwin, noted British golf writer and player.

A par 4 here and a birdie 4 at the last hole would tie for the lead with Gene. My drive left me in easy iron range of the big green. But the ball was lying badly in a roadway, under a tree.

I had to hack it out, in the hope that it would run up the sloping green. It just reached the front edge and rolled back. I took a 5. I tried so hard for an eagle 3 on the long eighteenth that my second shot was pulled off the back edge of the green; but I pitched up and got down a good putt for the birdie 4 and a tie with John Black.

I WAS moving up, slowly, in the National Open. In 1920 I finished in eighth place. In 1921 it was fifth place. And here I was in second place. But there is a lot of difference between second place and championship. This devilish championship—a single stroke, and one man is Open champion and two others are merely runners-up!

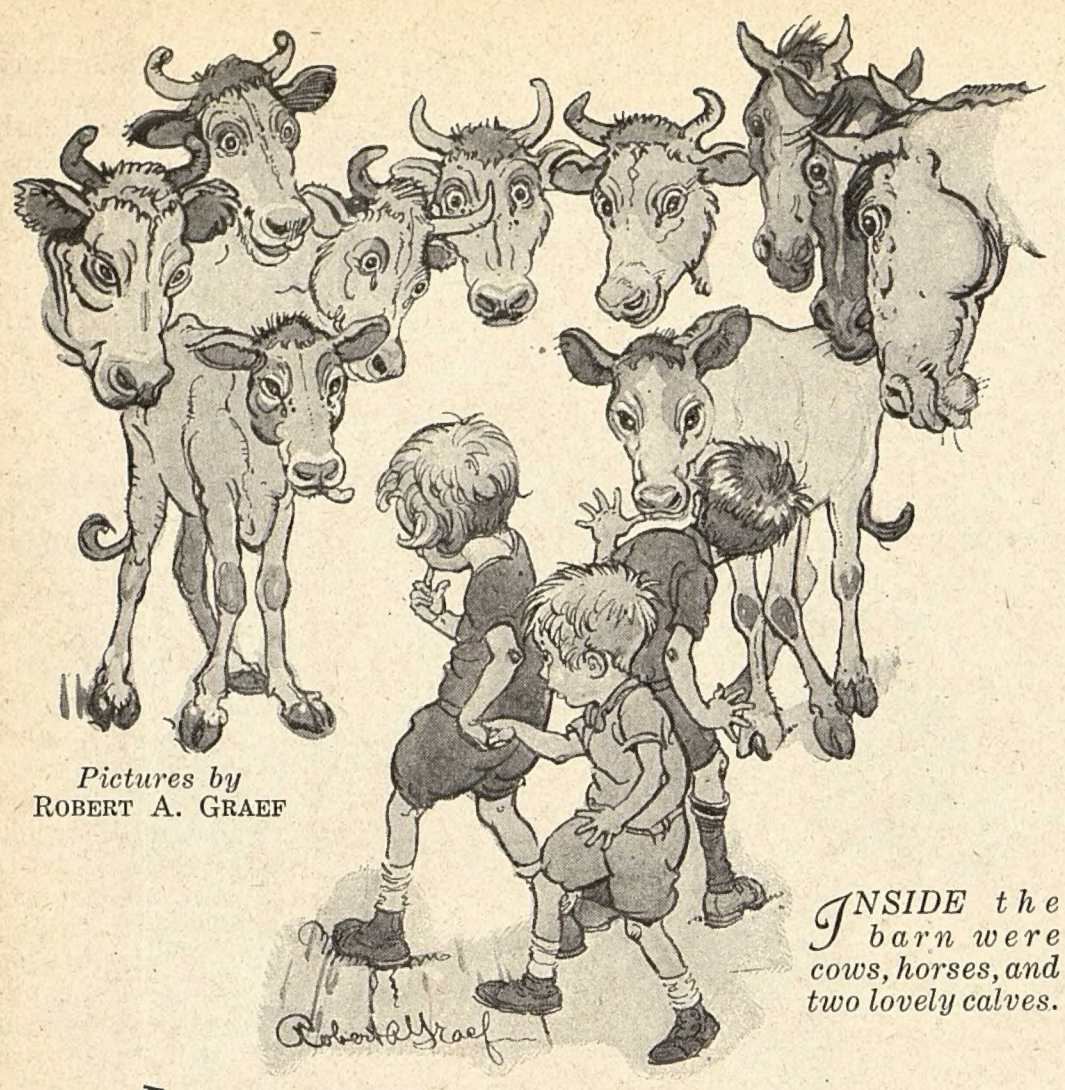
I felt sort of tired and old, going back to Atlanta. It was a hard thing to buck. In every Open championship there would be 300 or more entered, and upward of 100 qualified. And of them one, or maybe two or three or half a dozen, would be shooting at top form. And if I wasn't at top form I'd be out of luck; and if I should be at top form—why, there were the others also at top form, and the breaks would settle it.

It sounds like a conceited thing to say, but I've never played really hot golf in a National Open championship yet, and I've played in ten, counting one Canadian and two British. That makes forty rounds, and I've never shot under 70 yet in a single round.

We will resume with the National Amateur at Brookline in 1922, where I got my tidiest licking, from Jess Sweetser.

In next week's LIBERTY Bobby tells of the first great victory that started him on the road to his present position in golf.

The official record of a Comet of Death. Beginning in LIBERTY, June 18.



Pictures by
ROBERT A. GRAEF

INSIDE the barn were cows, horses, and two lovely calves.

The FIGHTING *Kitten*

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children by
ALINE KILMER

BY 6 o'clock in the morning Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were out exploring. Thrushes in the pine trees had wakened Carlotta, and Carlotta had wakened everyone in the house.

What a beautiful world they had to explore! New and strange things everywhere.

Along one side of our place ran a little brook. Across the brook was a bridge. Every time you went out to the road you had to pass over the bridge. Who could tell what you might see in the brook?

Sometimes it was a frog or a family of frogs. Sometimes it would be a flock of silvery minnows. Sometimes it would be a snake wriggling and writhing his way among the rocks.

After you had crossed the bridge and the road you came to the barn. The barn was a large brown-shingled barn with pigeon houses under the eaves. All day long the air was full of the cooing of pigeons.

"And all those birds are just the same as that wonderful bird we saw on the station roof!" said Nicky, who could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears.

"Didn't we have twouble coming up here?" asked Greg sadly. He was still a little mournful because he had not quite got over being tired. But there was too much to see and to do to stay still, even if you were tired.

Behind the barn was a row of poplars that stood stiff and straight against the sky. To your right as you faced the barn rose a high mountain with brown-roofed cottages here and there on its side. To your left the hill we were on sloped steeply down to the main road.

Inside the barn were ten cows, six horses, and two lovely little calves. But perhaps the most delightful thing inside the barn was a little white goat named Audrette.

Audrette passed her nights in the barn. But in the daytime, while the horses and cows were wandering about their pastures, Audrette was tied, most unhappily, to a tree. She was so glad to have somebody to play with. She danced and capered about for joy when Emmy, Nicky, and Greg decided that they would stay and play with her while Dodo, their little chocolate-colored nurse, helped Carlotta and me arrange the house.

We were trying to decide who was going to sleep where. There was a room for Carlotta over the kitchen. This was the only upstairs room in the house. A little balcony outside Carlotta's room could be made into a sleeping-place for Dodo.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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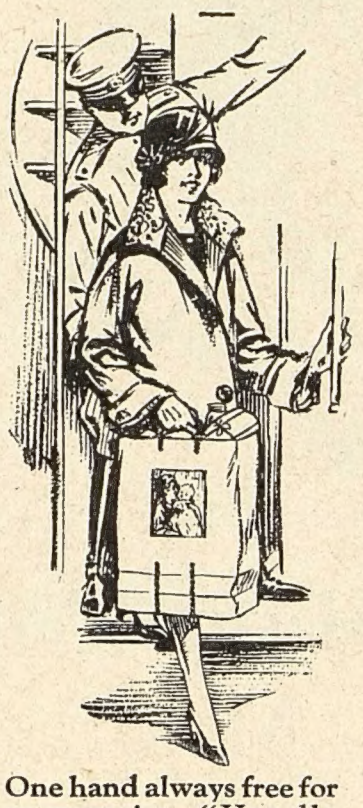

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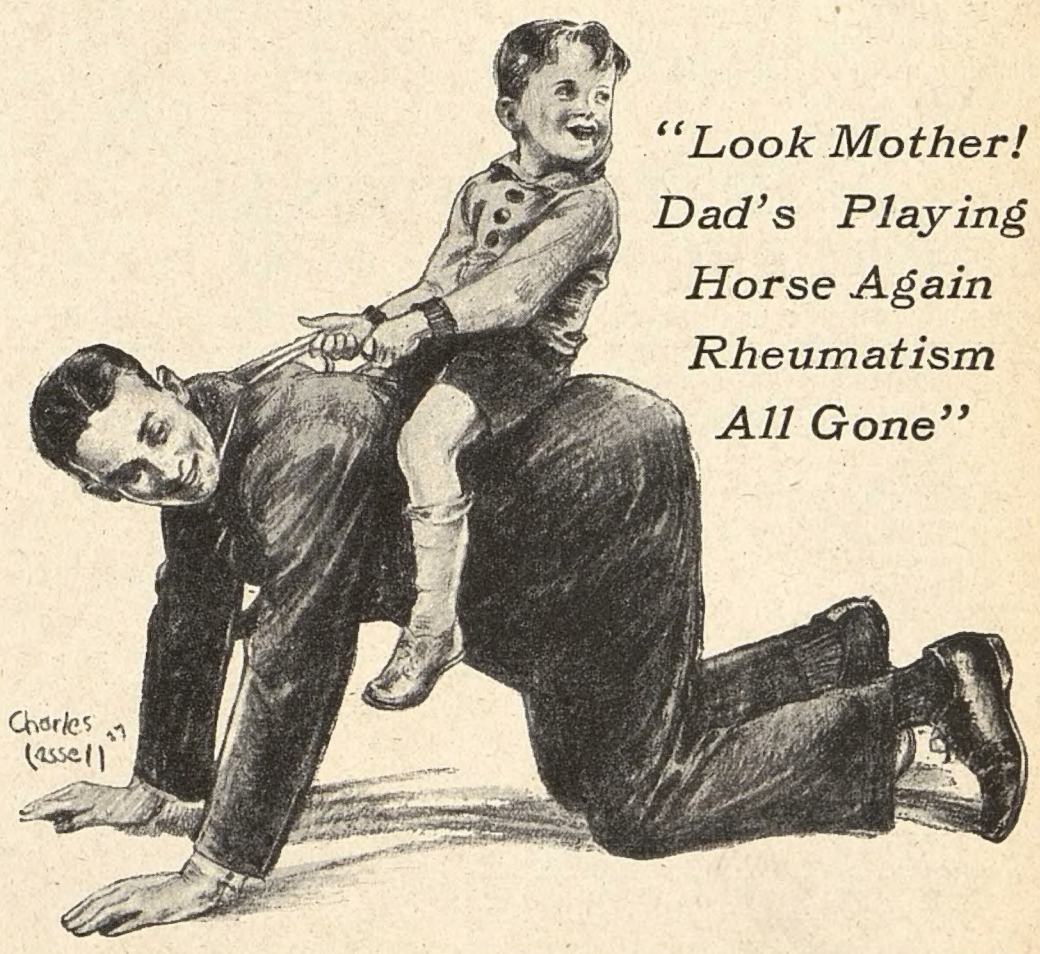
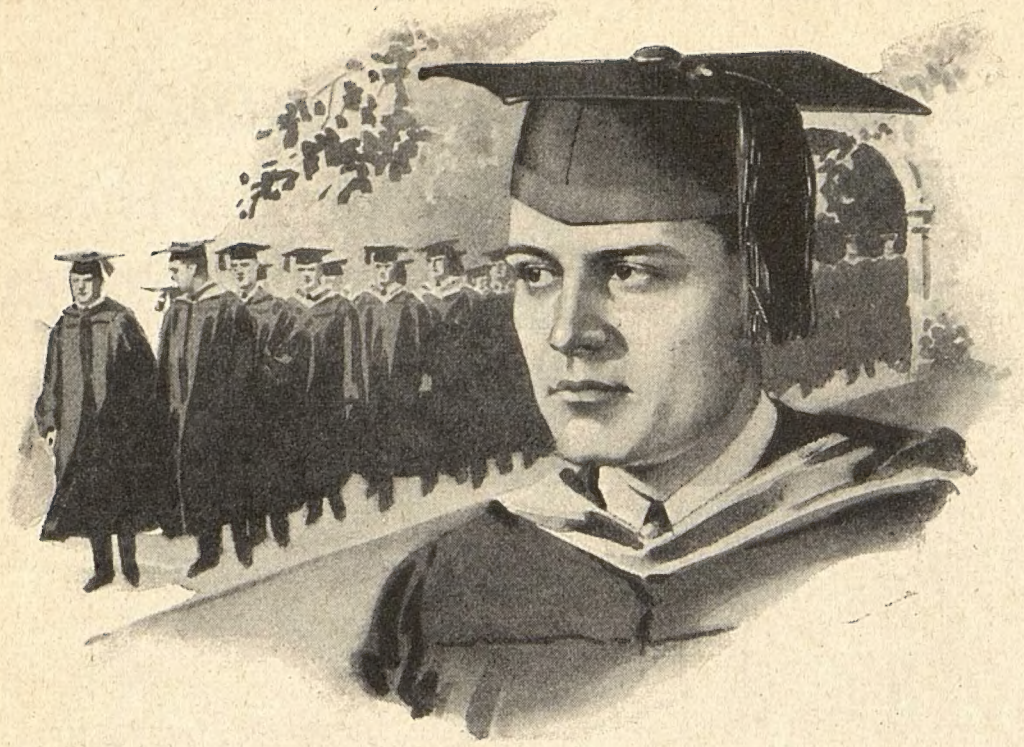


"Look Mother! Dad's Playing Horse Again Rheumatism All Gone"



What Chance Have You Against This Man?

THIS June, thousands of young men will be graduated from the colleges of the United States.

Commencement Day will indeed be commencement day for them, for it will mark the real beginning of their careers.

Some of them may perhaps be taken on by the very firm for which you work—sitting close beside you—competing with you through the years for recognition and advancement.

Have you ever stopped to figure out just what chance you are going to have against these men?

The day has gone when a man could "pick up" all he needed to know about any particular line of work. Every year the need of specialized training becomes more and more necessary. Every year you will find an increase in the number of men attending colleges.

In 1900 the enrollment in all colleges, universities, and professional schools was 140,934. In 1910 it was 213,692. In 1920 it was 462,445. Last year it was 775,000, or more than five times the enrollment in 1900.

Is it reasonable to suppose that you or any other untrained man is going to be able to do his work with the same efficiency as this growing body of men who have given four years of their lives to intensive study?

There is only one possible way you can do it and that is to devote yourself seriously to getting the same sort of training.

You may not be able to spare the time or the money to go to college, yet there is no reason why you should deny yourself the equivalent of a college education.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE]

The big bedroom downstairs would do for Nicky and Greg. Emmy could have the little bedroom that opened off it. Tony, when he got home from school, could have the porch.

But there wasn't any place for me.

The people who built that house must have known there would be no room for me in it. So a little bit away from the house they built an extra house. And I moved into the extra house.

My house had just one big room. A great big sliding door in front let you in. And a little tiny door at the back let you out.

"But, mother," cried Dodo, "won't you be a-skeered over here all by yo'se'f all night?"

"Yes," I admitted; "I'll be very scared."

"The barn master's wife has kittens," said Emmy wistfully. "She said we could have one—"

"If we *really* wanted it," put in Nicky with hope in his voice.

Then we received a great surprise. Carlotta spoke up. We were not surprised at her speaking. But what she said would have surprised anyone.

"Well," she said, "we do really want one. There's mice in that pantry. An' Pompey is too old an' lazy to catch 'em."

So after supper Emmy, Nicky, and Greg went across to the barn master's house.

They came back with a little splotchy, "pansy-faced" kitten. It was a very little kitten, but when they put it on the floor beside Alice Rabbit it took one look at her, and then humped its little back 'way up in the air, made a terrible face, and spat. Alice Rabbit was frightened almost to death. But Carlotta was pleased.

"Look at her!" cried Carlotta. "Such a little baby thing, but look at the way she bridges up her back! Let's name her Bridget."

They danced and capered about with joy.

So she was named Bridget. And she was Carlotta's kitten.

"The barn master's wife," said Nicky, as they scrambled out of their khaki suits on their way to bed, "thought Emmy was a boy 'cause she was dressed jus' like Greg an' me."

"She said," put in Emmy, "'I shouldn't think your momma'd let your hair grow so long! It's 'way down over your ears!'"

Next week's story is such a big surprise that we're not going to spoil it for you by saying anything about it now. But we do say: Read the story in next week's LIBERTY!

Piles and piles of rabbit names have come in!

Do you remember the five names from which you were to choose? Here they are:

SNOWBALL FLOPSY FLUFFY
WHITIE WIGGLENOSE

Now the judges are busily at work counting the votes. And next's week's LIBERTY will announce the winner.

The remnants of shattered planes were the trophies of his hunts. His story begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

When Charles returned to school in the fall he found that his class had a new teacher. He remarked that he was going to like school now, because the new teacher wasn't cross like the old one.

After a few days he was asked if he still liked his new teacher.

"No!" he said. "She must be getting acquainted with us, because she was mad as the dickens today."
—Mark O'Hara, Syracuse, N. Y.

A Just Rebuke

Little Sally Ann had just returned from her first day in school.

Her mother said, "Well, Sally Ann, what happened in school today?"

"Oh," replied Sally Ann, "two little girls cried."

"Did you cry?" asked her mother.

To which Sally Ann replied very haughtily and indignantly:

"I said *little* girls."—H. B. C., Omaha, Neb.

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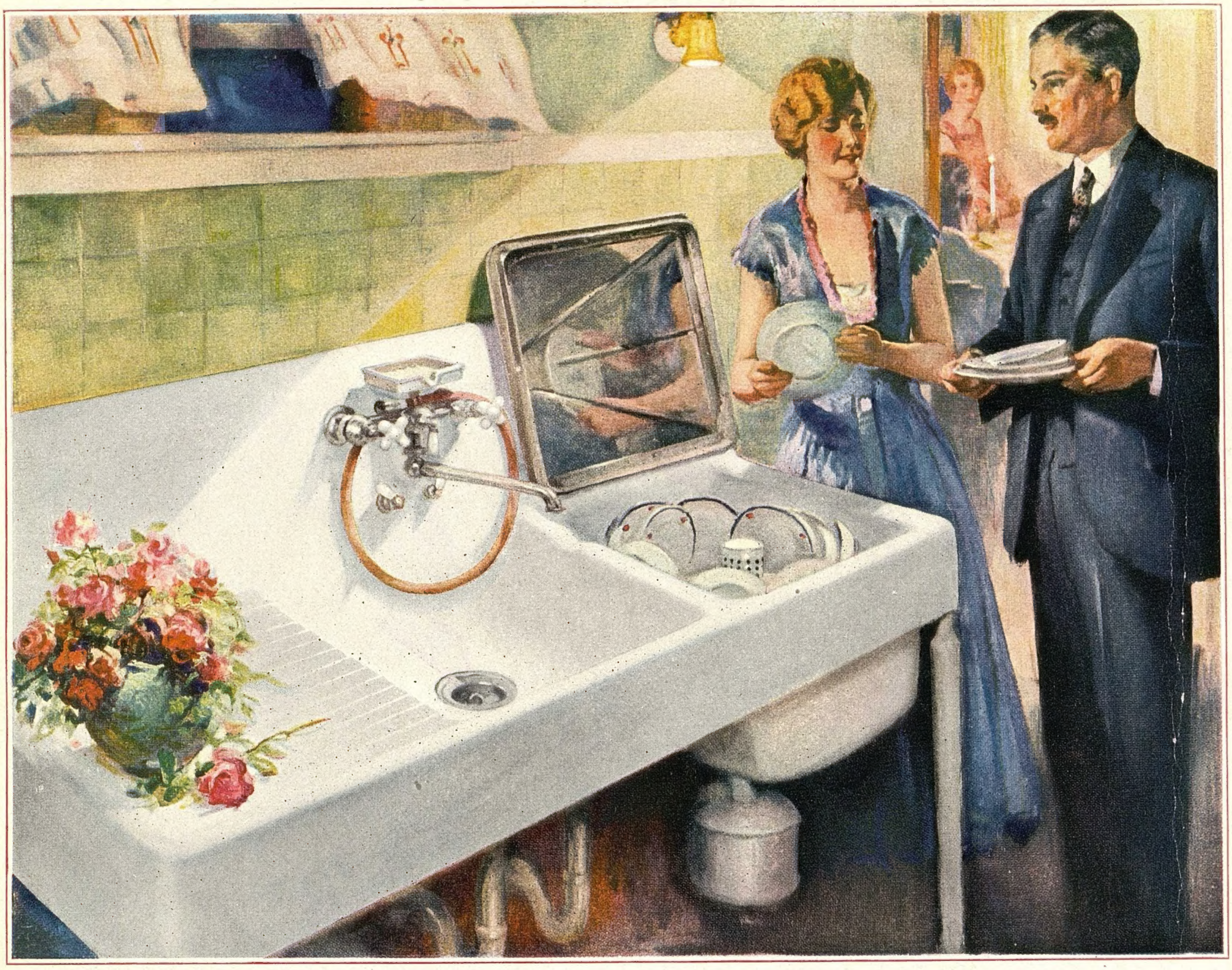

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